

PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

MAY 2015

GOODFELLAS

Martin Scorsese

ON THE MAKING
OF THE GREATEST
MOB MOVIE
EVER

The
UNITED
STYLES *of*
AMERICA

+

THE INTERVIEW:
BILL MAHER
THE NEW NUDISTS
THE ULTIMATE
SEATTLE POT TOUR
ACTION BRONSON
20Q WITH
JOSH HARTNETT

THE INSANE
HISTORY OF
VIAGRA

EXCLUSIVE
MADONNA
*The Lost
Nudes*
PAGE 50

*Brittany
Brousseau*

MISS MAY

IN THE LAP OF LUXURY

WWW.MOODSOFNORWAY.COM



| LOS ANGELES - 7964 MELROSE AVE |



MADE WITH LOVE
BY
REALLY REALLY
PRETTY
BLONDE GIRLS

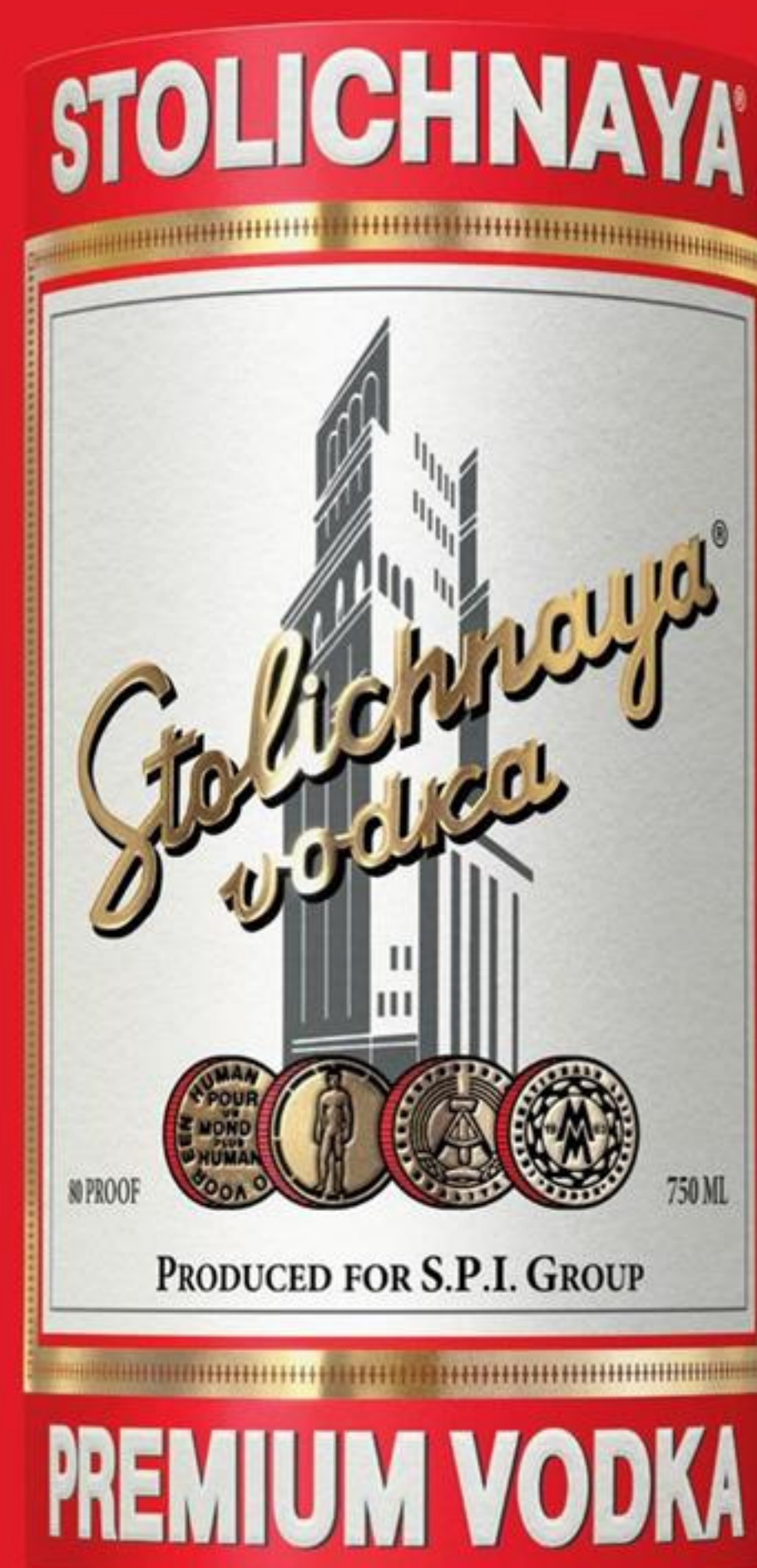


moods of norway

**THE
VODKA
WITH
OVER 80
YEARS OF
SECRETS.**

Stoli

**THE
VODKA**



PLAYBILL

In a way, PLAYBOY has always been about hitting the brain's pleasure centers; in this issue, we're not subtle about it. First, we're going chemical: You know Viagra, but you might not know the bizarre story behind the drug that redefined modern sexuality. In *The Magic Little Blue Pill*, **Kevin Cook** runs down its outlandish beginnings at a 1983 urology convention, how it changed the way we view sex and what lies ahead for sexual-performance-enhancing drugs (women won't be forgotten this go-around). As synonymous with the 1990s as the little blue pill, *Goodfellas* has been cited by many as the greatest Mob film of all time. Key players, including director Martin Scorsese, delve deep behind the scenes with **Stephen Rebello** to bring you *The Making of the Mafia's Ultimate Home Movie*. Rebello also brings us a 20Q with **Josh Hartnett**, who returns for the second season of his hit TV show *Penny Dreadful*. The actor explains how his Minnesota roots shape his thinking on fame and his career—which critics maintain he's mismanaged, and he doesn't disagree. **Bill Maher** is a man who hits our intellectual sweet spots—who else can tell it like it is as well as tell a damn good joke? In a *Playboy Interview* by David Hochman, find out what Maher *really* thinks about his fellow Americans—from their “stupidity” to their sexual repression—and watch as he takes on subjects from Fox News to his seemingly contradictory gun ownership. **James Grady** delivers an exclusive sequel to the story that birthed the legendary Robert Redford political thriller *Three Days of the Condor*. In *Jasmine Daze of the Condor*, the infamous Condor is released from the CIA insane asylum where he spent decades and is dropped straight into the middle of the Arab Spring. Naturally, all hell breaks loose. For a different thrill, **Molly Oswaks**'s *Barely Legal* is a first-person look at a new take on an old subculture—naturism, the millennial rebirth of nudism. Is it a political movement in the making? Finally, a trio of contributors delivers eye candy you'll surely devour: **Sasha Eisenman** takes us for a spin through the Coachella Valley with a group of uninhibited beauties in *Valley Girls*. **Vincent Boucher** unearths the sweetest products of the booming American artisanal movement in *The United Styles of America*. And **Martin H.M. Schreiber**, who delivered an artful session of nude photography with Madonna for our September 1985 issue, returns with *Madonna: The Lost Nudes*—never-before-seen photos from the shoot. So if all the above, including an intimate sitting with one of the most beautiful and talented women in American history, doesn't hit your pleasure centers, what will?



Kevin Cook



Stephen Rebello



Bill Maher



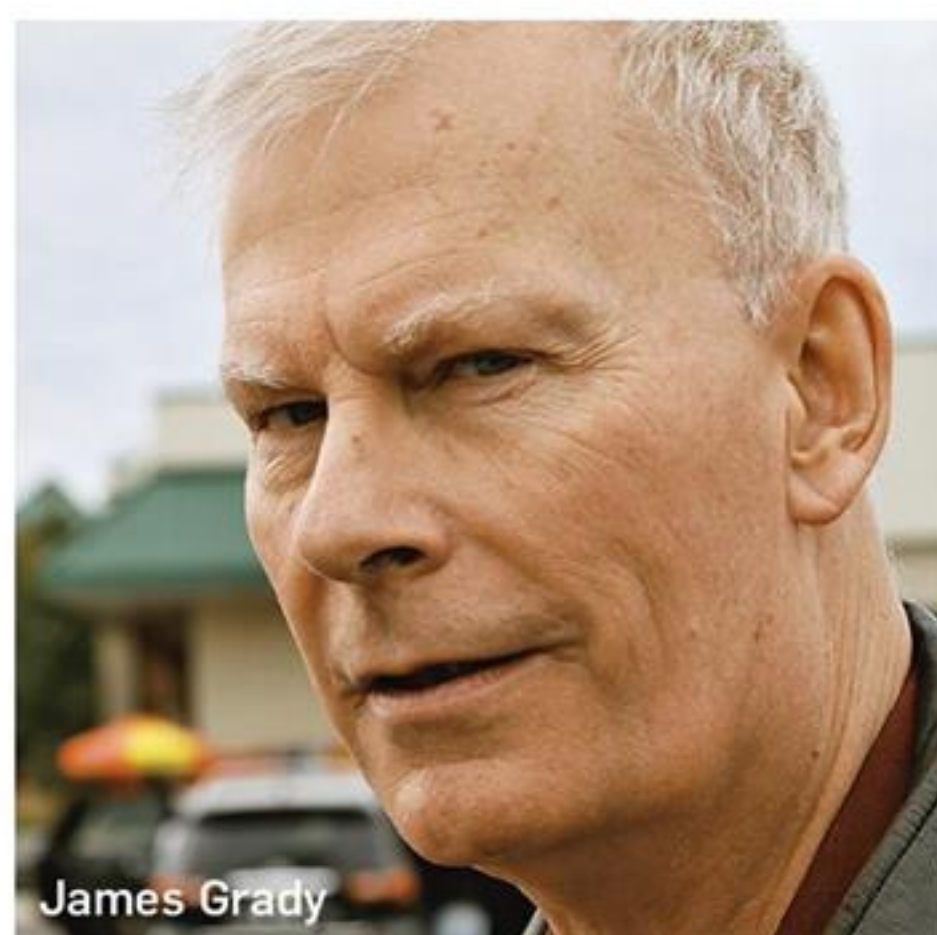
Molly Oswaks



Vincent Boucher



Josh Hartnett



James Grady



Sasha Eisenman



Martin H.M. Schreiber

real watches **for** real people



Oris Big Crown ProPilot Day Date
Automatic mechanical movement
Large day and date display
Matt-satin stainless steel case
Water resistant to 10 bar/100 m
www.oris.ch

ORIS
Swiss Made Watches
Since  1904

PLAYBOY

CONTENTS

FEATURES

46 THE MAGIC LITTLE BLUE PILL

It's the drug that changed Americans' sex lives. **KEVIN COOK** examines how Viagra made history and what's coming next.

56 THE MAKING OF THE MAFIA'S ULTIMATE HOME MOVIE

Goodfellas was never expected to be a classic. **STEPHEN REBELLO** talks to the cast and crew about filming the surprise hit.

64 SCREW U

A new kind of winemaker proves you don't have to be pretentious to get uncorked. These are the cans, bags and contraptions elevating your inner sommelier.

80 BARELY LEGAL MOLLY OSWAKS

uncovers what drives the next generation of nudists to disrobe like their parents.

FICTION

62 JASMINE DAZE OF THE CONDOR

JAMES GRADY's Condor is back, and he finds his CIA instincts challenged like never before.

20Q

84 JOSH HARTNETT

The *Penny Dreadful* star tells **STEPHEN REBELLO** something no actor likes to admit: Critics were right about his career.

INTERVIEW

41 BILL MAHER

Will the contrarian comedian and political firebrand ever calm down? **DAVID HOCHMAN** finds the answer is, thankfully, exactly what you'd expect.



COVER STORY

Our May issue's crown jewel, Brittany Brouseau, is a woman with an eye for fine jewelry. Our Rabbit happens to share her taste in bling.

VALLEY GIRLS PAGE 92



68

**PLAYMATE:** Brittany Brousseau**PLAYBOY FORUM**

- 123 STARS: THEY'RE ALMOST LIKE US**
Grace Helbig's rise to an E! talk show came, oddly, via YouTube. **NOAH DAVIS** reviews the new normal of internet fame.

- 124 TOLERATING THE INTOLERANT**
JASON SILVERSTEIN explains why we need not heed religious bigots' calls to tolerate their discrimination.

COLUMNS

- 34 THE ONLY THING WE HAVE TO FEAR**
JOEL STEIN is a wuss, but at least he's a brave wuss, and that's manhood's new bar.

- 35 WHAT'S PAST ISN'T PAST**
Why does **HILARY WINSTON** love being a "hate tourist" when googling her boyfriend's ex? The devil's in the details.



88

FASHION

- 88 THE UNITED STYLES OF AMERICA**
The hardscrabble roots of the American look are reborn in an artisanal revolution. **VINCENT BOUCHER** surveys a handmade scene.

PLAYBOY**CONTENTS****PICTORIALS**

- 50 MADONNA: THE LOST NUDES**
In 1979 the then unknown but future pop icon sat for an artistic nude shoot with Martin H.M. Schreiber. We have the photos you've never seen before.
- 68 THE LAP OF LUXURY**
Miss May Brittany Brousseau is a country girl with a penchant for the finer things. See why that makes for a surprisingly sultry combination.
- 92 VALLEY GIRLS**
When it comes to letting loose in the Coachella desert sun, forget the music: Our Playmates are the definition of uninhibited.

NEWS & NOTES

- 10 WORLD OF PLAYBOY**
In the all-new *World of Playboy*, the Mansion plays host to a Hollywood premiere of *Muck* and Victoria Fuller unveils a pop art project; our Playmates keep things hot in all media streams with new blogs, web series, music videos and more.

84

**20Q:** Josh Hartnett**DEPARTMENTS**

- 3 PLAYBILL**
12 DEAR PLAYBOY
17 AFTER HOURS
30 ENTERTAINMENT
32 RAW DATA
37 PLAYBOY ADVISOR
78 PARTY JOKES



PLAYBOY ON FACEBOOK



PLAYBOY ON TWITTER



PLAYBOY ON INSTAGRAM

GET SOCIAL Keep up with all things Playboy at facebook.com/playboy, twitter.com/playboy and instagram.com/playboy.

GENERAL OFFICES: PLAYBOY, 9346 CIVIC CENTER DRIVE, BEVERLY HILLS, CALIFORNIA 90210. PLAYBOY ASSUMES NO RESPONSIBILITY TO RETURN UNSOLICITED EDITORIAL OR GRAPHIC OR OTHER MATERIAL. ALL RIGHTS IN LETTERS AND UNSOLICITED EDITORIAL AND GRAPHIC MATERIAL WILL BE TREATED AS UNCONDITIONALLY ASSIGNED FOR PUBLICATION AND COPYRIGHT PURPOSES, AND MATERIAL WILL BE SUBJECT TO PLAYBOY'S UNRESTRICTED RIGHT TO EDIT AND TO COMMENT EDITORIAL. CONTENTS COPYRIGHT © 2015 BY PLAYBOY. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED. PLAYBOY, PLAYMATE AND RABBIT HEAD SYMBOL ARE MARKS OF PLAYBOY, REGISTERED U.S. TRADEMARK OFFICE. NO PART OF THIS BOOK MAY BE REPRODUCED, STORED IN A RETRIEVAL SYSTEM OR TRANSMITTED IN ANY FORM BY ANY ELECTRONIC, MECHANICAL, PHOTOCOPYING OR RECORDING MEANS OR OTHERWISE WITHOUT PRIOR WRITTEN PERMISSION OF THE PUBLISHER. ANY SIMILARITY BETWEEN THE PEOPLE AND PLACES IN THE FICTION AND SEMI-FICTION IN THIS MAGAZINE AND ANY REAL PEOPLE AND PLACES IS PURELY COINCIDENTAL. FOR CREDITS SEE PAGE 114. TWO BRADFORD EXCHANGE INSERTS AND ONE DIRECTV INSERT IN DOMESTIC SUBSCRIPTION POLYWRAPPED COPIES. RJR/GRIZZLY INSERT BETWEEN PAGES 24 AND 25 IN ALL DOMESTIC COPIES. CERTIFICADO DE LICITUD DE TÍTULO NO. 7570 DE FECHA 29 DE JULIO DE 1993, Y CERTIFICADO DE LICITUD DE CONTENIDO NO. 5108 DE FECHA 29 DE JULIO DE 1993 EXPEDIDOS POR LA COMISIÓN CALIFICADORA DE PUBLICACIONES Y REVISTAS ILUSTRADAS DEPENDIENTE DE LA SECRETARÍA DE GOBERNACIÓN, MÉXICO. RESERVA DE DERECHOS 04-2000-071710332800-102.

PRINTED IN U.S.A.

calvinkleinbeauty.com

ulta

REVEAL

Calvin Klein



A NEW FRAGRANCE FOR HIM

#REVEALMORE

PLAYBOY

HUGH M. HEFNER

editor-in-chief

JIMMY JELLINEK

editorial director

STEPHEN RANDALL *deputy editor*

MAC LEWIS *creative director*

JASON BUHRMESTER, HUGH GARVEY *executive editors*

REBECCA H. BLACK *photo director*

JARED EVANS *managing editor*

EDITORIAL

SHANE MICHAEL SINGH *associate editor*; TYLER TRYKOWSKI *assistant editor*

COPY: WINIFRED ORMOND *copy chief*; CAT AUER *senior copy editor*

RESEARCH: NORA O'DONNELL *research chief*; SAMANTHA SAIYAVONGSA *research editor*

STAFF: GILBERT MACIAS *editorial coordinator*; CHERIE BRADLEY *executive assistant*

CARTOONS: AMANDA WARREN *associate cartoon editor*

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS: MARK BOAL, T.C. BOYLE, ROBERT B. DE SALVO, STUART DYBEK, MICHAEL FLEMING, NEAL GABLER, KARL TARO GREENFELD, KEN GROSS, DAVID HOCHMAN, ARTHUR KRETCHMER (*automotive*), GEORGE LOIS, SEAN MCCUSKER, CHUCK PALAHNIUK, ROCKY RAKOVIC, STEPHEN REBELLO, DAVID RENSIN, WILL SELF, DAVID SHEFF, ROB MAGNUSON SMITH, JOEL STEIN, ROB TANNENBAUM, CHRISTOPHER TENNANT, DON WINSLOW, HILARY WINSTON, SLAVOJ ŽIŽEK

JAMES ROSEN *special correspondent*

ART

JUSTIN PAGE *managing art director*; ROBERT HARKNESS *deputy art director*; AARON LUCAS *art coordinator*; LAUREL LEWIS *designer*

PHOTOGRAPHY

STEPHANIE MORRIS *playmate photo editor*; MATT STEIGBIGEL *photo researcher*;

MICHAEL BERNARD, GAVIN BOND, SASHA EISENMAN, JOSH RYAN *senior contributing photographers*;

DAVID BELLEMERE, CRAIG CUTLER, MATT HOYLE, ELAYNE LODGE, JOSH REED, DAN SAELINGER, PETER YANG *contributing photographers*;

KEVIN MURPHY *director, photo library*; CHRISTIE HARTMANN *senior archivist, photo library*; KARLA GOTCHER *photo coordinator*;

DANIEL FERGUSON *manager, prepress and imaging*; AMY KASTNER-DROWN *senior digital imaging specialist*; OSCAR RODRIGUEZ *senior prepress imaging specialist*

PRODUCTION

LESLEY K. JOHNSON *production director*; HELEN YEOMAN *production services manager*

PUBLIC RELATIONS

THERESA M. HENNESSEY *vice president*; TERI THOMERSON *director*

PLAYBOY ENTERPRISES INTERNATIONAL, INC.

SCOTT FLANDERS *chief executive officer*

PLAYBOY PRINT OPERATIONS

DAVID G. ISRAEL *chief operating officer, president, playboy media*;

TOM FLORES *senior vice president, business manager, playboy media*

ADVERTISING AND MARKETING

MATT MASTRANGELO *senior vice president, chief revenue officer and publisher*; MARIE FIRNENO *vice president, advertising director*;

DAN DRESCHER *vice president, integrated sales*; RUSSELL SCHNEIDER *east coast digital director*; AMANDA CIVITELLO *vice president, events and promotions*

NEW YORK: JENNA COHAN *fashion and luxury director*; MICHELLE TAFARELLA MELVILLE *entertainment and grooming director*; ADAM WEBB *spirits director*;

PATRICK MICHAEL GREENE *account director*; MAGGIE MCGEE *direct-response advertising*; JASMINE YU *marketing director*; KARI JASPERSOHN *senior marketing manager*;

AMANDA CHOMICZ *digital marketing manager*; ADRIANA GARCIA *art director*; ANGELA LEE *digital sales planner*

CHICAGO: TIFFANY SPARKS ABBOTT *midwest director*

LOS ANGELES: JONATHAN HOMAN, DINA LITT *west coast directors*; JENNER PASCUA *senior marketing manager*

WeatherTech®

Automotive Accessories



Laser Measured
FloorLiner™

Accessories Available for

Acura · Audi · BMW · Buick · Cadillac · Chevrolet · Chrysler · Dodge · Ferrari · Ford · GMC · Honda · Hummer · Hyundai · Infiniti · Isuzu · Jeep · Kia · Land Rover · Lexus · Lincoln · Maserati · Mazda · Mercedes-Benz · Mercury · Mini · Mitsubishi · Nissan · Oldsmobile · Plymouth · Pontiac · Porsche · Saab · Saturn · Scion · Subaru · Suzuki · Toyota · Volkswagen · Volvo · and more!

Order Now: 800-441-6287



American Customers
WeatherTech.com



Canadian Customers
WeatherTech.ca



European Customers
WeatherTechEurope.com

WORLD of

PLAYMATE SIGHTINGS

MANSION FROLICS

NIGHTLIFE NOTES



MUCK AT THE MANSION

Typically, the Playboy Mansion is a year-round Eden of late-night revelry and moonlit pool parties populated with buxom beauties, but for one night in March, things got ghastly. To kick off the theatrical release of the indie horror flick *Muck*, its makers took to the Mansion

for the premiere. Starring Kane Hodder and PMOY 2012 **Jaclyn Swedberg** (above right), *Muck* is the first installment of a trilogy by director Steve Wolsh (above center) and opens with a group of friends emerging from a Cape Cod marsh covered in blood. Production of

the Kickstarter-backed prequel, *Muck: Feast of Saint Patrick*, is already under way, with PMOY 2013 **Raquel Pomplun** and PMOY 2014 **Kennedy Summers** (above left) to star. Three PMOYs in one franchise? If there were an award for best casting, surely this would win.

Playboy

PAST and PRESENT

As *Mad Men* delivers its swan song this month, PLAYBOY salutes the show that gave us seven sexy seasons of nostalgia. Back in the 1960s, Madison Avenue tastemakers were the epitome of success, style and class—as well

as key-holding members of the Playboy Club, according to AMC's hit series. Don Draper, seated at the New York club, says about his posh corner office: "I think the view's better here." Draper always was a smart guy.



BEAUTY SHOP

Steve Harvey asked Miss December 1979 **Candace Jordan** to give two female guests makeovers, because Playmates know a thing or two about looking good.



GYM BUNNY

Miss December 2010 **Ashley Hobbs** has launched a new Tumblr blog, *The Kailua Bunny*, where she'll dish out advice on healthy living.





PLAYBOY



FOLLOW THE RABBIT

• Want to become a PLAYBOY insider? Our new Snapchat account is a digital portal to PLAYBOY's inner sanctum featuring unprecedented, Hef-level access. Get exclusive messages from your favorite Playmates, watch behind-the-scenes videos of photo shoots as they happen, enjoy sunny views from the Mansion grounds and receive a VIP pass to events at our Beverly Hills headquarters and around the world. Simply download and launch the app, center our unique account code (above) in your camera frame and snap a picture. You'll automatically become one of our followers and receive a daily windfall of goods. Any peeks inside the Grotto, you ask? You'll just have to follow and see.

IN FULLER COLOR

• “My dream is to display my art in a gallery someday,” says Miss January 1996 **Victoria Fuller** in her Playmate pictorial. Years later, our resident “art throb” is doing just that. In February, the Playmate turned pop artist displayed her work for L.A. socialites

(including actress Caitlin O'Connor, below left) at a red-carpet showcase titled *The Beauty Code*. Hosted by Hollywood's NWO Art Gallery, the expo included neon treatments of such pop culture icons as the Barbie doll, Marilyn Monroe and, yes, Playmates.



.COM

1

BRITTANY SPARES

• Feeling indulgent? Check out extras and outtakes from Miss May 2015 **Brittany Brouseau**'s super-luxe shoot.

2

HIGHLIGHT REEL

• Playboy.com's video series *This Month in Playboy History* is a three-minute dose of didacticism you'll actually enjoy.

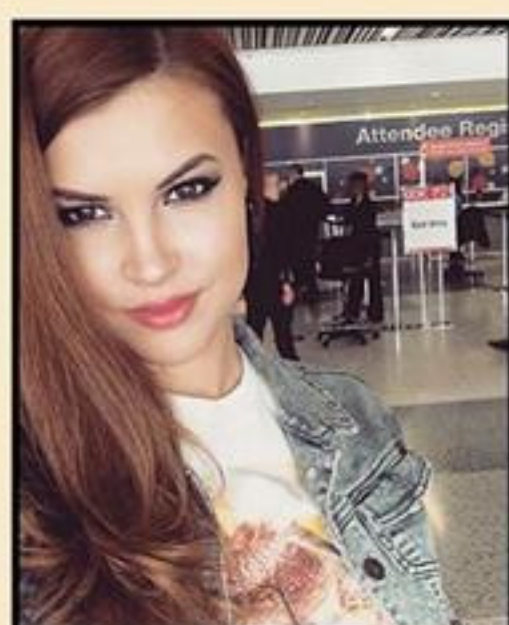
3

PICTURE THIS

• A picture is worth some words, they say. Our Playmates talk about their best shots in *Show You My Instagram*.

GAME STOP

• As the new co-host of the web series *Gamer Next Door*, Miss June 2012 **Amelia Talon** took her button-mashing skills to 2015's *Game Developers Conference*.



DREAM WEAVER

• In the whimsical music video for CLMD's dance track “Keep Dreaming,” Miss October 2011 **Amanda Cerny** is anything but a manic pixie dream girl.



HOT MIKE

• Miss March 2015 **Chelsie Aryn** stopped by her hometown radio station to promote her issue. Local listeners called it fine tuning.



DEAR PLAYBOY



Drive Time

William Wheeler's excellent article evokes the seductive world of Cuba's car culture, conjuring fond memories of long hours I've spent with the country's wizard automotive aficionados (*Engine Trouble*, March). It's not just drag racers who suffer from motor madness; one in four passenger cars in Cuba is an Eisenhower-era relic—the island is like an automotive Jurassic Park.

Wheeler paints an accurate portrait of Cuba's sclerotic communist system. Alas, he points blame only in passing at the U.S. embargo, which for five decades has slammed the door on U.S. auto-parts shipments to Cuba. Hopefully President Obama's recent diplomatic overtures will ease up on the extraordinary people who keep their weary *cacharros* running with ingenuity and indefatigable determination. (True, U.S. citizens can now visit Cuba on "people-to-people" programs, such as the motorcycle tours I

lead there—a chance to pack a few carburetors in your suitcase.) But the embargo needs to end. Cuba's Detroit dowagers serve as ambassadors that bind the two nations. Should these classics disappear, Cuba will lose much of its charm.

Christopher P. Baker
Palm Springs, California

Baker is author of Cuba Classics: A Celebration of Vintage American Automobiles.

Engine Trouble has two things I'm passionate about: classic cars and Cuba. Luiz Maximiano's photos are excellent. What's the status of the documentary mentioned by the writer?

Javier Perez
Miami, Florida

Havana Motor Club, the documentary by Bent-Jorgen Perlmutt, premiered at this year's Tribeca Film Festival in New York City. Perlmutt is currently seeking distribution for the film.

HEAVENLY HOMEBODY

Ellen von Unwerth's photos of Guess model Gia Genevieve (*Home Sweet Home*, March) are absolutely stunning. I hope this means a woman photographer is joining PLAYBOY's team. You have an incredibly talented bunch of photographers; I would love to see Unwerth alongside Josh Ryan and Sasha Eisenman as a regular contributor.

Lauren Danton
Toronto, Ontario

Ellen von Unwerth's talent and eye for creating flirtatious, sexy images that can be enjoyed by men and women alike are unsurpassed. We plan to work with her as much as we can. Have you seen her April pictorial of Azealia Banks?

Gia Genevieve is the perfect example of why I have been a loyal subscriber for 20 years. Keep up the good work.

AJ Sample
Des Moines, Iowa

The image of Gia Genevieve on page 7 of the March issue is the sexiest *Table of Contents* picture PLAYBOY has ever printed.

Gregg Moore
Concord, New Hampshire

PLAYING DODGEBALL

How easily one can be fooled by an actor's on-screen personas. I was disappointed with how tone-deaf Vince Vaughn (*Playboy Interview*, March) sounds regarding social and political issues; for example, he believes affirmative action is about race, not underserved groups. Vaughn's privileged background and life have shielded him from the reality of living in America. It's time to grow up, Peter Pan; this isn't a movie with a man-made happy ending.

PJ Murphy
Mystic, Connecticut

Vince Vaughn is so money.

Paul Pruitt
Tarpon Springs, Florida

Kudos to Vaughn for having the courage to call out affirmative action. Having worked at large global corporations where public perception and political correctness are king, I have witnessed firsthand the negative impact of the practice.

Pedro Herrero
Franklin, Tennessee

ALL OUR LITTLE WORDS

The definition of meritocracy that Fed chairman Ben Bernanke presented in his commencement address at Princeton is the complete opposite of what I've always understood the meaning to be ("The Failure of Meritocracy," *Forum*, March). Perhaps the word Bernanke was searching for to fit his definition—"a system in which people luckiest in their health and genetic endowment, in family support, encouragement and probably income...reap the largest rewards"—was either *aristocracy* or *plutocracy*.

William Hall
San Francisco, California

I appreciate Chris Lehmann's article about Bernanke's incorrect interpretation of meritocracy. I liked the examination of such a granular issue and found myself wishing more journalists would take this in-depth approach to investigating politicians' language—I'm so sick of the superficial coverage on the nightly news. Then I remembered: Bernanke's not a politician, and politicians never mean what they say.

Chris Taylor
Detroit, Michigan

PEDAL TO THE METAL

In "The Great Car Breakdown" (*Talk*, March) Matt McCue discusses expensive sports cars as status symbols but leaves out the most important reason we want one: the rush of driving it. Getting thrust back into your seat milliseconds after flooring your right foot is infinitely better than "showing off to the neighbors"—unless, of course, the neighbor happens to be a Playmate.

Keith Giesbrecht
Toronto, Ontario

AD ASTRA PER ASPERA

When privatized space travel becomes more affordable and reliable I will gladly put down the money to be part of such a trip ("You're Never Going to Space," *Forum*, March). I've dreamed of becoming an astronaut and floating in space since I was a child. Just thinking about seeing Earth from far above gives me goose



bumps. Anyone who wants to explore the unknown looks at space travel as a great adventure; it is the next logical step in the evolution of mankind. If you don't believe civilian space travel will happen soon, you must have your head in the clouds.

Yuri Cataldo
Elkhart, Indiana

BEST IN THE WEST

Thank you for Miss March Chelsie Aryn (*Once Upon a Time in the West*). There is something magical about her; she has innate charisma, a never-say-die attitude and undeniable beauty. As a longtime PLAYBOY reader and subscriber, I feel Chelsie Aryn's campaign to win 2016 Playmate of the Year is already under way.

David Reeves
Edmonton, Alberta

I'm a huge PLAYBOY fan and think Chelsie Aryn is one of the most gorgeous



Chelsie Aryn looks great from any angle.

women ever to grace the Centerfold. I'm also a gay male, and that should count as extra flattering—she nearly turned me!

Josh Fehrens
Toronto, Ontario

Chelsie Aryn is beautiful, but to have all nine shots from the same front-view angle is a shame. How about another photo?

Chris Olson
Port Townsend, Washington

What can we say; we found her front mesmerizing. To see more of Chelsie, check out our Valley Girls pictorial on page 92.

NO T FOR YOU?

Men who suffer from age-related testosterone decline, or "menoporsche," would do well to think twice before undertaking the risky business of testosterone replacement in lieu of more traditional remedies



(*How Low T Became the Disease Du Jour*, January/February). Hormone therapy may well succeed in replenishing men's sexual desires, but it makes no promises regarding their satisfaction.

Vince Evans
Baltimore, Maryland

WHISKEY BUSINESS

Your article on scotch was a great way to start the new year ("Hop Scotch," *Drink*, January/February), but whisky from Scotland is spelled without an E. And as I'm sure many readers will point out, happily diving "into the depths of Scotland's national spirit with obsessive abandon" is not, as the article suggests, limited to men. Many senior executive positions in Scotland's whisky industry are held by women; women form an integral part of distillery tasting panels and, of course, are knowledgeable and valued consumers.

John Peacock
Grand Manan, New Brunswick

When it comes to scotch, we're more interested in sipping than spelling; however, we'll stick with "whiskey," which is what Merriam-Webster's 11th Edition recommends, no matter the spirit's provenance, and therefore the spelling our Copy Chief prefers. (We're fairly certain the added E has no effect on flavor, but we'll keep experimenting to be sure.) We couldn't agree more that women should explore the wonderful world of whiskey.

DEAR DAN

In Dan Savage's zeal to encourage everyone to find the perfect fuck partner, he practically dismisses all other aspects of interpersonal relationships (*Playboy Interview*, January/February). He says that in a healthy relationship the partners must be a good match sexually; if they aren't, they should break up. But then he says cheating is acceptable—so even if a couple doesn't match sexually, it's okay. He seems oblivious of differing emotional needs and life goals. He offers no real guidelines or rules. Just satisfy your sexual urges and all will be well, at least in Savage's world.

Adam Nunez
Bloomington, Indiana

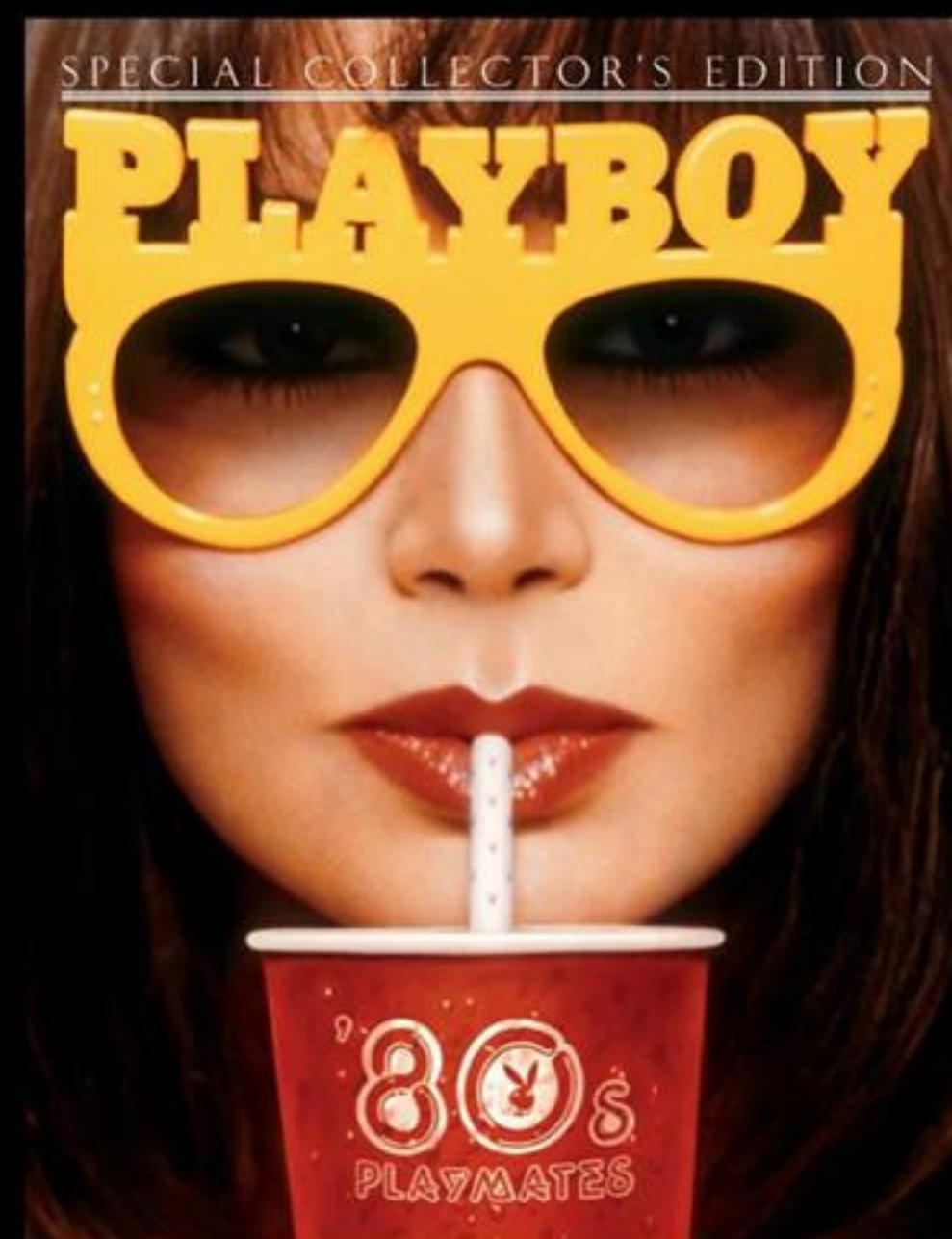
We're huge fans of Dan's, but if it's relationship guidance you need, may we suggest the Playboy Advisor?



PLAYBOY'S SPECIAL COLLECTOR'S EDITIONS



Available now at
**Barnes
& Noble**
and other select
newsstands for
\$12.99



FOR A SPECIAL ONE-YEAR
SUBSCRIPTION PRICE OF \$49.97,
E-MAIL [PLAYBOYSPECIALITIONS@
CUSTOMERSVC.COM](mailto:PLAYBOYSPECIALITIONS@CUSTOMERSVC.COM)

PLAYBOY

VIP

SEDUCTION IS A GAME ONLY TRUE
PLAYBOYS DARE TO PLAY!

Choose your match from our Playboy Fragrances
line & enter the iconic Playboy World

available at:



sears

playboystore.com



presstoplay



playboyfrances.com

For **ALL** of us
SMOKERS WANTING
SATISFACTION...
THIS IS WHAT IT
LOOKS LIKE.

Learn
more at:

www.blucigs.com/plus



NEW
PLUS+
Xpress Kit

**QUICK,
COMPACT &
CONVENIENT!**



Get **MORE** with
PLUS+

- + Bigger Battery, Lasts **2x** Longer
- + **FEATURING** Pre-filled blu Tanks™
- + Rapid Battery Charging
- + Enhanced Flavor and Draw

NOT FOR SALE TO MINORS. ©2015 LOEC, Inc. WARNING: This product contains nicotine derived from tobacco. Nicotine is an addictive chemical. blu™, blu eCigs®, the blu logo, the blu Plus+™ logo, the Plus+™ logo and blu Tanks™ are trademarks of Lorillard Technologies, Inc. (Photography by Francesco Carrozzini)

MAY 2015

AFTER HOURS

Photography by MICHAEL EDWARDS/
MEINMYPLACE.COM

BECOMING ATTRACTION

**Fernanda
Romero**

→ "I'M NOT JUST a dreamer," says actress Fernanda Romero. "I'm a dreamer who makes my dreams reality." There's no doubt Fernanda is the kind of woman our dreams are made of. Born and raised in Mexico City, the multi-lingual *mujer bella* inherited her passion for life from a country known for fiery women. She has used it to find success in multiple mediums, from acting in films alongside Jessica Alba and Dane Cook to singing as the lead vocalist of indietronic rock duo White Cherries. "Music is like my little diary," she says. This summer Fernanda plans to tour Latin America with her band before the release of several of her movies. "I'm a strong, adventurous woman," she says. "I'm unstoppable."



ONE FOR THE MONEY

MAYWEATHER, PACQUIAO AND THE MEGA-FIGHT FIVE YEARS IN THE MAKING

In basketball history, the January 27, 2015 game between the Miami Heat and the Milwaukee Bucks at American Airlines Arena won't hold much significance. In boxing history, however, this random regular-season contest between Eastern Conference fringe contenders is already the stuff of legend.

It was at that game that Manny Pacquiao (below), grounded in southern Florida by a nor'easter that scuttled his flight plans, and Floyd Mayweather (right), a semi-regular at Heat games, had their first ever face-to-face conversation. A 30-second court-side chat gave way to an hour-long postgame powwow in Pacquiao's hotel room, which led—24 long days later—to a signed contract for the two boxers to finally face off after five years

enabled the principals to discuss their intentions, lay out their issues and cut through the bullshit.

Fight or flight? Pacquiao couldn't catch the latter, so he and Mayweather are finally doing the former.

This fight should have happened in 2010, when both fighters were more dominant in-ring forces. But plans for a 2010 face-off were scuttled after Mayweather insisted on random blood testing and Pacquiao refused. Mayweather fans consequently felt Pacquiao had something to hide; Pacquiao fans felt Mayweather intentionally sabotaged the fight with unprecedented requests in order to protect his undefeated record.

The fight seemed officially dead when Juan Manuel Márquez knocked out Pacquiao in 2012, but the beloved Filipino has since revived his career with three impressive wins, while Mayweather unexpectedly struggled in two bouts against Marcos Maidana last year. Suddenly a matchup of a still-undefeated 38-year-old Mayweather and a recovered-from-unconsciousness 36-year-old Pacquiao swung back to being, on paper, the toughest possible fight for either at their preferred weight.

Boxing novices will say this fight is too little too late, but the matchup of the consensus number one (Mayweather) and number two (Pacquiao) pound-for-pound boxers is possibly the biggest event the sport of boxing has staged

since Muhammad Ali and Joe Frazier settled all disputes over the heavyweight title in 1971 at Madison Square Garden. This match also pairs the number one (Mayweather) and number two (Pacquiao) boxing draws. The purse

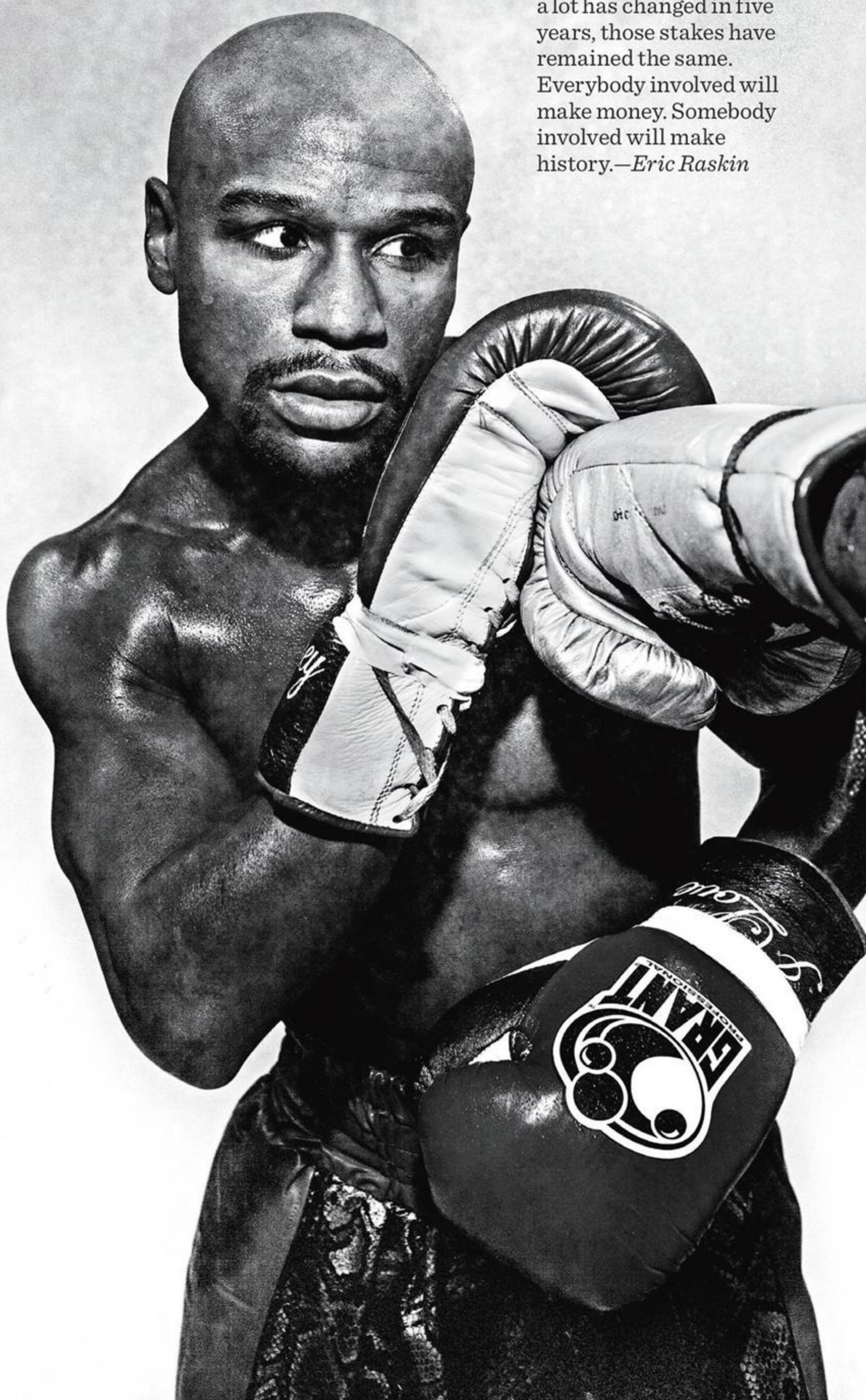
split is going 60-40 in "Money" Mayweather's favor, and early estimates are that he could pocket a record \$150 million to Pac-Man's would-have-been-a-record \$100 million. The fight is projected

to surpass the previous best pay-per-view buy rate by about 20 percent.

On the line are the legitimate welterweight title, the unofficial pound-for-pound title and the highly unofficial title of best boxer of their generation. While a lot has changed in five years, those stakes have remained the same. Everybody involved will make money. Somebody involved will make history.—*Eric Raskin*



of back-and-forth. The mega-fight will become reality on May 2 at the MGM Grand in Las Vegas, thanks to the fortuitous encounter at a basketball game that



SEE FOR YOUR SELFIE

HOW MUCH IS YOUR SELFIE WORTH? MEET THE PEOPLE CASHING IN

In January, Ryder Ripps, a 28-year-old conceptual artist in New York City, debuted an art exhibit devoted entirely to one woman's Instagram account. The exhibition, *Ho*, comprised reappropriated and manipulated images of Adrienne Ho, a fitness model who gets paid by Nike, Supreme and other major companies to post photos of herself wearing their gear. Her brand-influenced selfies, shared with more than 300,000 followers, are a "constant reflexive feedback loop of ego," says Ripps, whose show, which included the painting at right, was covered by press from the art world to *The New York Times*.

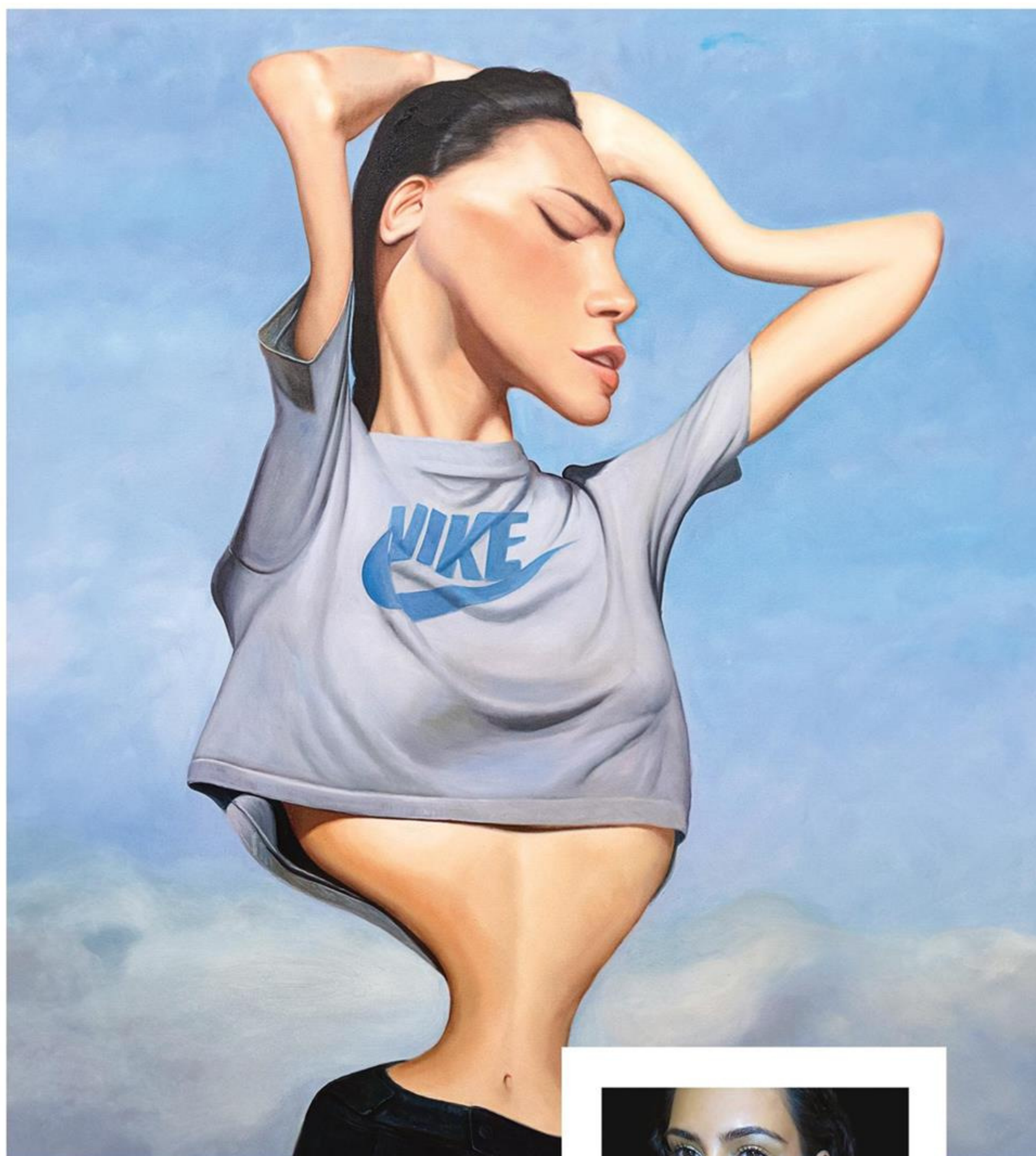
Together, Ripps and Ho (who had no involvement in Ripps's show and recently blocked him on Instagram) represent more than just a Warholian artist and his muse. They reflect a new movement in which artists, nonartists and corporations alike are capitalizing on—and commodifying—the banal ubiquity of selfies, turning them into not only fine art but also marketing tools and cold, hard cash.

"I was surprised by how quickly brands began to approach me to have their products showcased in my selfies," says Denelle Kennedy (below), a 26-year-old London photographer who exhibited a collection of selfies in Toronto last year. She describes the collection, titled *Celfie*, as a "deliberate overkill of Instagram clichés, calling attention to carefully considered yet seemingly spontaneous product placements and the ridiculousness of it all."

Ultimately, she refused to collaborate, saying sponsorship made her uncomfortable. "I was fascinated by their tactics

to have me do the dirty work for them, sharing their brand and marketing it essentially for free," she says.

That's not to say Kennedy hasn't cashed in. She's sold some pieces for as much as \$3,000. "I don't



think it's crazy that a selfie will sell in a traditional art context," she says. "To me the issue seems to be that it's readily available, so why pay for it?"

So what makes one selfie worth more than another? For starters, exposure. The world's most famous selfie—the snapshot Ellen DeGeneres took at the 2014 Oscars with 10 A-list actors—is, according to one advertising exec, worth \$800 million because of its virality, and that's not including the moolah Samsung paid to put its Galaxy smartphone in the host's hands.

Another factor is whether selfie takers position their photos as art. In 2013, the same year Oxford Dictionaries crowned *selfie* its word of the year, 19 artists in London sold video slide shows of their selfies for \$500 after a public exhibition. Last October, a group of performance artists took pictures of themselves in New York's Union Square for an hour and sold the shots to onlookers for \$25 a pop.

Could your selfie soon be hanging in a stranger's living room? Consider this: A photo Buzz Aldrin took of himself in space 48 years ago recently went to auction, marketed as "the first space selfie." Its sale price: \$9,200.—Shane Michael Singh



The Queen COLLECTED

→ You've probably already seen pretty much every inch of Kim Kardashian (what with her sex tape, reality show, and, of course, December 2007 PLAYBOY pictorial). Now you can get between the covers with her—hardcovers, that is. With more than 400

pages of intimate snaps (including bikini selfies, lingerie selfies and, yes, nude selfies), flipping through *Selfish*, published by art-house giant Rizzoli (\$20), feels like scrolling through a well-curated smartphone. Too much Kim? Maybe there's no such thing.—Cat Auer



ACTION BRONSON

A JUICY CONVERSATION WITH HIP-HOP'S MR. WONDERFUL

• The rapper they call Bronsoliño is a 300-pound gorilla of crass Queens mythology rolled up in old-school hip-hop swagger and spiked with references to 1990s sports and gourmet food. He's either the Scorsese-meets-Ghostface future of rap or a doped-out former chef with punch lines designed for maximum internet impact. Judging by the title of his latest, *Mr. Wonderful*, he doesn't care what you think either way. But if a *Grand Theft Auto-Top Chef* mashup sounds like a good concept for a rap album, that's the appeal.

PLAYBOY: What's Mr. Wonderful about?

BRONSON: Me, you know? It's a piece of beautiful art, a musical, but not one of those uppity ones. This is *Cats* at the Garden Theater, off-Broadway Larry David-type shit.

PLAYBOY: How do you keep your beard so luscious?

BRONSON: I eat a lot of pussy. It's all that pussy juice dripping into my beard. And cocoa butter and chopped-up pieces of bacon. It's nasty, but it's kind of delicious. No, I'm

joking. My beard is all natural. I swear I don't do anything to it. I was just blessed with amazing facial hair. I'm part lion.

PLAYBOY: You're a huge pothead and a chef. Run down an edible recipe we could make for our girlfriend.

BRONSON: I would make weed-infused caramel brittle with candied nuts. And then you get some cream, steep the weed in there, make ice cream, freeze it, then infuse it with the caramel sauce as well, turn

that into brittle, chip the brittle, stick it in the ice cream, serve, and you're definitely getting your asshole licked. But everything is sweet with weed. I'm sick of it. Weed goes better with pasta or cauliflower.

PLAYBOY: For as much as you get done in a day, you don't drink coffee. What keeps your energy up?

BRONSON: I'm high on life, just natural energy. I eat a lot of almonds. It's all about that almond life—eating raw almonds at all times.

GOOD TIMES FAST

CAN WE MAKE A BETTER WHISKEY FASTER BY BREAKING IT OUT OF THE BARREL?

The most eye-grabbing Kickstarter projects involve a certain level of fantasy, such as a calorie-burning shirt you can wear to a board meeting. Behold

Whiskey Elements, small cured sticks of oak that are designed both to improve the flavor of peon-grade whiskey and clean out the hangover-inducing debris.

The idea of Portland, Oregon entrepreneur Tony Peniche and his team was to update whiskey technology by taking the same American oak used to make barrels, laser-cut it down to something the size of a Lincoln Log, notch the new stick to expose the wood's capillaries and cure the wood for flavor. Then the stick goes directly into a bottle of cheap whiskey. "The barrel is an inefficient design," Peniche says. "We need to redesign it to let the liquid filter through the wood more efficiently." Efficient as in whiskey "aged" for a single day that tastes as if it had been in a barrel for three years.

It isn't that the process defies space and time. The difference between cheap and expensive whiskey is usually the amount of toxins in the bottle; as a whiskey ages, the toxins are filtered out. When a four-year-old Jim Beam exposed



to a Whiskey Element was compared with its 12-year-old big brother, the amount of toxins remaining was almost identical. "People forget age isn't a flavor," Peniche says. "It can be measured only in a lab or based on your hangover."

It's a simple product surrounded by

skepticism, given its defiance of centuries of tradition. But in the coming years, as distilleries struggle to keep up with demand, devices like Whiskey Elements may be a saving grace. Or at least save you from a head-splitting morning after.—*Max Plenke*



ILLUSTRATION BY RYAN SNOOK

GONZO SPIRIT

→ After Hunter S. Thompson's death in 2005, the gonzo journalist's family and friends, including Johnny Depp, fulfilled his wishes and fired

his ashes out of a cannon on his farm in Woody Creek, Colorado. The ashes descended onto a potato farm belonging to his neighbor—Woody

Creek Distillers. Those crops have been distilled into the company's latest potato vodka. We recommend a bottle and a road trip to Las Vegas.

DAIQUIRI REWIND

THE RUM COCKTAIL IS REVIVED
BY THE MIXOLOGY REVOLUTION

If there's such a thing as a mixology lesson in a glass, it's the classic daiquiri. In its ideal form it's simply potent rum, tart lime, a little simple syrup to balance the two and ice to chill it down. While Technicolor machine-made frozen margaritas destroyed the drink's rep for a couple of decades, it's now being reclaimed by skilled bartenders who consider it a cocktail with cred. Think of it as the springtime equivalent of the old-fashioned: an unimpeachably awesome vintage drink that's making a comeback. Here's how it began, lost its way and became better than ever.

A Daiquiri Done Right

Some recipes add grapefruit and maraschino juice, but try this stripped-down version first.

INGREDIENTS

- 2 oz. *carta blanca* rum
- 1 oz. freshly squeezed lime juice
- ½ oz. simple syrup

DIRECTIONS

Combine ingredients in a cocktail shaker with ice, shake vigorously for 10 seconds, then strain into a cocktail glass.



1930s

The Hemingway Days

➤ Ernest "Papa" Hemingway was introduced to the daiquiri (said to have been invented in Cuba by American miner Jennings

Cox) at Havana's Floridita bar. Hemingway liked his double strength, earning the cocktail the nickname *papa doble*.



1970s

The Dark Ages

➤ The preponderance of frozen-drink machines, spring-break culture, crappy rum, artificial food coloring and general poor taste all contributed to the

daiquiri becoming a symbol of good times gone bad. Smart men rightly stayed away from it. Stupid men, and the drink's reputation, paid the price.

The Renaissance

➤ Bartenders tired of 17-ingredient mixology realized if they used damn fine rum, fresh lime and perfect ice, they'd have a drink that's tough to beat. And now the frozen dai-

quiri is coming back thanks to tiki bars such as Three Dots and a Dash, which serves a fresh banana daiquiri made with three rums and garnished with a dolphin-banana.



2010s



RUM AND RUMMER

• A classic daiquiri is made with *carta blanca*, a.k.a. white rum. **Havana Club (1)** You have to go to Cuba to get a daiquiri made with this legendary rum embargoed stateside. **Caña Brava (2)** This *carta blanca* upgrade from the 86 Co. has become the gold standard for American bartenders. **Flor de Caña (3)** An affordable, reliable and widely available bottling from Nicaragua.



SWISS + MADE



ESSENTIAL GEAR.

Colormark No. 3053.25th: 44mm, carbon reinforced polycarbonate case and case back, tempered scratch resistant mineral crystal, water resistant to 200 meters, signature black PU strap, and Luminox self-powered illumination. Swiss Made.

Preferred timepiece of outdoor enthusiasts.

Available at Cabela's and Other Fine Retailers Nationwide.

www.luminox.com

facebook.com/Luminox



**ALWAYS
VISIBLE**

Constant Glow for up to 25 Years.

THANK YOU FOR SMOKING

NO BARBECUE? NO PROBLEM. INFUSE YOUR FOOD WITH SMOKE USING THIS CHEF TRICK



PUFF LOVE

► The Smoking Gun runs on AA batteries and flavors food in mere seconds. (\$100, polyscienceculinary.com)

For all the pleasures of cooking slow and low over smoldering wood, the reality is that few men have the time to stoke a smoker every time they want food tinged with the sultry kiss of hickory or mesquite. With summer not quite here, we sing the praises of the Smoking Gun, a remarkably easy-to-use tool brought to market by the clever minds at PolyScience that

lets you quickly add smoked flavor to cooked and raw foods. Simply load the gun with a pinch of wood chips (jars of aromatic woods come packaged with the gun), turn it on and fire smoke into the food-containing vessel of your choosing: a pot holding a piece of sushi-grade salmon or a ziplock bag of cooked carnitas, for example. Give the smoke a few minutes to infuse, and voilà—smoky flavor without any fire.

Photography by SATOSHI

SMOKE 'EM



BLEND IN

► To add smoke to salsas or amp up the woody flavor of mezcal margaritas: Add ingredients to blender, shoot in some smoke, cover and blitz in the flavor.



SHAKE IT

► Bourbon drinks lend themselves to additional smoke flavoring. The trick is to shake vigorously to disperse tiny smoke bubbles throughout the cocktail.



ZIP IT

► Put something delicious (butter, chocolate, cooked bacon, sliced tomatoes for a BLT) in a freezer bag, fire in some smoke and there you have it: better-tasting food.



Handsome Cycle's Devil Ultimate Commuter makes a serious style statement. (\$2,000, handsomecycles.com)

BESPOKES

TWO-WHEEL TAILORING FOR THE NEW URBAN COMMUTER

Biking to work on city streets has become a new vehicle for style, inspiring a wave of high-performance haberdashery. After all, you can't walk into the office wearing a sweaty jersey and sausage-casing shorts or a cacophony of too-loud colors and athletic logos and still hope to preserve any shred of your professional mojo. The best offerings of the cycling style revolution are reworked masculine mainstays cut from high-tech cloth, in a refined color palette and tricked out with functional details.—*Vincent Boucher*



Gear

Crank Up Your Style

1. Blazer Saddles

→ San Francisco-based Parker Dusseau's stretch-cotton commuter blazer is breathable and water repellent. Extra style points for reflective collar trim and Italian gunmetal snaps.

• \$425, parkerdusseau.com

2. Pack Leader

→ The leather-trimmed, water-resistant-canvas Pickwick backpack reflects Brooks England's century-old cycling expertise.

• \$250, mrporter.com

3. Heads-Up

→ Bern's action-sports beginnings bring street style to its line of bike

helmets. The Watts, with its signature brim, remains the company's most recognizable model.

• \$60, bernunlimited.com

4. Take the Stares

→ Badass but city savvy, this pair of mirrored acetate sunglasses comes from Paul Smith's cycling-themed collection.

• \$325, mrporter.com

5. Roll With It

→ Rapha's cycling jeans are made from a stretch fabric that's more abrasion resistant than regular denim. The reflective graphic inside the right leg makes you easy to spot.

• \$220, rapha.cc



Bring Your ID

➤ The legal age is 21, and the security guard (the menacing-looking fellow at the front door) will want to see proof in the form of valid government-issued identification. Debit and credit cards aren't accepted, so you'll also need some good old-fashioned

cash money—the kind that crumples. (Though, if you space out about it, most shops have on-site ATMs.) How much cash? That depends, but as of mid-January the price for a single gram was hovering around \$22. (Washington state law limits each transaction to one ounce.)

SPACE TRAVEL

IT'S HIGH TIME TO NAVIGATE SEATTLE'S BUDDING CANNABIS TOURISM SCENE

Colorado made headlines when it became the first state to legalize marijuana for recreational use. But the state of Washington wasn't far behind, getting into the ganja game in July 2014. Since it hasn't yet captured the imagination and enthusiasm of freshly minted pot tourists the way Colorado has, it's the proper place to pursue a newly legal buzz. Even Seattle, the state's largest city, serves up a relatively crowd-free stoner scene—and plenty of activities to keep your recently expanded mind entertained. Here are a few things to remember if you decide to skedaddle to Seattle for a weekend as a weed warrior.



Find Your Way

➤ Don't expect a pot shop on every block. As of early 2015, only a handful of stores were open for business in Seattle. The best way to find them is to search online using one of the many location-based services created expressly for that purpose—Weedmaps is a good one; Leafly is another. Make sure you filter the results with the keyword *recreational*, since medical-marijuana shops fall under a different set of regulations. A third site, Kush Tourism, maintains a continually updated directory that's easy to navigate.



Shop Right

➤ Three shops in particular are worth mentioning. The first two are fairly close to one another and about 2.5 miles south of the city's famed Pike Place Market in the SoDo (south of downtown) neighborhood: Cannabis City (2733 Fourth Avenue South) holds the distinction of being the first Seattle store to open under the new state law; Ganja Goddess (3207 First Avenue South) stakes out the high end of

the market and offers a mind-blowing range of cannabis. (On a recent visit some 42 varieties were neatly listed on a chalkboard.) About two miles due east of Pike Place is Uncle Ike's (2310 East Union Street), which claims to have the lowest prices in the state. That may be, but any money you save on your purchase will likely be spent at its next-door "glass and goods" store, which cheerfully sells everything from papers, pipes and vape pens to pot-leaf-embellished socks and Uncle Ike's T-shirts.



Don't Blaze in Public

➤ Marijuana can be legally consumed in Washington only on private property. Some weed-friendly hotels (Kush Tourism lists a handful) offer enclosed outdoor spaces, balconies and even potting sheds (get it?) where guests can legally fire up. Two other options: Book a hotel room where cigarette smoking is permitted (that means pot can be smoked there too), or plan to partake via vaporizer. When in doubt, ask. The folks at the artsy downtown Hotel Max (620 Stewart Street), for example, were happy to share a preprinted "Seattle Cannabis FAQ"—available at the front desk.

A man with short brown hair is sitting on a metal bench outdoors. He is wearing a grey zip-up hoodie over a white t-shirt, red athletic shorts with grey side panels, and grey Skechers Sport sneakers with black laces. He is wearing large white over-ear headphones and holding a smartphone in his hands. The background features a large window with a metal frame, looking out onto a cityscape with greenery and buildings. The ground is a light-colored concrete or stone surface.

COMFORT
INCLUDED™

SKECHERS
SPORT
WITH **MEMORY FOAM**

skechers.com

FAST & FORWARD

DUCATI CRANKS UP THE STYLE—AND DIALS BACK THE POWER—FOR THE ALL-NEW SCRAMBLER

• A decade or two ago, Ducatis were simply very fast motorcycles, and they've become unbelievably, mind-warply faster since then. So much so that it now takes a sophisticated array of rider-aid electronics—ABS, traction control, wheelie control, engine brake control, active suspension and more—just to ride one safely. Even the Ducati Monster, once a bastion of simplicity, now mirrors the Panigale superbikes with its frameless design, powerful liquid-cooled engine and electronic aids.

Enter the Scrambler. Based on the last Monster genera-

tion's air-cooled, 803 cc V-twin, it adds an upright riding position, retro style and even some off-road ability thanks to its knobby tires, soft suspension and 18-inch front wheel. This bike isn't built to win races but to bring back the simple joy of riding a motorcycle.

And how. Riding through a rare torrential rainstorm in southern California's San Jacinto Mountains, the Scrambler made confident progress through conditions that would have seen Ducati superbike owners taking the car instead. Its big, dirt-style tires grip pavement surprisingly well, while the single brake disc provides plenty of stopping power.

Off-road, the Scrambler is just tall and upright enough to stand on securely; doing so helps get more of your weight over its somewhat vague front end. If you're skeptical that

a Ducati can perform in the dirt, don't be: The Scrambler proved willing to tough out jumps, slides and water crossings as well as any of those big adventure bikes BMW makes.

In town, the upright ergonomics prove handy, facilitating vision and control as you use the grunty motor to squirt through traffic. The Scrambler may not appear as fast as other Ducatis, but it's so confidence-inspiring and comfortable to ride that it's often more capable in real-world environments. It could be the only bike you need this summer.—*Wes Siler*



STATS

DUCATI SCRAMBLER



CUSTOM SERVICE



→ Ducati built the Scrambler to be hugely customizable, from mirrors to handlebars. These metal tank covers? Pop them off and replace them with other colors and finishes or even a red-and-black buffalo plaid.

GEAR UP



Explorer Jacket
by AETHER APPAREL
aetherapparel.com
The best off-road adventure jacket uses armor padding made from a fluid that solidifies on impact. \$895



Epix GPS Watch
by GARMIN
garmin.com
Color maps with terrain contours, elevation and off-road data make this perfect for adventure. \$550



Bell Bullitt RSD Viva
by BELL HELMETS
bellhelmets.com
Renowned bike builder Roland Sands added classic colors to Bell's new retro full-face. \$450



R25 Motorcycle Pack
by KRIEGA
kriega.us
This backpack pulls weight through your chest, leaving your shoulders free to move. \$189



MOVIE OF THE MONTH

MAD MAX: FURY ROAD

By Stephen Rebello

• “This movie is one long, highly immersive chase where our main character looks for meaning in a world gone insane. Every single character is in extremis, and there’s dialogue only when it’s an absolute necessity.” That’s George Miller talking about his latest, *Mad Max: Fury Road*, the director’s self-described “Western on wheels” and the fourth in the futuristic action franchise about a vengeance-seeking ex-cop turned road warrior that kicked off in 1979 with *Mad Max*. With Mel Gibson having aged out of the

haunted-loner role that put him on the map, Tom Hardy takes over as the laconic hero who hurtles across a hostile postapocalyptic wasteland aboard a War Rig commanded by kick-ass ruler Charlize Theron while being pursued by desperate characters. “Time will tell how people will react,” says Miller, who directed the original trilogy starring Gibson. “Though Tom and Mel are different people from different generations and with different life experiences, they have in common a powerful charisma arising out of animal magnetism. They’re accessible yet ultimately mysterious. You’ve never seen a female action character like the full-throttle road warrior Charlize Theron plays; she’s unmistakably female but has absolutely no vanity and completely inhabits her role. I hope people leave the theater having been fully immersed in a real movie movie. We’ve already written the scripts for two other films if audiences respond to this one.”



TEASE FRAME

Alexis Knapp

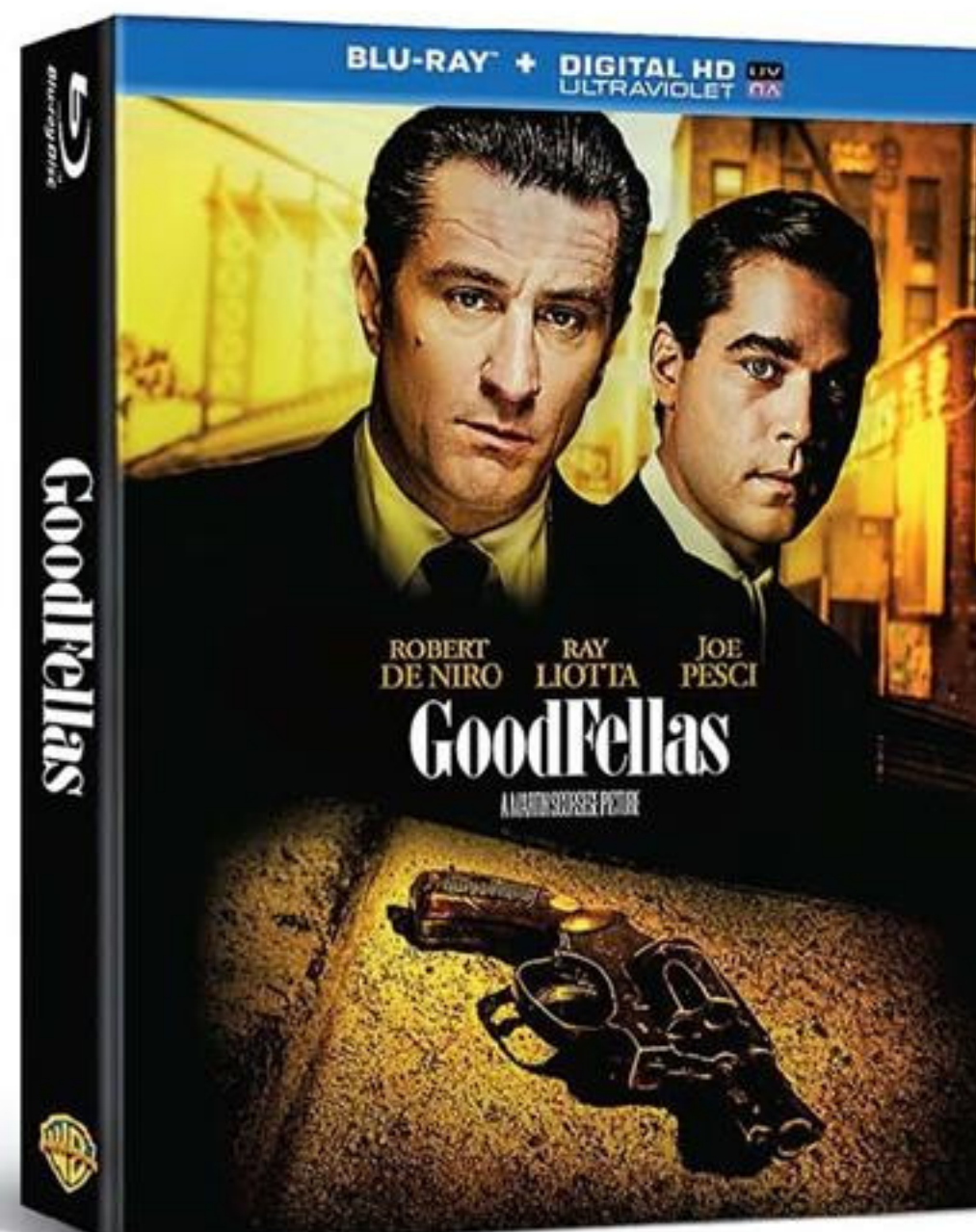
→ Alexis Knapp is smoking in the 2014 sci-fi thriller *The Anomaly* (pictured). See her reprise her earlier role as Stacie—the sexually charged capella singer and Barden Bellas member—in *Pitch Perfect 2*.

BLU-RAY OF THE MONTH

GOODFELLAS: 25TH ANNIVERSARY EDITION

By David Reddish

• Before dismissing as a money grab this Blu-ray of Martin Scorsese’s 1990 gangster masterpiece (see also *The Making of the Mafia’s Ultimate Home Movie*, page 56), consider the extra loot. Besides the film—the true story of mobster Henry Hill—which features Ray Liotta’s best performance and an Oscar-winning turn by Joe Pesci, this package offers a new 1080p transfer, a 36-page photo book and every bonus feature from past releases. **Best extra:** an all-new documentary including interviews with Robert De Niro, Jack Nicholson, Leonardo DiCaprio and more. ★★★★★



AVENGERS: AGE OF ULTRON

Writer-director Joss Whedon teases his favorite aspects of the Avengers sequel



Q: Who is Ultron, and why does he make such a good bad guy?

A: He’s the brainchild of Tony Stark. He’s a good antagonist because he represents all the ideals of the Avengers and hates them for falling short of those ideals. He’s fun because he’s not only a robot but also the most volatile and illogical guy in the room. He’s just a hothead.

Q: So is this a darker *Avengers*? What’s the tone?

A: I’d say the dominant tone is blind desperation. In the midst of all this high adventure, everyone in the movie gets put through the wringer so heavily, and they fall apart so totally. They’re all scrambling to make up for the harm they’ve done while blaming each other and blaming themselves.

Q: What moment in the film are you happiest with?

A: There’s a fight sequence that’s one of the most delicately crafted and viscerally lovely things I’ve ever shot. It will be finished roughly 20 minutes before we show the film. It is an absolute, insane puzzle.—S.R.



MUST-WATCH TV

HAPPYISH

By Josef Adalian

• Despite the title, virtually nobody in creator Shalom Auslander's new Showtime comedy seems remotely satisfied with their existence—least of all the show's central character, advertising exec Thom Payne (the great Steve Coogan). Our man is in full midlife career meltdown when we meet him, struggling with the recent reality that he

now reports to a catchphrase-spouting 25-year-old hotshot from Sweden whose idea of brilliance is ditching the Keebler elves for something more “viral.” Payne flirts with quitting but ultimately decides to take the advice of his mentor (Bradley Whitford): “Marketer, rebrand thyself.” *Happyish* at times is all over the map, unsure of what

it wants to be. And yet, anyone born before 1980 will sympathize with Payne's struggle to stay afloat against the millennial tide. It's also fun to watch director Ken Kwapis bring Payne's problems to life through clever, sometimes twisted fantasy sequences. *Happyish* is not yet great, but it's good-ish enough to keep an eye on. 🍷🍷🍷

ALBUM OF THE MONTH

BEAT THE CHAMP

By Rob Tannenbaum

• Growing up in California under the red thumb of an abusive stepfather, John Darnielle found relief and heroism in the local pro-wrestling bouts shown on TV. An eloquent and precise songwriter who has led the Mountain Goats since 1991, Darnielle recalls his youthful passion on *Beat the Champ*. He accents his acoustic guitar and excitable singing with strings, horns and steel guitar, and depicts pre-Hulk Hogan wrestling as a world of blood, bravado, autonomy and loneliness. These desperate, untethered outsiders also give Darnielle a good excuse to use “Gonna stab you in the eye with a foreign object” as a chorus. 🍷🍷🍷



GAME OF THE MONTH

MORTAL KOMBAT X

By Jason Buhrmester

• Maybe *Mortal Kombat* is actually immortal. The savage fighting game has brought buckets of blood to gaming for 20-plus years and keeps crawling out of the grave. *Mortal Kombat X* (PC, PS3, PS4, Xbox 360, Xbox One) pits Scorpion, Sub-Zero and other classic *Kombat* fighters against a crew of

fresh meat in new arenas and modes including Living Towers, which alters the environment during matches, from dropping bombs and acid rain to removing gravity or blacking out the screen. The absurd Bruce Lee-meets-John Carpenter violence is a *Mortal Kombat* guilty pleasure and one you can fully indulge in here with “X-Ray,” which provides a see-through look at the damage delivered to a foe whose spine has been ripped out. 🍷🍷🍷

BOOK OF THE MONTH

THE MAN WHO CREATED MAD

By Cat Auer

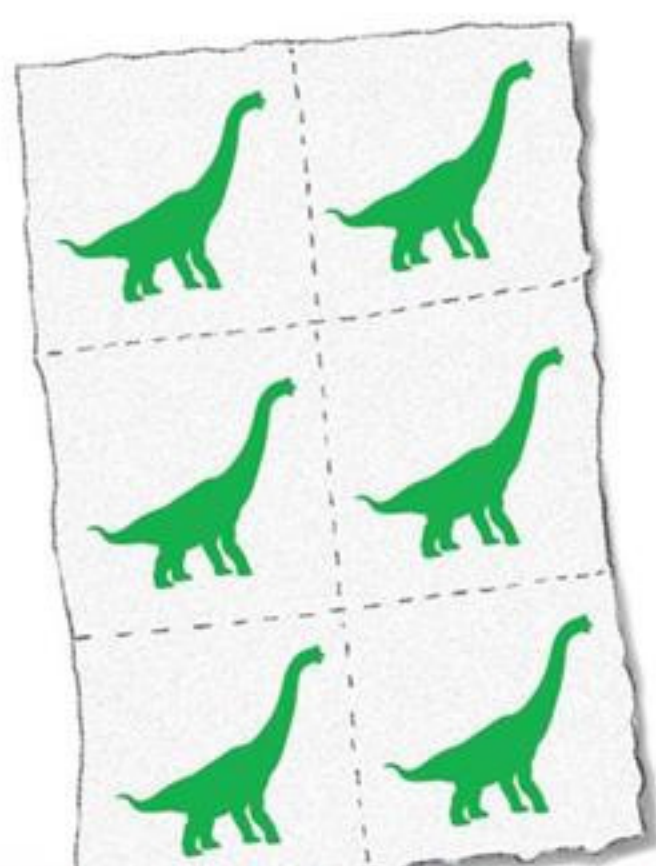
• In 1952, master of comic art Harvey Kurtzman smacked America upside the head with what he called the “irreverent sledgehammer satire” of *Mad* magazine. Bill Schelly's definitive biography, *Harvey Kurtzman: The Man Who Created Mad and Revolutionized Humor in America*, includes a foreword by Terry Gilliam, who once worked for Kurtzman (as did Gloria Steinem). Kurtzman brought *Mad* to life as a comic book; three years later he converted it to a magazine; five issues into its run, he quit. *Mad* was “humor in a jugular vein,” as the cover line went, and Americans wanted to mainline it. So why did he leave? A combination of things, says Schelly. He wanted new challenges and more control—and Hugh Hefner made him an offer he couldn't refuse: Start another humor mag. That effort and others failed to capture the lightning in a bottle that was *Mad*. His sexy *Little Annie Fanny* (with Will Elder) ran in *PLAYBOY* for 26 years, but he'll be best remembered for bringing smart, subversive humor to pop culture. Is *revolutionized* too strong? No way. Kurtzman was, in the words of Art Spiegelman, “a goddamn national treasure.” 🍷🍷🍷





HOT STUFF

- Women eat spicy dishes because they enjoy the taste, according to researchers, while men tend to eat spicy foods because they enjoy showing off.



PREHISTORIC TRIP

Scientists say that 100 million years ago sauropods ate grasses covered with a psychotropic fungus similar to that used in LSD.

507

- Age of the world's oldest known living animal, Ming the clam, when it was accidentally killed by scientists trying to determine how old it was.

50 SHADES OF PAIN



- Emergency-room patients with sex-toy-related injuries who:
Are hospitalized or transferred to a different facility: **25%**
Are treated and released: **71%**
Are male: **58%**

REALLY FAST FOOD

- A new 24-hour White Castle in Las Vegas was forced to temporarily close due to "overwhelming demand."
Number of burgers sold per hour for the first 12 hours after opening: **4,000**
Nearest White Castle to Las Vegas: Columbia, Missouri, roughly **1,500 miles**.



Over the past four years, the desire for bigger butts (as reflected in web searches) has tripled in the United States.

WE LIKE BIG BUTTS

AND WE LIKE BIG BOOBS:

- Online searches for big-breast porn outnumber those for small-breast porn **20 to 1**.
Ratio of interest in breast implants to butt implants: **5 to 1**.



IF YOU WANT IT
THEN YOU BETTER PUT A RING ON IT

You can tell if a man is likely to be promiscuous by measuring the length of his...ring finger. Researchers say men with ring fingers significantly longer than their index fingers are more likely to prefer sleeping around to monogamy.

PHOTO FINISH

- Number of red roses in the victory garland draped over the Kentucky Derby's winning horse.



DOES NOT COMPUTE

- Number of sex acts heterosexual men say they experience in a year:

63

- Number heterosexual women say they experience:

55

SEXTY TIME



Singles who regularly use emojis tend to have more sex than singles who don't, according to a Match.com survey.

Going...Going...GONE!

United States Baseball Legal Tender Coin



*Legal Tender
Clad Half Dollar.
Actual size is
30.61 mm*

Only \$29.95!

Cooperstown, N.Y.

The National Baseball Hall of Fame and the U.S. Mint have released the **FIRST EVER** curved American coin. This legal tender half dollar was struck in 2014 to honor the 75th anniversary of the National Baseball Hall of Fame and Museum.

First Ever Curved American Coin

The coin's curved design is a first in American history. The outward curving 'tails' side of the coin depicts a baseball—complete with intricate stitching. The inward curving 'heads' side of the half dollar reveals a classic leather baseball glove, with the curve perfectly reflecting the natural shape of a weathered and well-loved baseball mitt. Among the celebrity judges who selected this **FIRST EVER** curved design were Hall of Famers Joe Morgan, Brooks Robinson, Ozzie Smith, Don Sutton, and Dave Winfield. The curved design is like nothing you have ever seen before. You won't believe it when you hold it!

Going...Going...GONE

Public demand for these coins exploded and a number of versions sold out almost immediately. The Baseball Hall of Fame Half Dollar will go down in history as a runaway best seller. But even though the coins are no longer available from the U.S. Mint, you don't have to strike out.

GovMint.com • 14101 Southcross Dr. W. Dept. HOF306-05 • Burnsville, Minnesota 55337

Prices and availability subject to change without notice. Past performance is not a predictor of future performance. NOTE: GovMint.com® is a private distributor of worldwide government coin and currency issues and privately issued licensed collectibles and is not affiliated with the United States government. Facts and figures deemed accurate as of February 2015. ©2015 GovMint.com.

If you **CALL NOW**, you can lock in your very own piece of baseball history—not to mention the *most unusual American coin ever struck!*

Pristine Brilliant Uncirculated Half Dollar

Each 2014 Baseball Hall of Fame Commemorative Half Dollar is minted in Brilliant Uncirculated condition and comes in official U.S. Mint packaging, including the official Mint Certificate of Authenticity. Best of all, you can secure yours today for only \$29.95 (*plus s/h*). Due to overwhelming demand, orders are limited to a maximum of 5 coins. No dealer orders will be accepted. Lock in yours now. Hurry! A sellout is expected at any time.

When you call, ask about the extremely limited Pete Rose autographed edition.

For fastest service call today toll-free

1-800-563-6468

Offer Code HOF306-05

Please mention this code when you call.



GOVMINT.COM®

THE BEST SOURCE FOR COINS WORLDWIDE™

THE ONLY THING WE HAVE TO FEAR...

WE MEN NEED TO BE COURAGEOUS. WHY? SO WOMEN WILL LIKE US MORE

Here's a vastly incomplete list of all the things I'm afraid of: Heights. Guns. Dogs. Mice. Actually, all animals bigger than bugs. Bugs. Roller coasters. Divorce. Horror movies. Physical confrontations. Verbal confrontations. Being alone for more than one day. Drugs. Blood. Car crashes. Lightning. Fire. Teenage boys. The ocean. Guys at clubs in Las Vegas. Women at clubs in Las Vegas. People at clubs in Las Vegas whose gender is not immediately evident.

While it might seem as though that list prohibits me from making a woman feel safe, it does not. That's due to the equally long list of things I'm not afraid of: terrorism, Ebola, bedbugs, eating from a street cart, sharks, kidnapping, BPA, black mold, inoculations, GMOs, zombies, clowns, clown porn that doesn't have zombies in it, identity theft, changing diapers, the Democrats turning America into a socialist country, gluten, food past its expiration date. I'm so annoyed by airport security that I would vote to completely eliminate the Department of Homeland Security. If I lived alone, I would happily give whatever I'm paying ADT just to get rid of my home alarm since its record of being correct about break-ins is now zero times out of 145.

Not coincidentally, the things I'm not afraid of have almost no mathematical probability of happening to me. They're mostly just sensational things that, thanks to the sudden ubiquity of information, we hear about all the time and thereby freak us out. Our great-great-great-grandparents never heard of a single shark attack because they didn't have the Discovery Channel. Also, people didn't surf much back then, but mostly the Discovery Channel thing.

Which brings me to a fundamental difference between men and women. Women go into anxiety spirals based on a single Facebook link to a dubious health study. Can instant ramen cause cardiometabolic syndrome? Can a cell



tower's radio-frequency waves cause cancer? Has listening to all of this stuff taken four months off my life? A woman once told me she couldn't eat fish because of Japan's Fukushima nuclear disaster—even though she lived in America. This was a woman who wouldn't eat tuna out of fear for her life and yet texted while she drove. You start typing "Ebola women" into Google and it suggests "Ebola women's health"; you go with "Ebola men" and it gives you "Ebola mentioned in *The Walking Dead*." A study in England reported that 80 percent of eight-year-olds went to school unaccompanied by an adult in 1971; by 1990, only nine percent did, despite the fact that crime had decreased. I'm going to guess that preventing kids from walking to school alone was the decision of moms and not dads, because dads in England are too drunk to make decisions.

Because women are wired to worry more about health and their surroundings, it's not quite as annoying when they make life decisions based on what they see on *Nancy Grace*. When I see a woman melt down on a plane before takeoff, I think both "That's cute" and "I'm glad she's not my girlfriend." When I see a guy shake in terror on the runway, I assume he was once on a flight that crashed on a deserted island where there was weird time travel and an unsatisfying ending. When a guy tells me about all the chemicals in his food, I know he truly loves and respects his wife.

Part of the reason women are more anxious about random horror is that the vast majority of random horror is committed by men. By exclusively dating women, I've radically reduced my odds of disaster. I'd be studying Lifetime movies too if I were exposed to

all those guys on Tinder creepily posing with power tools. *Fifty Shades of Grey* was a huge hit not because of the S&M but because it was like a Lifetime movie with a happy ending.

Women are also allowed to have more fear because they're nurturers, and shark bites are not very nurturing. Men, meanwhile, are supposed to fearlessly explore the unknown, responding only to immediate dangers. A caveman didn't have the luxury of panicking about the long-term effects of cooking meat directly over fire. He was too busy responding to that moment's danger: a wild animal, a warring clan, a lightning storm or someone mentioning the word *bet*, which would send him into a gambling binge so severe it caused him to stammer. (Much of my knowledge of cavemen is based on *The Flintstones*.)

So even if the news sometimes does frighten us—*Will keeping my cell phone in my pocket cause erectile dysfunction? Will eating soy cause erectile dysfunction? Will this drug that says it might cause erectile dysfunction cause erectile dysfunction? Will reading four questions about erectile dysfunction cause me to worry about erectile dysfunction and thereby lead to erectile dysfunction?*—men have to be brave. And bravery consists of recognizing our illogical fears and overcoming them, whether that means jumping out of a plane with a parachute, taking a trip to Israel or eating an undercooked hamburger. The news, we need to remember, is what happens to other people. And if women become scared by what they read, we should be glad for the opportunity to comfort them. There's a reason, after all, that boys take girls to see horror films. And that reason gives girls yet another thing to fear. ■

BY
JOEL
STEIN

MIKE BERTINO

WHAT'S PAST ISN'T PAST

WHY YOUR GIRLFRIEND IS A HISTORY MAJOR, AND WHY IT'S YOUR HISTORY SHE'S STUDYING

I hate your ex. You know the one. I don't care that she's a "really cool girl" and you think if we met at a party we'd be friends. I hate her, and I want to hate her on an even deeper level, so I have to know everything about her. When I'm bored at work I'll google her and decide she shouldn't wear orange *ever*, or really anything that clings (and *everything* clings). That her roots need touching up (all six inches of them). That her current boyfriend looks like a less hot version of you. That she doesn't look that smart in pictures. I will google deeper, like a hate tourist, to find that her comments on friends' Facebook pages are neither insightful nor funny ("Cute pic," "Thinking of you"). That she uses the same birthday line for everyone: "Have the best birthday ever!" Why even bother? I will know from her local Fun Run Turkey Trot time (*very* slow) that she is not right for you. That you clearly had a lapse in judgment when you entered into a relationship with her. This kind of "research" fills a special dark part of my heart that also enjoys seeing someone in a really fancy car get a parking ticket or someone slip on ice (and be uninjured—I'm not a total monster).

I once dated a guy who had a big cardboard box in his bedroom closet labeled, in black Sharpie, DO NOT OPEN: WILL INDUCE SUICIDE. After dating him for a couple of months I got up the courage to ask about its contents. (My guess was it was full of either expired winning lottery tickets or chocolate-dipped cyanide pills.) It turned out to be a lot more ordinary but a lot more interesting to me. It was a box of stuff from his previous long-term relationship. *She* was the ex I hated. I'd seen only one blurry picture of her, in which she wore ill-fitting long shorts, a questionable fashion choice to say the least. So one drunken night, in not my best moment, I asked my boyfriend to open the box. (As you can imagine, I did not ask

nicely.) He resisted at first: "Not a good idea." "Sleep on it." "You can't take it back." But eventually he gave in and opened it calmly with his X-Acto knife. The blade made a crisp noise as it cut through the year-plus-old tape, and the scent of vanilla filled the air. There were a lot of photos (she was okay-looking in nonblurry shots but not suicide inducing). A vanilla candle (*vanilla* says it all). Some books of poetry (boring). Some love notes (rhymes are for babies). Anniversary cards (trite). A stuffed animal (she didn't know him at all). They were your basic relationship souvenirs, and I had him explain every one. He was a goodish sport about it. Eventually we broke up too and he got a box of his own in my closet, until I handed it over to 1-800-GOT-JUNK. You probably think I regretted my decision to open my ex's ex's box, that I realized I'd allowed my hate to go too far.

I don't blame you for thinking that—you're a guy, and guys just don't get it.

Guys don't really want to know about our past. You don't want to think about us having sex with someone else. But that doesn't bother me at all. I don't care about your sexual liaisons before you met me. I don't even care if Alanis Morissette went down on *you* in a theater. I don't care about that barely counts threesome you had freshman year (you basically watched two soon-to-be-living-together-in-Vermont lesbians hook up). I don't care about the friends-with-benefits relationship you had in your early 20s that was "the best" until she went "crazy." Essentially I don't care

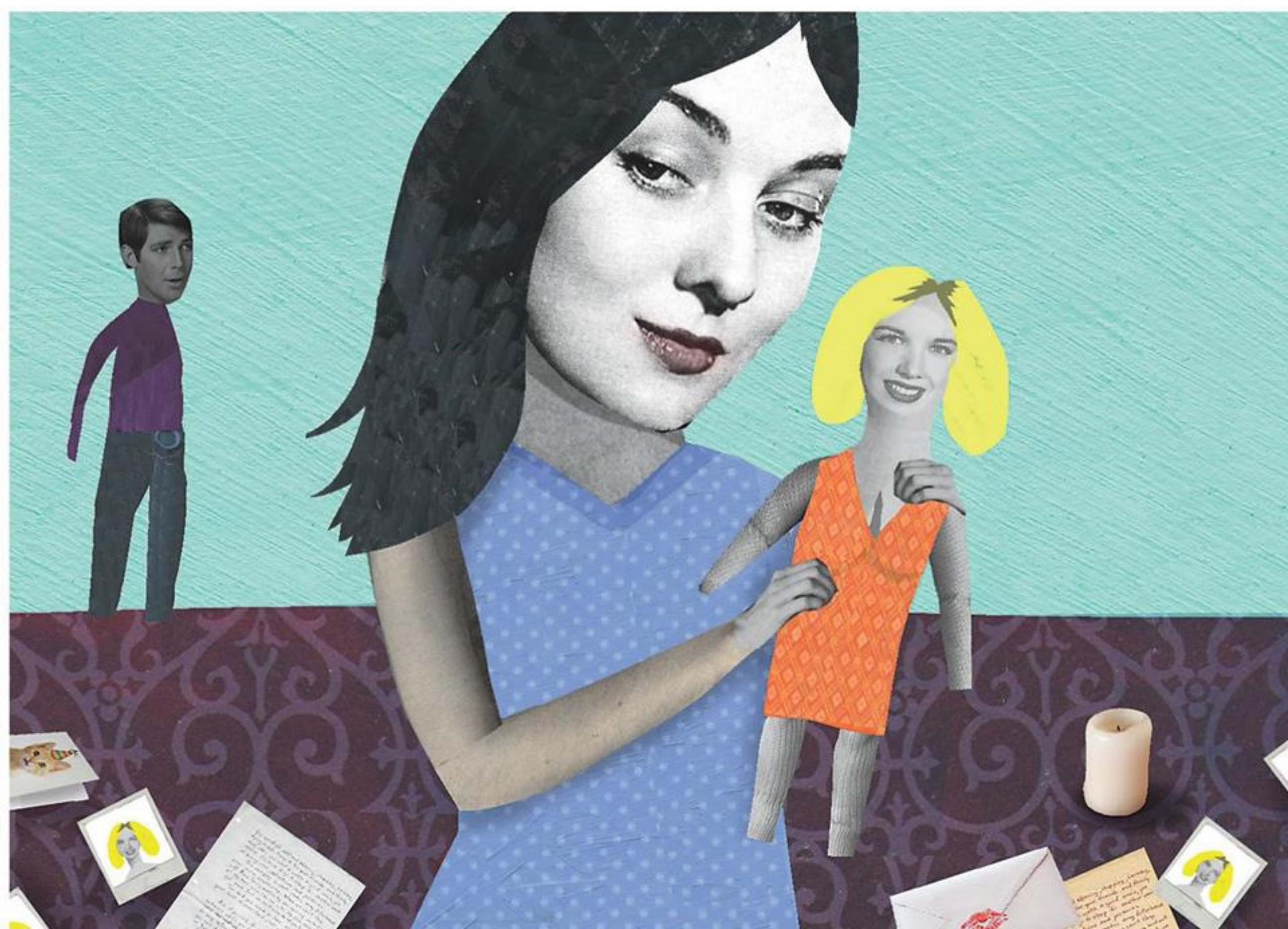
where your dick has been (or *hasn't*, in the case of that threesome). I care only where it's going. *But* I do care where your heart was. Opening that DO NOT OPEN: WILL INDUCE SUICIDE box filled with the ashes of my boyfriend's old relationship was absolutely practical. The contents revealed what Google and Facebook couldn't tell me but what I really needed to know: the details.

Digging up info on a boyfriend's past is like doing research on a used-car website. If you're buying a car, you want to know what accidents it's been in. What repairs have been made. You want to

know if potential hazards lurk beneath a new coat of paint or pair of designer jeans. Your ex helps me with that. She's like one of those bomb robots that are sent into dangerous situations first. She can report back from beyond the relationship grave: "Did you like her cutesy nickname for

you, Pookey/Honey Bear/Babycakes?" "Why was that road trip so terrible you ended up calling it quits afterward?" "Did you mind her dog sleeping in the bed with you? What if it had been a cat?" "How did you feel when your ex made you go to dinner with her *and* her mom on Valentine's Day?" Your ex is a "you" gold mine, a treasure trove of information about *you*! So I will continue to hate your ex, because it's a useful hobby (also free!). I can't help it. I just absolutely, totally *love* hating your ex. And I know I'm not alone. I'm sure one of my ex's current girlfriends is out there googling me right now. If it helps, my middle name is Elizabeth. ■

BY
HILARY
WINSTON



KATHERINE STREETER



I BUY IT FOR THE T-SHIRTS

VISIT PLAYBOYSTORE.COM TODAY!

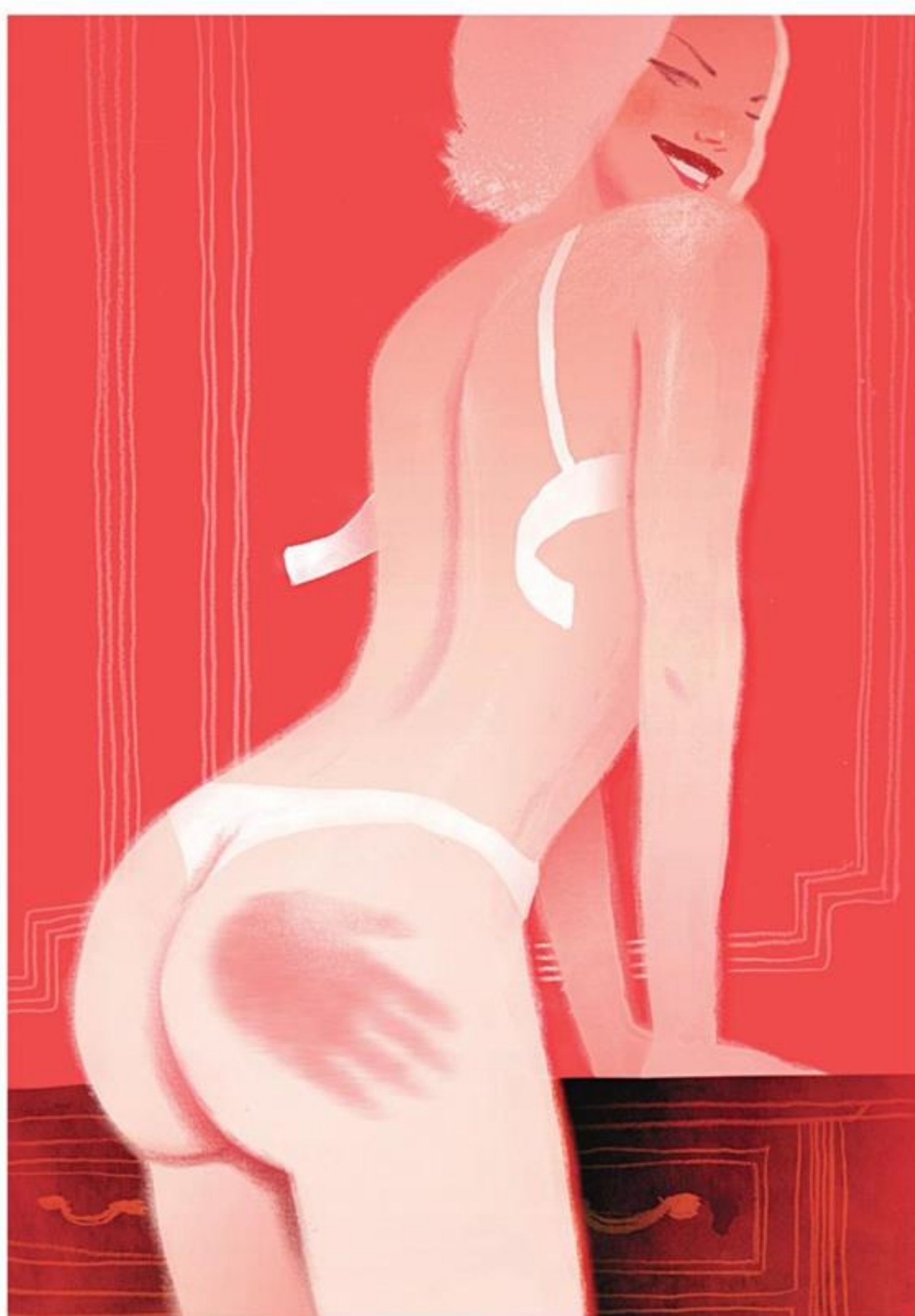
My boyfriend and I have been dating for six months, and he wants us to go to a strip club together. We have always had excellent communication. When we started seeing each other he told me he'd visited a few such clubs, and without giving it much thought I told him it would be fun if we went together. Now that we're getting more serious, I'm not so sure. He brought it up again recently and wouldn't let it go, so I got upset. I finally told him I have no interest in seeing strippers, and now he's mad and says he feels duped. Is it unreasonable of me to feel that I'm right and he's the one who's wrong?—S.S., Los Angeles, California

Apologies to Fight Club fans, but doesn't your boyfriend know that the first rule of strip clubs is "Don't talk about strip clubs"? Joking aside, you have to give him credit for being honest about his interest; he has been more transparent than a lot of guys would be. Whether you intended to or not, it does sound as though you misled him at the beginning of your relationship, and you need to fess up to that. He's within his rights to be disappointed. But you also owe it to yourself to be honest about the issues surrounding strip clubs that bother you. We're guessing this isn't so much a matter of your being cool with going to a strip club as it is a matter of your being cool with him going to a strip club. If it's an essential philosophical and political conflict, this might become a compatibility issue for the two of you. Better to keep a level head, talk it out and not make this about whether you accompany your boyfriend or not. The "why" and "how" regarding your feelings about strip clubs are more important than the "if" and "when."

A good friend of mine was recently in a terrible accident that he barely survived. I've been visiting him in the hospital every week and have come to realize that I find just about every decent-looking nurse incredibly sexy. They're no hotter than women outside the hospital, and they wear chunky athletic shoes and baggy clothes, but there's just something about them and about being in that environment that makes me hornier than usual. Don't worry; I'm not going to hit on the nurses, but I am curious about your opinion. What's your take on this?—D.A., Tacoma, Washington

Your situation sounds different from the standard sexy-nurse cliché that thrives in certain porn subgenres and proliferates around

PLAYBOY ADVISOR



Can a woman have an orgasm just from being spanked? My girlfriend wants me to get her to come that way. We've been trying, but I'm worried I'm only hurting her in a quest for something that might not be possible.—K.P., Little Rock, Arkansas

It is possible—but highly unlikely—that your girlfriend will be able to have an orgasm from spanking alone. Mild to moderate spanking can help release a pleasurable amount of endorphins and increase blood flow to the genitals. Combine that with the erotic charge some women get from being spanked, and you could ostensibly trigger a mental orgasm (a rare but achievable state). We suggest redirecting some of that effort you're worried about into your free hand (or hers) for some good old vanilla clitoral stimulation that could, combined with spanking, trigger a classic O.

Halloween. Maybe it's the baggy clothing that makes the nurses all the more tantalizing to you, like a sort of sartorial chastity belt in scrubs form. Or perhaps it has something to do with the fact that nurses take care of people in a somewhat motherly way that Freud would probably say you find arousing. But our leading theory is that, given your friend's circumstances, your reaction is really about your fear of death. We think that on some primitive level you're responding to a situation in which your friend nearly died, which probably makes you viscerally aware of your own mortality. The primitive, evolutionary reac-

tion to being threatened with death is to procreate, so you're seeing all these nurturing, fertile women as potential mates who could help you propagate the species and thereby give you eternal life—or at least pass along your DNA. Then again, maybe the nurses are just sexy.

I have had huge problems finding a hair product that works for me. I'm a 32-year-old man who has medium-length, somewhat thin hair with a slight wave to it. When it's humid outside my hair tends to curl. Sometimes I can straighten it by using product, but eventually at some point in the day it reverts to curliness. I'm not kidding when I say that I have tried about 30 different waxes, gels, pomades and so forth. Recently I bought two products with different hold levels from the same manufacturer. One is just a little too shiny; the other is matte but holds my hair the way I like it. I mixed the two products together, and the combination actually works pretty well. What do you think?—I.H., Iowa City, Iowa

Congratulations, you've stumbled upon "cocktailing," a technique hairstylists employ. As the name suggests, it's when you combine two or more grooming products to create a unique blend that can achieve what one product alone cannot. Certain products provide firm hold but leave hair looking dull. Others provide shine but offer little in the way of hold. We're not suggesting that everyone should practice this advanced form of cosmetic mixology, but if you find that you've bought a gel, pomade or other item that doesn't do the trick, you don't necessarily need to throw it away. You're basically looking for the right balance between shine and hold, so if you have too much of one and not enough of the other, look for a product that can round it out.

I'm not comfortable with guns but still want to buy some sort of home-defense weapon. Air taser guns look like they would do the job and seem comparatively safe. Should I buy one?—D.G., Pelham, New York

We asked a police officer in a high-crime area of Los Angeles whether any sort of weapon is useful in home defense. He said absolutely, but only if you train with it regularly and follow all the recommended safety precautions. This applies to both firearms and other less lethal options such as pepper spray and air tasers. But the officer stressed that there's no magic bullet and that weapons can provide a false sense of security for most

civilians. He knows of numerous home invasions in which homeowners were unable to access their firearms (or other defensive weapon, such as a baseball bat stashed under the bed), had their weapons stolen or even had them used against them in robberies. One lesson applies for owners of all weapons, including less-than-lethal ones: train, prepare, secure. You need to ask yourself if that sounds like the sort of thing you want to do on a monthly basis. If not, you could do what many cops recommend: Get a good alarm system and a big-ass German shepherd.

A friend of mine who keeps up on all the latest trends claims that ties are going out of style. Not too long ago PLAYBOY ran a story telling me I should know how to tie at least three different styles of knots (*The Playboy Fall Style Field Guide*, September 2013). Are you guys falling behind the times?—A.R., Langley, Virginia

No, sir. We are fully aware of the ascendance, however slight, of the “air tie,” in which men wear a suit or blazer with a shirt buttoned up to the top and no necktie. It’s the latest affectation of creative types who like dressing up in suits to look important while making it clear they’re not some boring dude who has to follow conventional dress codes and other burdensome rules observed by the average guy. But when you think about it, ties as a functional object are ridiculous, so we’re not going to quibble with not wearing one if you can pull it off and look cool.

When I go out on first dates I habitually bring a condom, which I keep in my small pocket, a.k.a. watch pocket, just in case things get hot and heavy. This way I know we will have protection if we need it. I’ve always thought this was a good idea—and it has definitely come in handy—but I also always worry about the reaction I might get if my date discovers the condom early in the night, while we’re still getting to know each other. What is the Advisor’s view on this type of etiquette?—A.C., Los Angeles, California

As far as we’re concerned the watch pocket (or coin pocket) should just be renamed the condom pocket, because its dimensions are remarkably suited to standard prophylactic-packet measurements. Hats off to you for being so dedicated to safe sex. Yes, it would look mighty tacky if the condom package were to slip out of your pocket and into the popcorn bucket at the movie theater or onto the dinner table while you were paying the bill. If that happens, come clean, laugh it off and get on with the night without apology. We think any good woman will look at you as an evolved and responsible man rather than as a creep.

I am a divorced 46-year-old man who is in a relationship with a slightly younger, recently divorced woman. My girlfriend and I get along well, but I struggle with setting boundaries regarding time to myself. I am introverted and creative,

and I need time alone to develop my work. My girlfriend says she accepts this, but she doesn’t put that claim into practice. I have expressed my needs several times and each time have been met with bemused condescension. What can I say or do that won’t hurt her feelings but will get me the time to myself that I need?—M.N., Denver, Colorado

Consistency and respectful clarity are your friends. Establish predictable hours for your work and alone time; this will let your girlfriend know what to expect from you. You need to be precise and follow through on your promises. Treat your time with her as sacredly as you treat your me-time. If you say every other night is date night, then that’s the deal. But if you constantly use the “creative” and “artistic” excuse to back out of dinner or movie plans at the last minute, we wouldn’t blame your girlfriend for being annoyed. Being introverted and creative is one thing; being rude is another. Like you said, it’s about setting boundaries and sticking to them.

I’m a sexually active 67-year-old man in a committed relationship with a 31-year-old woman. She doesn’t want a baby, and neither do I. She says her birth control pills are making her crazy and wants to stop taking them. I don’t want to wear a condom. I’ve heard that sperm swim slower the older you get. Am I old enough to be able to count on my slowpoke sperm being too slow to get her pregnant?—E.O., Baltimore, Maryland

It’s true that the older a man gets, the slower and less mobile his sperm become. Although this can diminish your chances of impregnating a woman, there’s no guarantee. The genetic quality of your sperm also decreases over time, which can lead to birth defects. You’ll need to use condoms or find another form of birth control for your girlfriend.

I am unable to maintain an erection with a condom on. I wonder whether this is unusual and if it could be psychological. Have you heard of this, and is there a solution?—P.F., Traverse City, Michigan

By no means are you alone. Many men experience erectile difficulties as a result of condoms (in one study, up to 32 percent of men surveyed). Problems can be caused by reduced stimulation, breakage or losing an erection while putting on the condom. It doesn’t take much thought to arrive at why this might be: The condom pause is a buzzkill of the highest order. You go from foreplay to that magic moment, only to struggle with tearing open a foil packet, positioning and unfurling it correctly—and then back to a now less-than-magic moment. But that doesn’t mean you can’t get better at the transition. This is going to sound a little ridiculous, but you should practice putting on a condom while masturbating, then practice finding pleasure with the condom on. The more comfortable you are with this and the more accustomed you are to the sensations, the better you will become at staying hard. Another issue could

be condom size. If your condom is too tight, it might be cutting off the blood flow to your penis, making it physically harder for you to stay hard. Try going up a size.

I recently graduated from culinary school and received a fancy Japanese chef’s knife as a gift. The person who gave it to me said I should sharpen only one side of the blade because I’ll ruin the knife if I sharpen it the way I do my Western-style chef’s knives made by German companies. Is this true, and how the heck do you sharpen just one side of a blade?—N.M., Red Hook, New York

Most Western-style chef’s knives have what’s called a V-edge, which is what it sounds like: If you look closely down the edge of the knife from the tip you’ll see a V shape, with each side of the knife having been sharpened at the same angle. Traditional Japanese chef’s knives have what is called a chisel edge: It’s angled on just one side and flat on the other. This style of edge is capable of making cleaner and more precise cuts, but most home cooks won’t notice the difference. As a professional you will probably be able to discern the difference, but whether it’s worth the trouble is up to you. It takes a lot of practice to sharpen a knife by hand on just one side, so if you want to preserve the chisel edge we suggest contacting Korin kitchen supply (korin.com), which is certified by several major Japanese knife brands to repair and sharpen specialty knives. Or you could just sharpen it in the V-shape style. You can always have the blade reground in the Japanese fashion if you change your mind.

Every year I throw a big Cinco de Mayo party and get serious with the cocktails. Last year I served mezcal margaritas, and my friends were blown away by how smoky and delicious they were. I need to outdo myself this year. What should I serve?—J.P., Oakland, California

Track down some Bacanora, a Mexican spirit that tastes like a cross between tequila and mezcal. It’s made in the northern state of Sonora and has some smoke to it, like mezcal, as well as a pleasantly vegetal flavor similar to super-premium tequila. You can use Bacanora just as you would excellent tequila, but to really taste the nuances you should offer it to guests straight. Cielo Rojo is an excellent brand that you can find stateside. We also like to use it to make a less sweet version of a margarita by simply pouring two ounces of spirit over a few ice cubes in a low glass, then squeezing half a lime and half a blood orange into it for a slightly sweet but tangy effect.

For answers to reasonable questions relating to food and drink, fashion and taste, and sex and dating, write the Playboy Advisor, 9346 Civic Center Drive, Beverly Hills, California 90210, or e-mail advisor@playboy.com. The most interesting and pertinent questions will be presented in these pages each month.

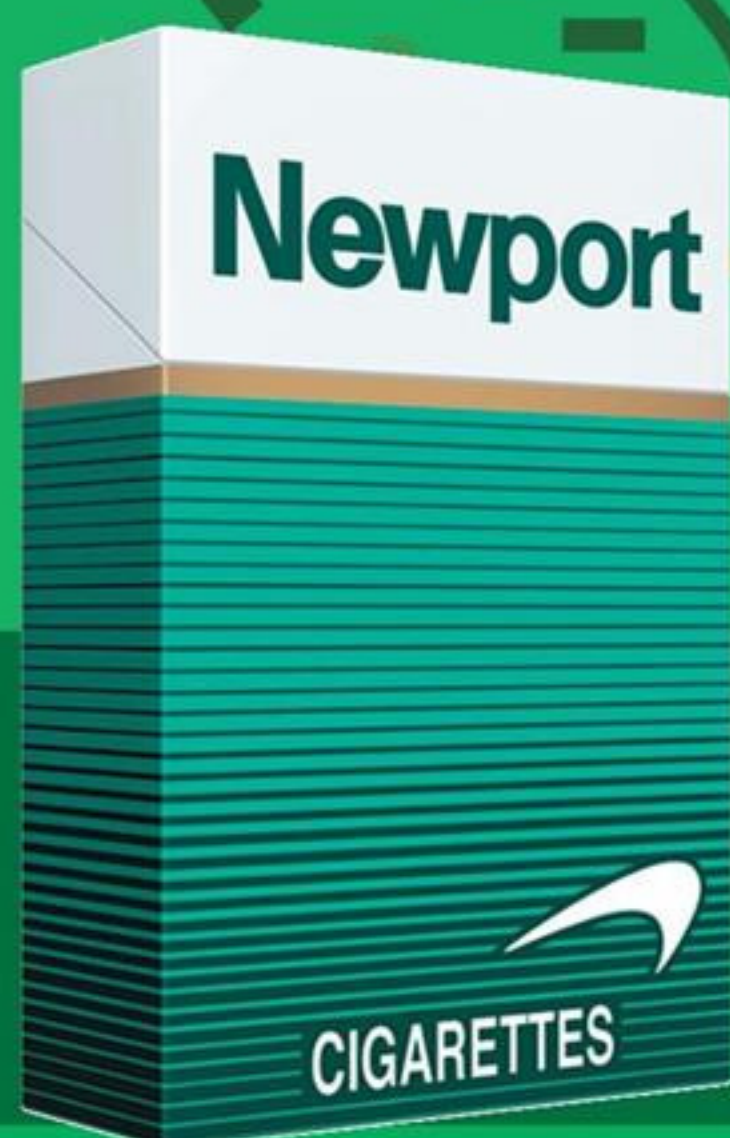


Newport
PLEASURE
PAYDAY®

WIN
\$100,000



**Enter today
for more
cash prizes!**



Enter daily at Newport-pleasure.com

Restricted to Adult Smokers 21 or Older.

Or call 1-877-745-6094

Limit of one phone entry per person.

NO PURCHASE NECESSARY. A PURCHASE DOES NOT IMPROVE YOUR CHANCES OF WINNING. The Newport Pleasure Payday Sweepstakes ("Sweepstakes") begins at 12:00:01 AM EST on 3/1/15 and ends at 11:59:59 PM EDT on 6/30/15. Entrants must be legal U.S. residents who are smokers, 21 years of age or older, and registered Newport Pleasure members in good standing at time of entry. Void in CO, MA, MI, TX, at retail in VA and where prohibited. For Official Rules call 1-877-745-6094 or go to www.newport-pleasure.com. SPONSOR: LORILLARD TOBACCO COMPANY, 714 GREEN VALLEY ROAD, GREENSBORO, NC 27408.

NO PURCHASE NECESSARY. A PURCHASE DOES NOT IMPROVE YOUR CHANCES OF WINNING. OFFER RESTRICTED TO SMOKERS 21 YEARS OF AGE OR OLDER. VOID IN COLORADO, MASSACHUSETTS, MICHIGAN, TEXAS, AT RETAIL IN VIRGINIA, AND WHERE PROHIBITED.

Newport® (logo), pleasure®, Newport pleasure®, Newport Pleasure Payday®, spinnaker design and package design are trademarks of Lorillard Licensing Company LLC.

SWEEPS ENDS 6/30/15

**SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Cigarette
Smoke Contains Carbon Monoxide.**



Play
Mate.

Seduction
in a bottle.

blackheartum.com 




Think Wisely.
Drink Wisely.®

Blackheart Spiced Rum®. Bottled by Blackheart Rum Company, Bardstown, KY 46.5% Alc./Vol. © 2014

PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: BILL MAHER

A candid conversation with the dean of political comedy about Muslims, puritanism, Fox News and why mixing the news and humor is so damn hard

Inside Bill Maher's office in Los Angeles, you don't need a poli-sci degree to know which way the political winds are blowing. There's a (fake) Zagat guide to marijuana dispensaries, a bumper sticker that reads HONK IF YOU HATE AMERICA, a study photo of a shirtless Vladimir Putin and a TV monitor forever tuned to MSNBC. Even for some lefties, Maher is too liberal. And since he also has a pronounced libertarian streak, he frustrates them further. But that's what makes him one of progressive America's most audacious comic voices.

Since 1993 Maher has mixed sharp humor with current events, often in conversation with an odd array of athletes, movie stars, pundits and chaired professors. *Politically Incorrect With Bill Maher* aired on Comedy Central and, later, ABC until 2002. Most blamed its cancellation on the controversy Maher stirred shortly after 9/11, when he dubbed America and its long-range missiles more "cowardly" than the terrorists who rammed into the Twin Towers. A year later, he was back with *Real Time With Bill Maher* on HBO, a live hour-long commentary-on-the-news show that was recently renewed through 2017. Lately he's been getting flak for speaking out against Islam, saying the religion itself breeds violence.

The University of California, Berkeley briefly disinvited him to give last winter's commencement address. But once again Maher prevailed and was there with a smirk and a point of view. "C'mon, it's Berkeley," he told the graduates in that bastion of liberalism. "I think I can speak freely here; I mean, I hope I can."

Born January 20, 1956 in New York City, William Maher Jr. grew up in a world of headlines. His father was a news editor for NBC, and family dinner conversations at home in New Jersey touched on the various revolutions shaping the world. Maher studied English and history at Cornell University, but comedy was his true superpower. Still, he spent more than a decade wisecracking his way to prominence. Among his glory moments on the way up: co-starring with Shannon Tweed and Adrienne Barbeau in *Cannibal Women in the Avocado Jungle of Death*.

Anti-theist, pot lover, defender of gay rights and free speech, Maher is every Fox News anchor's worst nightmare, but he's a very good interview, reports Contributing Editor **David Hochman**, who last interviewed actor Vince Vaughn for *PLAYBOY*. "Bill Maher doesn't do knee-jerk liberalism," Hochman says. "His views on politics, religion and social issues don't follow a particular party line. Just

when you think you've nailed his slant, he'll throw you in a whole new direction, and usually in the funniest way."

PLAYBOY: Are Americans really as stupid as you say they are?

MAHER: Absolutely. You cannot underestimate how dumb people are in this country, and this is something I say all the time. Everyone jumps down my throat, but it's true, and it's dangerous. It's why politicians get away with so much bullshit. For instance, the American people think the economy is the most important issue; yet when polled last year, the majority of Americans thought the unemployment rate was 32 percent, when it was actually 5.8 percent. If that's not stupidity, it's terribly misinformed. Even during the Great Depression the unemployment rate was, at its worst, 25 percent. More than half the Americans polled, when asked what our government spends the most on in its budget, said foreign aid, which of course accounts for just one percent. Only 20 percent got the right answer, which is Social Security. Less than half those polled could name the three branches of government. A third



"You cannot underestimate how dumb people are in this country, and this is something I say all the time. Everyone jumps down my throat, but it's true. It's why politicians get away with so much bullshit. Stupid, stupid, stupid."



"The vast, vast, vast majority of Muslims are not terrorists. But here's the point people don't bring up: They're not terrorists, but they share some very bad ideas with terrorists, and bad ideas lead to bad behavior."



PHOTOGRAPHY BY ANDREW MACPHERSON

"I'd say Scott Walker will be the nominee for the Republicans. Jeb Bush is building momentum. True, he's not the doofus his brother was, but in today's Republican Party, that's actually a huge minus."

couldn't name any branch of government. Stupid, stupid, stupid.

PLAYBOY: So should we just do away with democracy?

MAHER: [Laughs] No. As Churchill said, democracy's the worst form of government, except for all the others. In the information age, we were supposed to get smarter with the internet, but we're somehow getting less smart. People are either in a bubble, getting only the information they want to see, or they're on porn or playing *Angry Birds* or whatever else they're doing. They're not getting information. We're slaves to micro-targeting. You go to Yahoo and it knows what you click on, so you see only stories about the Kardashians or some guy with a face tattoo—and that's a problem. You're not reading about Boko Haram or the latest congressional fuckup. When you're dealing with an electorate that doesn't know anything, you can say anything. That's how you get zombie lies.

PLAYBOY: Zombie lies?

MAHER: Yes, these lies that live forever even though they're not true. They're the undead of politics. I noticed Iowa Republican senator Joni Ernst referring to the Keystone jobs program in the Republican response to Barack Obama's State of the Union address this year. Okay, we've proved for a couple of years now that the Keystone jobs program would create only 35 jobs. As one senator said, you'd create more jobs opening a single McDonald's. Trickle-down economics is another zombie lie: Give the rich tax breaks and the poor will thrive. Sam Brownback, the governor of Kansas, destroyed his state's entire economy selling that zombie.

PLAYBOY: Did you get your money's worth from your million-dollar contribution to Obama's last campaign?

MAHER: It was a great investment. It's funny. We invented a character on the show called Mitt McCain, who's an amalgam of the candidates who could have been president instead of Obama, and it's not pretty. Under Mitt McCain the auto industry has collapsed because Mitt Romney wanted to let that happen. We're at war with Guatemala, Finland and nine other countries John McCain would have warred against. And the attorney general is Dick Cheney's head. You sometimes hear people, even Democrats, say, "I'm tired of Obama because he didn't live up to his promises." I say, "Are you sure about that? Maybe they just didn't cover it on TMZ." Because Obama is slowly going down the list: Cuba, gay marriage and, I'm hoping before he leaves, pot. He's trying to finish strong.

PLAYBOY: Half the country still loves to hate him, though.

MAHER: Obama should be a better bragger. He needs to start acting like he won the last election instead of lost it. If the Republicans had his record, they'd be riding it like a fuckin' wild bronco into

the 2016 election. Their attitude would be, Why even have an election? We've tripled the stock market, unemployment is below six percent, 10 million more people have health insurance, the auto industry is back on its feet. Oh, and he averted a depression.

PLAYBOY: Who's your money on for the White House race?

MAHER: I'd say Scott Walker will be the nominee for the Republicans. Jeb Bush is building momentum, but he's attached at the hip to Common Core, which the Tea Party despises. True, he's not the doofus his brother was, but in today's Republican Party, that's actually a huge minus. Then there's Chris Christie. His numbers with Republican primary voters are horrible, close to Sarah Palin level, though if you like small government, he's the guy for you, because soon half his administration will be in jail. But Walker? He's a folk hero with the people from the Tea lagoon and with the establishment wing. His father was an evangelical preacher—

*Obama should
be a better
bragger. He
needs to start
acting like he
won the last
election.*

a huge plus with the snake handlers and flat-Earthers who make up the base. And he won three times, including a recall, in a blue state, and he faced down public unions. The one problem is he didn't graduate from college—oh wait, that's a plus too, because book learnin' is, you know, suspicious.

PLAYBOY: And for the Democrats?

MAHER: I'm thinking it has to be Hillary Clinton. And I'd love to see her run with Elizabeth Warren or Bernie Sanders. They're the two lefties in the Democratic Party, and we've never really tried left-wing politics, at least not in my lifetime.

The real question mark is what the Republicans will run on, because they can't run on jobs; unemployment is too low. I suspect we'll see the batshit campaign tactics we saw with the last few Bush runs: John McCain had a black baby; Willie Horton came out of nowhere; John Kerry went somehow from a war hero to

a despicable coward in that insane turnaround. It's going to be some made-up issue the Republicans will harp on. Remember Jeb Bush's father running in 1988? We had these rumors about Kitty Dukakis burning the American flag and all that shit about Michael Dukakis not cleaning up Boston Harbor. If things are still going well, we'll have some picture of Hillary scratching her ass at Mount Rushmore in 1975. That's all the Republicans can run on at this point.

PLAYBOY: Who's a bigger threat for liberals, the Koch brothers or Roger Ailes?

MAHER: Now that's a Hobson's choice. I'm stumped. Pass. [laughs] You know, they're both bad. With the Kochs, it's like sports. The odds are with the ones who spend the most money. The Yankees don't win every year, but they're almost always in it. And if they're not in it one year, they'll go out and buy better players the next year. It's pretty much that way in politics too. In the midterms one out of every \$10 spent by the Republicans was a Koch brothers dollar, and now they're spending, what, a billion dollars on this campaign? That's kind of a lot.

And yet I'd say Roger Ailes is worse, because Fox News creates the debate for the GOP. Whatever comes out of Fox News, or as I call it, the Alternative History Channel, is chapter and verse for red America, and red America doesn't go outside that bubble. You can rail against immigration because they don't know that net immigration to America has been zero for years. The brown people aren't coming anymore, so why are we building giant walls? Why are we spending all this money? That fact never gets through, because on Fox News they would never report it. But it's true. In the 30 years following 1980, 12 million Mexicans came to America. And that was in three cars. [laughs] Oh, I can hear the liberals getting mad already! It's a joke, and jokes are good, so fuck you and deal with it. Anyway, that was when Mexican women were having seven children. Now they're having two. Not that the people at Fox News like to think about sex.

PLAYBOY: What are you suggesting?

MAHER: They're all super repressed. Remember when Bill O'Reilly settled that harassment suit claim that he was trying to get some on the side? His response afterward was "I will never speak of it again." And Sean Hannity seems especially coked. At the same time, I read somewhere that Fox encourages Megyn Kelly to wear sleeveless dresses so the old horny white men who watch can get off on it. It's part of something larger in this country, actually, which is people who don't have satisfactory sex lives hating on people who do. Someone once said the definition of *sleazy* is someone having more sex than you, and you feel that when you watch Fox.

PLAYBOY: Do you think Americans are repressed in general?

MAHER: Listen, America is built on two fault lines. One of course is race—that all men are created equal except the ones we keep as slaves. [laughs] The other one is sex. This country was founded by Puritans and also by libertarians. That dichotomy was explored beautifully in *Thy Neighbor's Wife*, the book by Gay Talese. It goes to that notion that we are built on a fault line and are schizophrenic about it. We pride ourselves on being a modern country, but we are big fucking babies when it comes to sex.

Puritanism is one of those dominoes that have to fall, along with pot and gay marriage. The way the media and the population respond to these so-called sex scandals, I mean, Jesus! Celebrity sex videos, sexting scandals, Eliot Spitzer, Bill Clinton, slut-shaming from the left and right. People! Eliot Spitzer made a *mistake*, a private mistake, and we've exiled him. He's a brilliant guy who is now toxic? This is horseshit. More than any other Democrat, he went after Wall Street, which is much more important than this nonsense about who he's fucking. He can't have a place in public life anymore because he was with a prostitute? This is what I mean about stupidity.

PLAYBOY: So live and let live.

MAHER: Absolutely. I wish there were an entire party in politics called the Pervert Party. It could be Bill Clinton, Eliot Spitzer, John Edwards and the ghosts of Martin Luther King Jr., JFK and FDR. Look at all this talent that we exile and persecute, as we did with Clinton, because of sexual peccadilloes. This is a domino that has to fall. The idea that the mayor of New York's spokeswoman, Lis Smith, couldn't keep her job because she dated Spitzer? She was dating an adulterer, a guy who went out with hookers. *Oooh*, the humanity! And that's New York City. When did New York become Salem on the Hudson? Sex has nothing to do with job performance. It's nobody's business.

PLAYBOY: Do people ever think you're a journalist?

MAHER: Yes, definitely. I'm not, though I have great respect for journalists. The difference is, journalists break stories. I don't break stories; I break new ways of looking at stories that have been broken.

PLAYBOY: You're certainly a free-speech advocate. Is there anything you find yourself holding back on?

MAHER: I guess it depends on which circle I'm in. There are things I wouldn't say on *Jimmy Kimmel* that I'd say on HBO, things I wouldn't say on HBO that I'd say in a live stand-up performance. Then there are things I wouldn't even say in stand-up that I'd say to my friends. The ninth ring of hell is the things I wouldn't even say to my friends that I think only to myself, and of course I can't say what those things are. When that movie *Noah* came out, I said on my show, "What's really disturbing about *Noah* isn't that

it's silly, it's that it's immoral. It's about a psychotic mass murderer who gets away with it, and his name is God. Hey, God, you know you're kind of a dick when you're in a movie with Russell Crowe and you're the one with the anger issues." But it was said with humor. People do need their minds blown, but not everywhere all the time. That would be like doing it in line at Starbucks.

PLAYBOY: You took major heat last fall when you told Ben Affleck on your show that Islam is "the only religion that acts like the Mafia, that will fucking kill you if you say the wrong thing, draw the wrong picture or write the wrong book." Even liberals said you were painting a vast global population with too broad a stroke. Then the *Charlie Hebdo* shootings happened. Did you somehow feel vindicated?

MAHER: Not vindicated, no. It was just another terrible example. My reaction once again was that if there are this many bad apples, there's something wrong with the orchard. The fact remains that

Sex has nothing to do with job performance. It's nobody's business.

Islam is a uniquely intolerant and violent religion at this point in our history.

PLAYBOY: But Islam itself isn't the problem. People are the problem. Extremism is the problem.

MAHER: Islam is absolutely the problem. Of course it is. It's on every page of the Koran to despise the unbeliever. It's in the Bible too, but I don't think to that degree. I mean, even Jesus, the prince of peace and a pretty friendly guy, gets cranky at the thought of there being another god. Occasionally he'll say, "Dude, you either go through me or you burn." But that sentiment is in the Koran in spades. You can't talk to fundamentalist Muslims about this, because they'll always tell you that you got the translation wrong. All I know is there are very bad beliefs in Islam that are mainstream beliefs, like you can't make fun of the Prophet. That's not just a few bad apples. That's what everybody believes in this religion.

PLAYBOY: Not every Muslim is a terrorist.

MAHER: That's what the other side always says. Okay, fine, but I don't have the time to interview all 1.6 billion Muslims individually, as fun as that would be. [laughs] No knowledge is ever advanced without some generalization. When people talk about Christendom in the Middle Ages, they didn't interview every Christian.

But you need a statement? Here's a statement: The vast, vast, vast majority of Muslims are not terrorists. But here's the point people don't bring up: They're not terrorists, but they share some very bad ideas with terrorists, and bad ideas lead to bad behavior. You couldn't put the Muslim equivalent of *The Book of Mormon* on Broadway. You can't write a book like *The Satanic Verses* without millions going jihadi on you. You couldn't have an art exhibit like *Piss Christ*, which made Giuliani mad in the 1990s. Hundreds of millions of Muslims believe that if you leave the religion you should get killed for that. Try walking down the street in Muslim areas—even in more tolerant places like Amman, Jordan—wearing shorty shorts or a T-shirt that says HEY, I AM GAY. That shit is not going to fly, not at all.

PLAYBOY: Aren't you being as zealous as the zealots you're accusing of zealotry?

MAHER: Here's the long answer. I was raised a liberal by two liberal parents, and liberalism springs from one thing above all: compassion. In my family we were always on the side of the underdog and those being treated unfairly. I grew up in an all-white town in New Jersey in the 1960s, but my parents made sure I knew even as a little kid whose side we were on in the civil rights battles. We were with Kennedy and against Southern governors standing in the doorways of schools to prevent black kids from going. What they taught me has stayed with me my whole life, be it blacks, gays, the poor, veterans, immigrants, women, people who are bullied, the disabled, people getting raped in the military, victims of police brutality—you name it, the only thing I don't have tolerance for is intolerance.

I saw on Lawrence O'Donnell's show a story about a kid in Pakistan saying to his father, "Please don't send me to school; the Taliban will kill me," and I thought of blacks in our South getting killed back then for trying to go to school. My point is, there is a civil war going on in the Muslim world, and liberals can't be so worried about multiculturalism that they come off as equivocal in this fight.

PLAYBOY: So liberals are too afraid of being seen as politically incorrect.

MAHER: Liberals get confused. They think, Okay, Muslims are a minority and they're brown people, and I'm a good liberal, so I always have to be on the side of minorities and brown people. That's what some call the soft bigotry of low expectations. Somehow in the Muslim world we accept things we never would in the Western world. People go crazy

over the tiniest violations of liberal values here at home, while horrid atrocities elsewhere are ignored. Jonah Hill says “Suck my dick, faggot” in anger to a paparazzo and has to go on an apology tour, but in 10 Muslim countries you can get the death penalty for actually sucking a dick.

PLAYBOY: So what’s the fix for this centuries-old issue?

MAHER: Well, at this point we probably need to take out a few bad people. But the long-term solution to radical Islam is to let them have the civil war they need to have between themselves. Let the people who want to walk into the 21st century stand up against the people who want to stay in the seventh century. And as long as we’re droning them, it gives everybody an excuse to hate us as the common enemy.

After this *Charlie Hebdo* thing, you saw a lot of Muslims stick their heads out and express their revulsion. You wonder if we hadn’t opened Guantánamo Bay after 9/11 and started wars in Iraq and Afghanistan whether disaffected Muslims would have settled this differently. As long as our armed forces are in their countries and in their lives and killing them with drones, they don’t get to have this internecine warfare that intelligent observers agree they need to have. They need to take out their own trash.

PLAYBOY: By the way, does it hurt when the haters on Twitter and Facebook call you a bigot?

MAHER: That’s why I don’t look at Twitter or Facebook anymore. Of course it upsets me. How could it not? If I say anything, people attack me. If I say, “Good morning,” they say, “How dare you say good morning. That was Reagan’s word. Morning in America! You don’t get to use that word, Bill Maher!” Anyway, be mad at the people who are perpetrating these acts of terrorism, not me. This just doesn’t happen with Episcopalians.

PLAYBOY: Are you ever afraid of violence personally? You’ve outraged a lot of people by speaking out.

MAHER: I feel inoculated because I’ve dealt with this my whole career. I’ve been accused of being anti-Catholic, anti-women, anti-everybody. I’m not anti anybody. I’m pro the truth. And some people’s feathers get ruffled more than others’ by the truth. Everybody wants free speech except when it’s about them. For me, there are no waivers on free speech. It has to be across the board. I’m not afraid.

PLAYBOY: You own a gun, though.

MAHER: Two guns. They’re for protection. We live in gun country, even in Los Angeles. I’m not expecting anything to happen, but I want to be ready for it. So I have a lot of security measures at my house. If somebody gets into my bedroom, wow, they really did a lot to get there. They got past gates, bodyguards, dogs. If I have to shoot somebody in my

bedroom, that was a commando raid on par with the SEALs getting Bin Laden. My gun is my last line of defense.

PLAYBOY: It’s strange to think of you as a gun lover.

MAHER: I do not love my gun. That’s the fucking problem with these Second Amendment people. They love guns. For them, it’s not just that guns should be available; it’s that they’re seen as awesome. They go into Chipotle with their rifles. They go on dates with their guns. They take selfies with their guns. They teach their kids to kill with them. They give them as gifts. It’s a sickness. It’s a fetish. I call them ammosexuals.

PLAYBOY: You’ve been mixing comedy and politics for more than 20 years. You launched the format that gave way to Jon Stewart, John Oliver, Larry Wilmore and Stephen Colbert, among others. You should have patented the idea.

MAHER: I don’t care about that. I didn’t invent the roundtable; I think King Arthur did that. But I did put my twist on it.

I dreamed of being Johnny Carson, but that kind of show would drive me nuts now.

What I think we deserve credit for was, in 1993, nobody wanted to touch politics as an entertainment vehicle. It was the ultimate poison. Trust me, the only reason Comedy Central put that show on the air was because they needed something; they had nothing and this cost \$3, or whatever it cost them to pay me and push a piece of furniture into place. Everybody said, “Are you crazy? Politics? Are you kidding? We hate politics.”

PLAYBOY: Now you have 34 Emmy nominations, though you’ve never won for your show.

MAHER: I think it’s because when you say things that are uncomfortable you make all sorts of enemies.

PLAYBOY: People in Hollywood don’t like you?

MAHER: You never hear from the ones who don’t like you. The ones who come up to me are the ones who say thank you for speaking the truth—for me, that’s better than an Emmy. But it would be great to live in a world where you could

tell the truth and also get invited to the White House and have all the politicians come on your show. The Clintons are still the big fish.

PLAYBOY: Jon Stewart is quitting *The Daily Show*. Colbert is taking over for David Letterman. Why have others burned out on this beat and you’re still going strong?

MAHER: I don’t know that they burned out so much as wanted to try something new. It also might be that those are two very bright guys, and maybe the shows they were doing just weren’t challenging for them after a while. Mine is still an enormous challenge: I do an hour that’s live—*live!*—and goes from a stand-up comedy monologue to a serious newsmaker interview to a political panel discussion to a celebrity one-on-one interview, with no commercial breaks to reset. I don’t think there’s a workout like that anywhere else on TV, and if that doesn’t keep you engaged, nothing will. I get off on challenging the conventional wisdom, not just from the right but from the left as well. My entire youth I dreamed of nothing but being Johnny Carson, but that kind of show would drive me nuts now. Too easy. I like being on the high wire.

PLAYBOY: Do you watch network news?

MAHER: I do watch network news, even though I’ve wanted to throw my shoe at the set for years now. When Brian Williams got suspended, we did a piece that started out “Brian Williams shouldn’t have to go away because he lied; he should have to go away because the nightly news sucks.” I thought people would boo because it was so harsh, but they cheered forcefully—it really hit a chord. Of course I was talking about all three network newscasts, because they’re exactly the same. You get about five minutes at the top of actual news—unless it snowed anywhere near where they live on the East Coast, and then that’s the only thing happening in the world that day—before we’re into “Making a Difference” and the medical segment and then the human-interest nonsense at the end: the autistic kid making a three-pointer and such. ABC devoted only 13 minutes all of last year to climate change, NBC only 25 minutes—this is journalistic malpractice.

PLAYBOY: Let’s move on. Were you popular with girls growing up?

MAHER: Oh God, no. I had a crappy adolescence with girls. Most people have fun with girls starting in high school and definitely in college. I didn’t get laid at all in college. Later, I made up for it. I did stuff people do in college when I was in my later 20s, 30s and probably 40s. I did some stupid things and said some stupid things, but it’s good to look back and be ashamed of yourself sometimes. It means you’re growing.

I dated a lot of girls, but I was never Wilt Chamberlain. Like, I always loved the Playboy parties, but if there were orgies going on, *(continued on page 110)*

Wear it today
for only
\$29

Our Lowest Price
EVER on a Classic
Dress Watch!



**TAKE 85% OFF
INSTANTLY!**

When you use your
INSIDER OFFER CODE

Back Again for the First Time

*Our modern take on a 1929 classic, yours for the unbelievably nostalgic price of **ONLY \$29!***

You have a secret hidden up your sleeve. Strapped to your wrist is a miniature masterpiece, composed of hundreds of tiny moving parts that measure the steady heartbeat of the universe. You love this watch. And you still smile every time you check it, because you remember that you almost didn't buy it. You almost turned the page without a second thought, figuring that the **Stauer Metropolitan Watch for only \$29** was just too good to be true. But now you know how right it feels to be wrong.

Our lowest price EVER for a classic men's dress watch. How can we offer the **Metropolitan** for less than \$30? The answer is simple. Stauer has sold over one million watches in the last decade and many of our clients buy more than one. Our goal isn't to sell you a single watch, our goal is to help you fall in love with Stauer's entire line of vintage-inspired luxury timepieces and jewelry. And every great relationship has to start somewhere...

Tells today's time with yesterday's style. The Metropolitan is exactly the kind of elegant, must-have accessory that belongs in every gentleman's collection next to his British cufflinks and Italian neckties. Inspired by a rare 1929 Swiss classic found at auction, the **Metropolitan Watch** revives a distinctive and debonair retro design for 21st-century men of exceptional taste.

The **Stauer Metropolitan** retains all the hallmarks of a well-bred wristwatch including a gold-finished case, antique ivory guilloché

face, blued Breguet-style hands, an easy-to-read date window at the 3 o'clock position, and a crown of sapphire blue. It secures with a crocodile-patterned, genuine black leather strap and is water resistant to 3 ATM.

Your satisfaction is 100% guaranteed. We are so sure that you will be stunned by the magnificent **Stauer Metropolitan Watch** that we offer a 60-day money back guarantee. If you're not impressed after wearing it for a few weeks, return it for a full refund of the purchase price. But once the first compliments roll in, we're sure that you'll see the value of time well spent!

Stauer Metropolitan Timepiece—~~\$199~~

Offer Code Price \$29 + S&P **Save \$170**

You must use the insider offer code to get our special price.

1-888-870-9149

Your Offer Code: MTW350-02

Please use this code when you order to receive your discount.

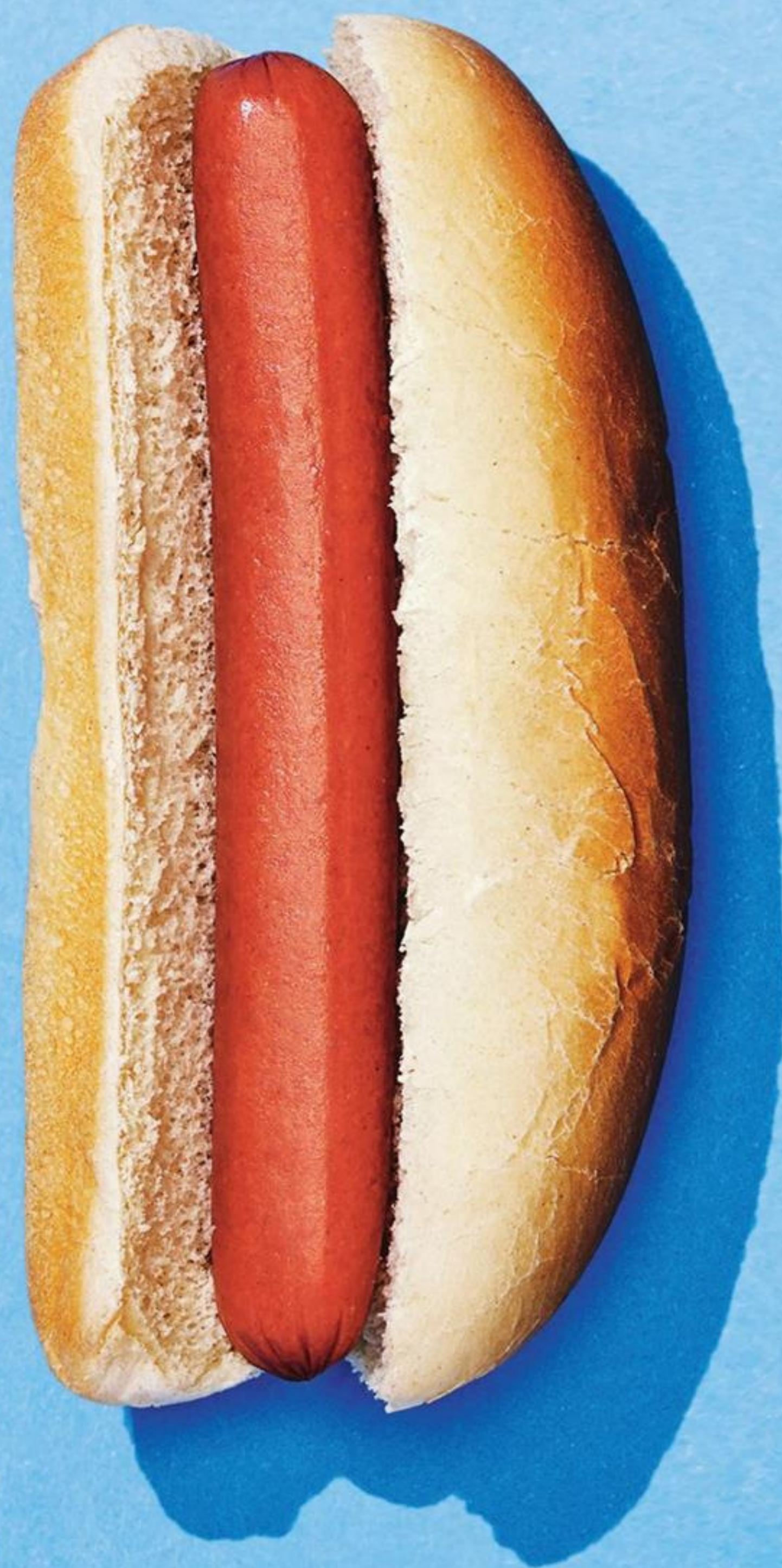
Stauer®

14101 Southcross Drive W.,
Dept. MTW350-02
Burnsville, Minnesota 55337
www.stauer.com



Smart Luxuries—Surprising Prices™

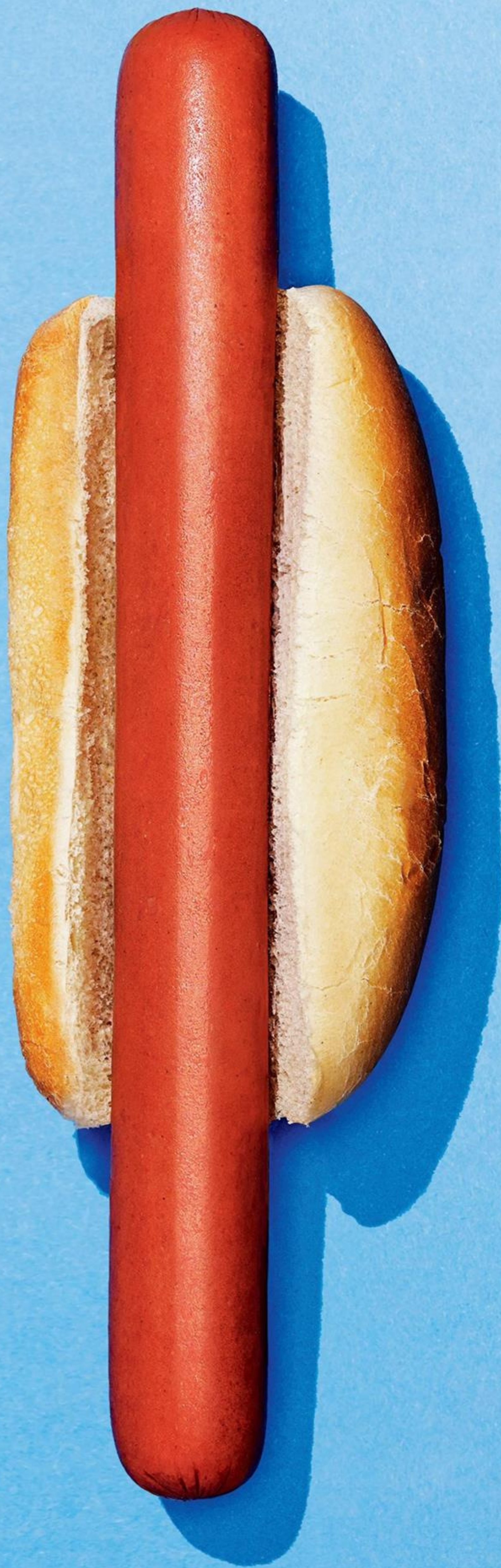
Luxurious gold-finished case with sapphire-colored crown - Crocodile-embossed leather strap - Band fits wrists 6 1/4"–8 3/4" - Water-resistant to 3 ATM



The Magic Little Blue Pill

Not since birth control has a medication so seriously transformed America's sex life.
But why are **VIAGRA**'s side effects more cultural than physical?

BY KEVIN COOK



B

Before Viagra, you had tiger penises. Dried, boiled in soup or infused in brandy, the big cat's phallus was said to turn men into sexual tigers. Casanova slurped 50 raw oysters a day to fuel his sex life. The Marquis de Sade fed Spanish fly, a genital irritant made from ground beetles, to prostitutes who caught his eye. The Beastie Boys sang about doing the same. Men looking for the perfect aphrodisiac have tried rock salt, bulls' balls, monkey brains, sheep eyelids, blowfish, whale dung, snail dung, human menstrual blood and baboon urine, to name a few. Not to mention giant ants.

Before Viagra, all the sexual-performance-enhancing drugs in the world had one thing in common: They didn't work.

Then, in 1983, the country's leading urologists met in Las Vegas.

At that point nobody was sure how erections happened. Urologists all knew that a penis is 70 to 75 percent muscle, but half of them thought all that muscle tissue had to contract for the organ to spring into action. The other half believed the tissue needed to relax, allowing blood to fill the

muscle of love. Dr. Giles Brindley was in the second camp, and he planned to prove his point.

Brindley, a former Olympic pole-vaulter, was a thin, bespectacled professor at the University of London known for taking his ideas to extremes. "He'd stand on his head and drink water from a rubber hose to show that swallowing is a function of muscle contractions in the throat, not gravity," one medical blogger recalled. Brindley once tested the agility of rabbits by tossing the animals around a car going 80 miles an hour. And he made an immediate impression at the 1983 American Urological Association convention. While the hundred or so urologists in his audience at the Las Vegas Hilton wore suits and ties, he took the stage in a tracksuit. His lec-

THE NEW DRUG WAS
CALLED VIAGRA, A NAME
SUGGESTING VITALITY
AND VIGOR. BUT IT
WOULD HAVE SOLD IF
THEY'D CALLED IT CYANIDE.

ture sounded like the usual stuff at first, with numbers and citations, but as he spoke, clicking through photos of a fully erect penis, the crowd perked up. Had he really mentioned a "new approach" to male sexuality?

"I can vouch for the veracity of these photos," Brindley said, "because that's my penis." (continued on page 112)

So Where's the Little Pink Pill?

Science has solved half the problem. Can it conquer the other half?

Sexologists, research chemists, venture capitalists and not a few women have sought a "female Viagra" ever since Viagra remade the sex-med market in 1998. Whoever succeeds could make billions of dollars and millions of friends. "Viagra might be great for what ails you," says Dr. Irwin Goldstein, president of the Institute for Sexual Medicine in San Diego, "but if your partner lacks desire or isn't orgasmic, there's a limit to how great." The next step is a chemical accelerant for the flagging female libido—but it's a giant step.

Everybody knows males are sexually simpler than women. Show a man a nude photo, a Gauguin painting or a coin purse, and his impulse is to impregnate it. That's because his investment in sex, in evolutionary terms, might be measured in minutes or even seconds. Meanwhile, a female could be in for nine months of pregnancy and years of childcare. Women evolved to be slower and more selective because they risk more by having sex. Consider the math: She produces about 400 eggs in her lifetime, while a man produces more than 100 million sperm every ejaculation.

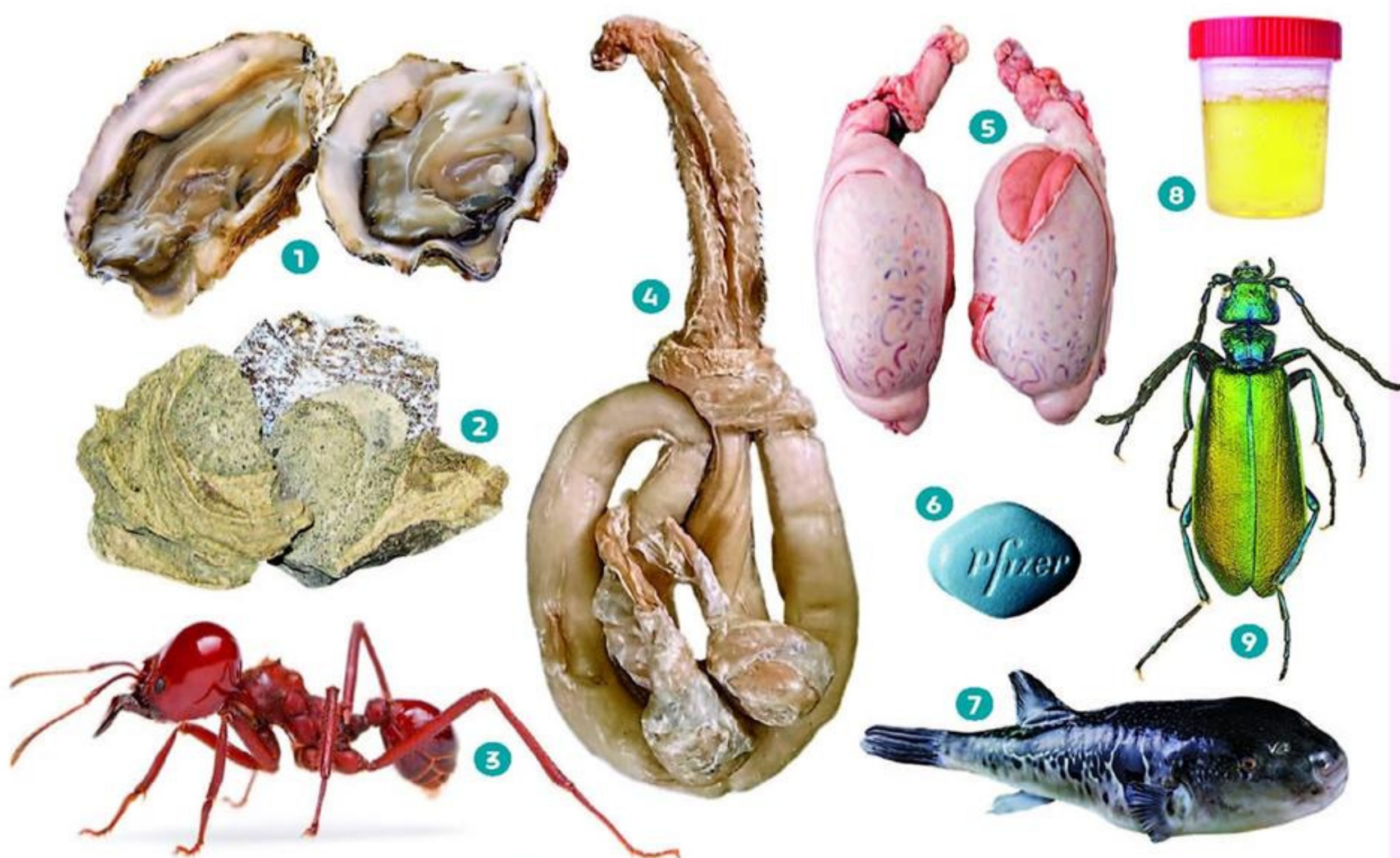
The fact that women are hardwired for love more than for lust makes their sexual chemistry more complex. You can't just open the vascular floodgates to the groin the way Viagra does. You tweak a molecule, tickle a neurotransmitter, see how the effects and side effects add up. Several years ago it looked as though PT-141 might be the answer. Delivered by nasal inhaler, it reportedly induced "great waves of lust" but also, unfortunately, "sudden jumps in blood pressure and bouts of vomiting." Another candidate, Lybrido, boosts genital blood flow Viagra-style while fine-tuning the balance of brain chemicals involved in desire. A similar med called Lybridos emphasizes brain chemistry over genital effects. They might reach the market sometime in 2016.

Then there's flibanserin, another new drug that rejiggers the neurotransmitters dopamine and serotonin. Its maker, Sprout Pharmaceuticals, claims it's the cure for what the company calls hypoactive sexual desire disorder. Some experts consider HSDD a bogus disease, an excuse to sell a new drug, but Sprout has MRIs showing different sparks in the brains of "normal" women and those with HSDD. "These women have a brain malfunction," says Goldstein.

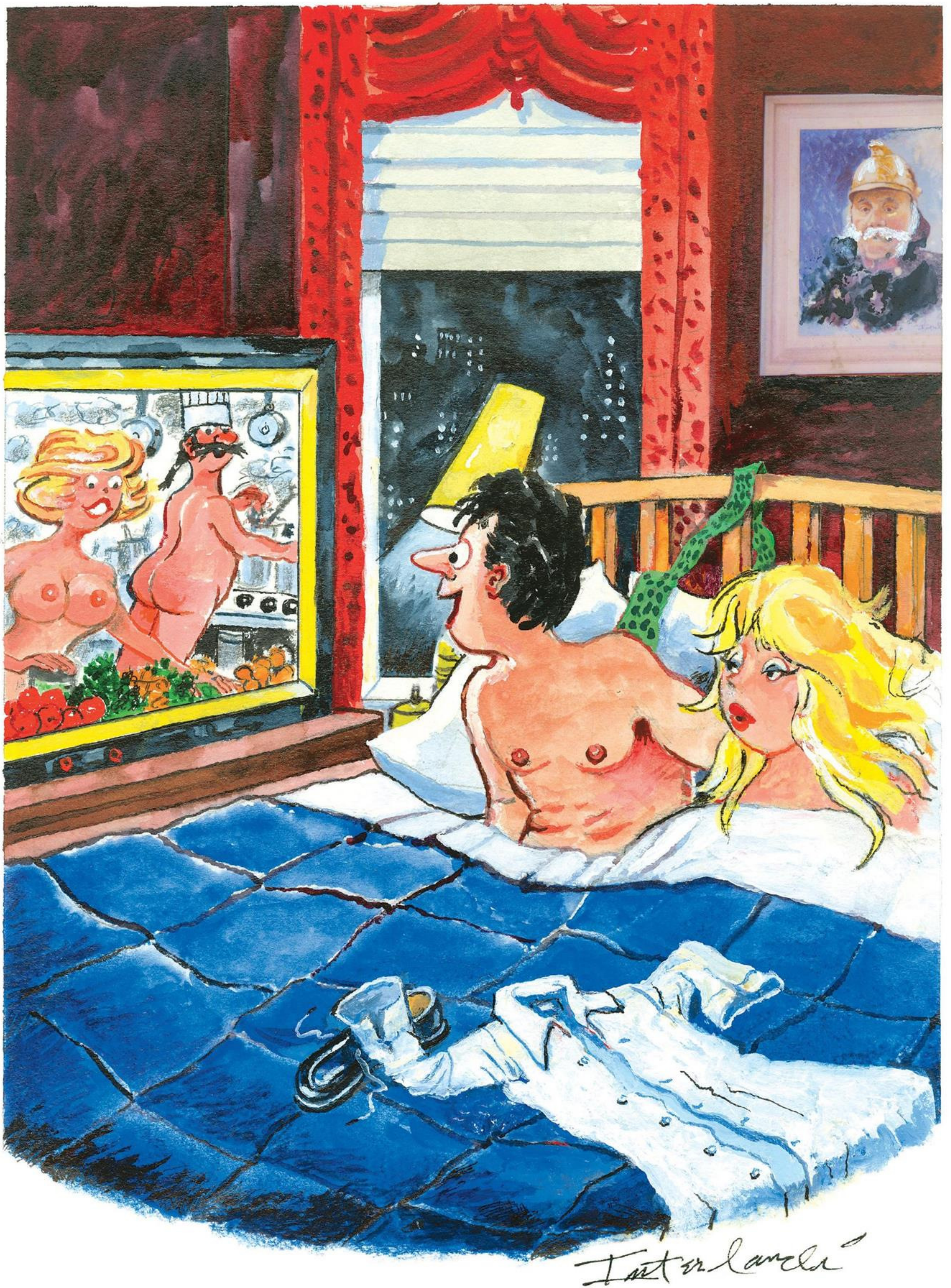
Boehringer Ingelheim, the German drug giant that developed flibanserin, gave up on it after getting mixed results in drug trials. Then Sprout, a start-up run by a North Carolina couple, Cindy and Robert Whitehead, bought the rights and began lobbying to bring their drug to market. Their campaign featured sexologists, congresswomen and the president of NOW. In February, the FDA agreed to re-review the drug. Approval could come as soon as August of this year.

If the FDA approves flibanserin, you'll soon hear about it—probably under the brand name Giresa. It's a pink pill.—K.C.

Sexual Healing Through the Ages



1. Oysters 2. Whale dung 3. Giant ant 4. Tiger penis 5. Bull testicles 6. Viagra 7. Blowfish 8. Baboon urine 9. Spanish fly



"It's a cooking show with Viagra as the main ingredient!"

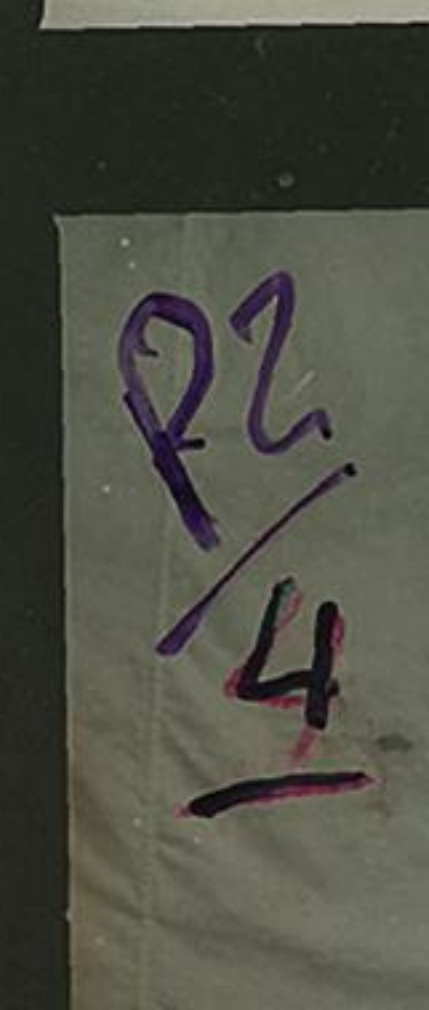


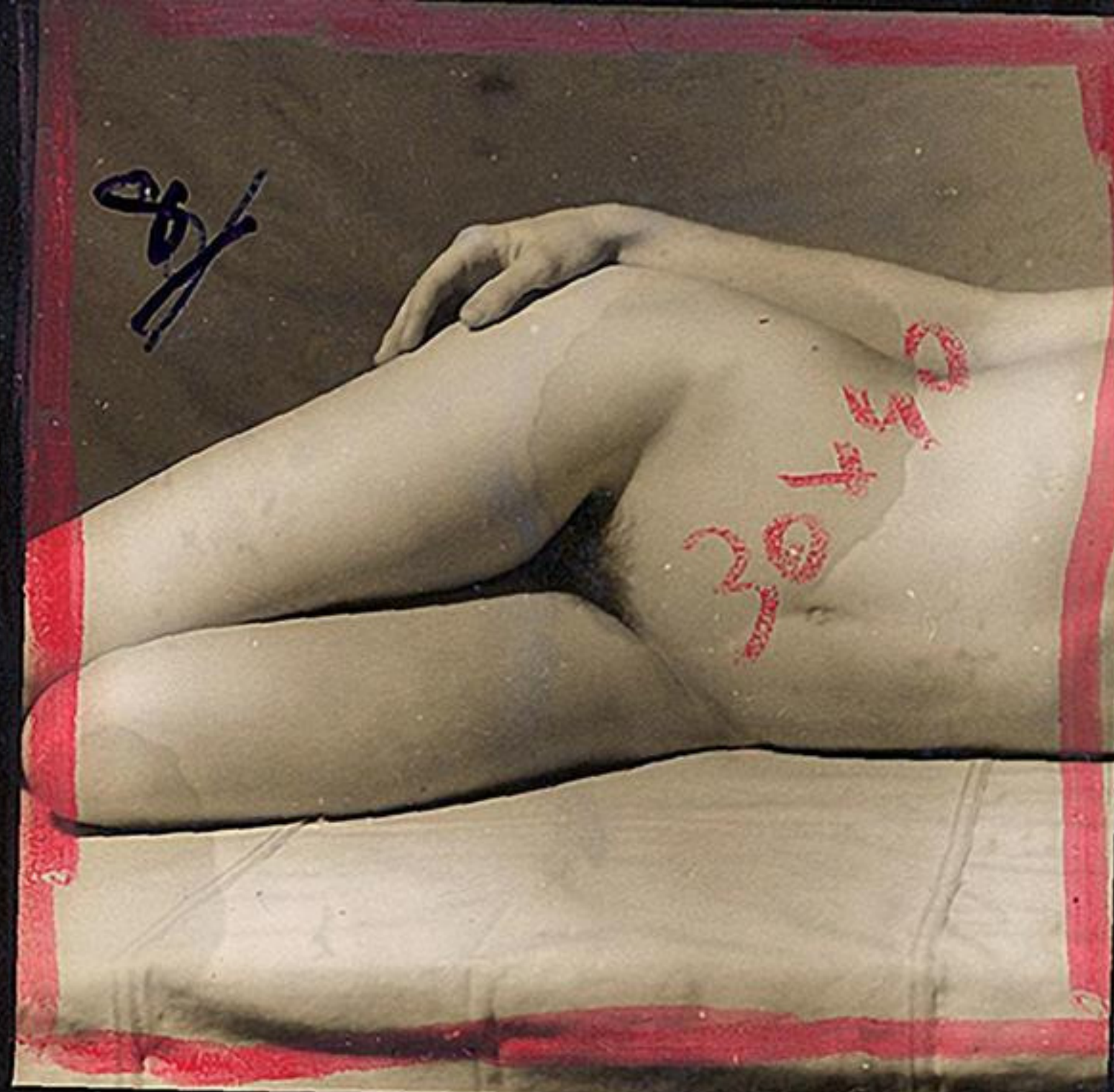
MADONNA

THE LOST NUDES

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
MARTIN H.M. SCHREIBER

SHE'S WON SEVEN GRAMMYS, SOLD 300 MILLION RECORDS AND RELEASED 13 ALBUMS, INCLUDING THIS YEAR'S *REBEL HEART*. BUT BEFORE SHE WAS THE MATERIAL GIRL, AN UNKNOWN MADONNA SAT FOR PHOTOGRAPHER MARTIN H.M. SCHREIBER IN 1979 FOR AN ETHEREAL PHOTO SHOOT. THESE RARE IMAGES, SOME NEVER BEFORE SEEN, ARE COLLECTED IN SCHREIBER'S NEW BOOK, *A RETROSPECTIVE 1966-2014* (DUNCAN MEEDER/LEICA STORE LISSE, NETHERLANDS), OUT THIS MONTH. WE GIVE YOU AN EXCLUSIVE SNEAK PEEK.





KODAK SAFETY FILM 6043

KODAK SAFETY FILM 6043

KODAK SAFETY FILM 6043

KODAK SAFETY FILM 6043

→8

→4

→7

→3

→6

→2

→7

→6







The Making of the Mafia's Ultimate Home Movie

AFTER 25 YEARS, *GOODFELLAS* IS STILL THE CAPO OF GANGSTER CINEMA. AN EXCLUSIVE BEHIND-THE-SCENES LOOK AT HOW SCORSESE'S BLOODY EPIC BEAT THE ODDS

BY STEPHEN REBELLO







Summer 1990.

It's eight P.M. on one of those punishingly muggy, wet-shirt-stuck-to-back-of-neck southern California nights. But in the air-conditioned comfort of a movie theater smack-dab in the middle of moneyed, conservative Orange County, things are about to get much hotter. There's not a seat to be had for the evening's big attraction: a preview screening of director Martin Scorsese's first new gangster movie since *Mean Streets* 17 years earlier.

Packed in the theater with hundreds of everyday moviegoers are the film's high-powered producer Irwin Winkler (*Rocky*, *Raging Bull*), executive producer Barbara De Fina (married at the time to Scorsese) and Warner Bros. board chairman Robert A. Daly, champion of Oscar winners *Chariots of Fire* and *Unforgiven*. Projectors fire up. Houselights dim. Studio reps settle in, fidget and sweat. A \$25 million celluloid Molotov cocktail is about to be hurled at an unsuspecting audience.

In interviews at the time, Scorsese described his latest picture—about how real-life Irish-Italian American street thug Henry Hill became a full-on Mafia insider and spun-out drug addict—as “a Mob home movie.” The film was originally called *Wiseguy*, then *Made Men*, then *Good Fellas*, but on preview night Saul Bass's *Psycho*-influenced title sequence read simply *Goodfellas*. Warner Bros. had slotted the movie to debut at the 47th Venice International Film Festival in early September and planned to release it in nearly 2,000 U.S. theaters on September 21, months ahead of the year's most anticipated gangster movie, Francis Ford Coppola's *The Godfather: Part III*.

In comparison with Coppola's movie, Scorsese's almost seemed an also-ran. It carried no presold, Mario Puzo-level title, and outside of Robert De Niro and Joe

Pesci, it featured no name-brand cast members to match the combined firepower of Coppola's Al Pacino, Andy Garcia and Diane Keaton. *Goodfellas* also arrived at a time when even Scorsese's staunchest admirers had been making do with *The King of Comedy* and *The Color of Money* instead of bold, innovative, bare-knuckled stunners like *Taxi Driver* and *Raging Bull*. Still, Scorsese was a name to be reckoned with, and there was poetic justice in *Goodfellas* being released by a studio synonymous with 1930s and 1940s gangster epics starring such antiheroes as James Cagney, Edward G. Robinson and Humphrey Bogart.

But once the *Goodfellas* sneak preview got rolling, things went haywire, right from the hero's first line of narration: “As far back as I can remember, I always wanted to be a gangster.”

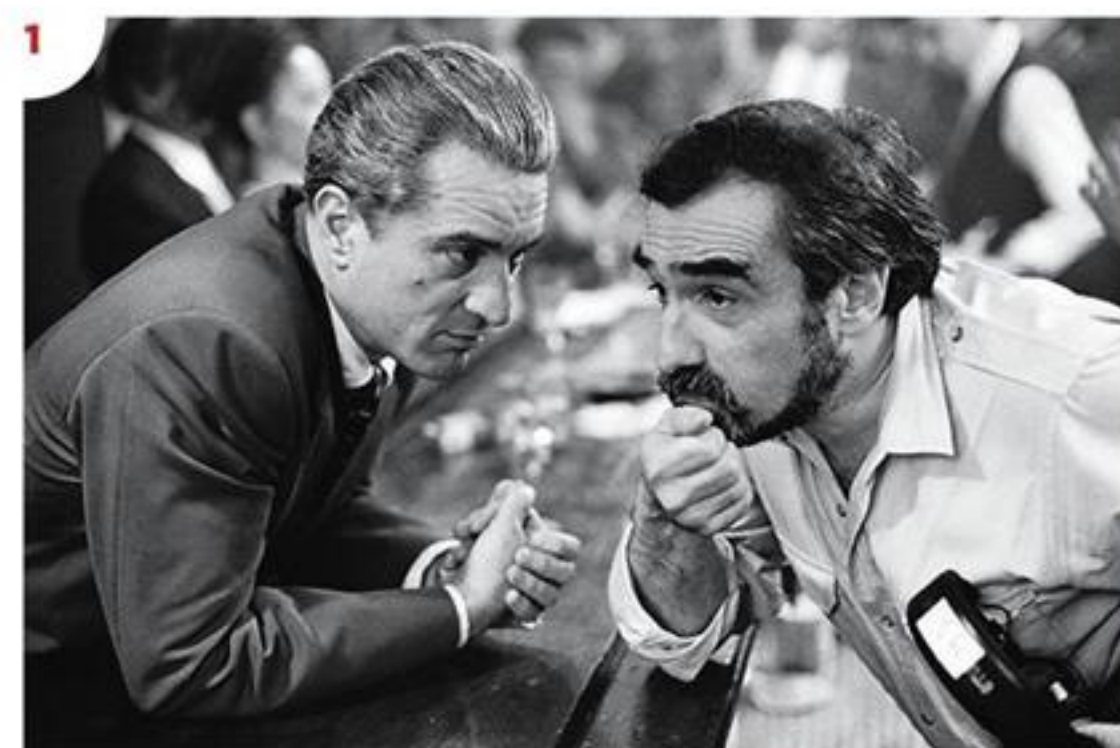
“WE HAD 38 WALKOUTS AFTER THE SCENE WHERE JOE PESCI KNIFES THE BODY IN THE TRUNK OF A CAR. IT WAS DISASTROUS.”

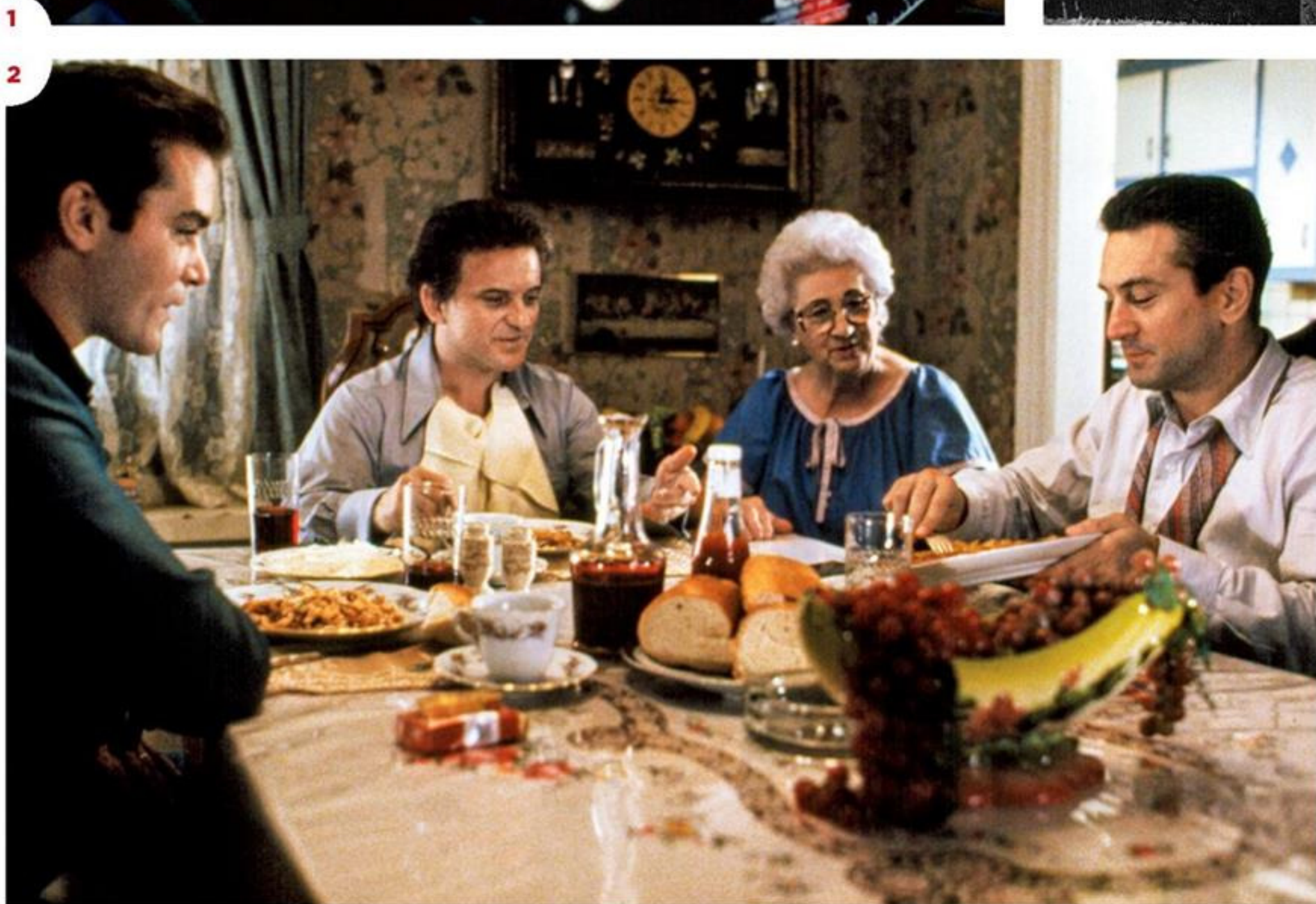
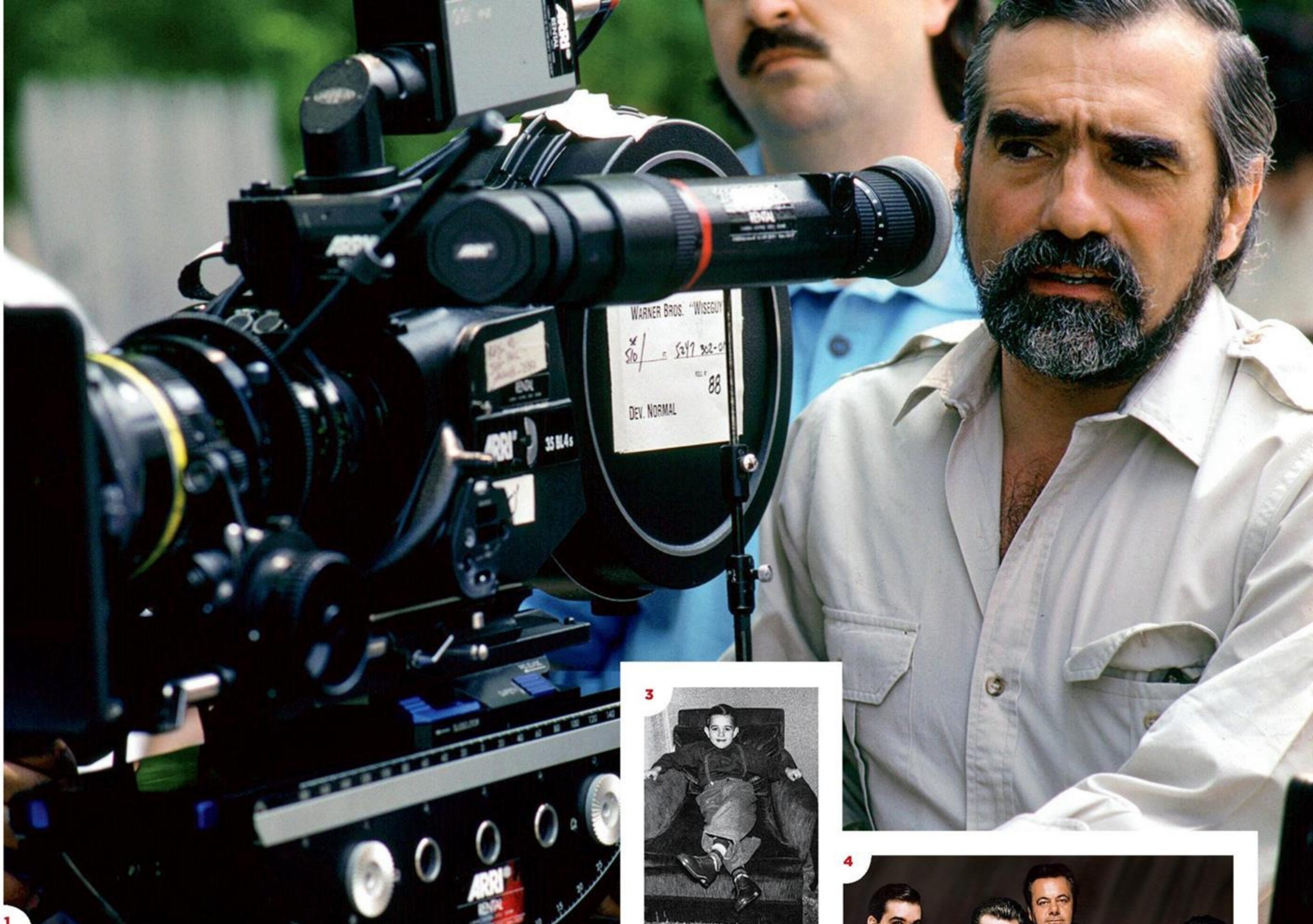
“People started running out of that theater like the place was on fire,” recalls Winkler today. “We had 38 walkouts alone after the scene where Joe Pesci's character, Tommy DeVito, knifes the body of Billy Batts in the trunk of a car. And that was just the beginning of the movie. The screening didn't go badly. It was *disastrous*.”

So disastrous that, as the movie's dark humor and merry mayhem of stabbings, shootings and cocaine-fueled freak-outs piled up, 32 more people fled the theater. After the preview, which De Fina called “scary,” studio execs read a barrage of audience reaction cards typified by one from a dissatisfied customer who'd scrawled “Fuck you” all over his. “It upset a lot of people,” says Scorsese. “People weren't prepared for the mixture of humor and violence, the lifestyle, the attitude.”

A lot of those people congregated where it really counted—the Warner Bros. boardroom. Hollywood trade paper *Variety* reported that the *Goodfellas* test screening had pulled in the poorest response in the studio's history. “When the film was initially shown to the studio, they liked it very much, but then there was pressure to cut out the violence and the drugs and the language,” says Scorsese.

1. Martin Scorsese tapped Robert De Niro for the role of Jimmy Conway after Warner Bros. demanded he cast a movie star to market to audiences. **2.** Billy Batts, played by Frank Vincent, moments before he gets whacked.





Adds Winkler, “When you have that many people walk out, you don’t need to read the reaction cards. But we believed in the movie and thought it was everything we wanted it to be. We wanted to keep it in the shape it was in, but we knew after that preview it wouldn’t be easy.” It wasn’t.

As *Goodfellas* marks its 25th anniversary this year, it reigns as the *capo di tutti capi*, acknowledged by critics and audiences as one of the indisputably great gangster films—if not the greatest—in the genre’s 88-year history, which kicked

off with *Underworld* in 1927. It’s also one of the most quoted, influential, enjoyable and endlessly revisited movies of all time. *Goodfellas* holds a place in the Library of Congress’s National Film Registry, a prestigious list of “culturally, historically or aesthetically significant films.” David Chase, creator of *The Sopranos*, has acknowledged his debt to the film, saying, “*Goodfellas* is the Koran for me.”

Those who made the film feel its legacy constantly. “Every day of my life, total strangers talk to me about that movie

and throw lines of dialogue at me,” says Ray Liotta, who plays Henry Hill. Adds screenwriter Nicholas Pileggi, “To Mob guys who really know the world, it’s less a movie than it is a documentary. It’s real to the tiniest detail.”

Goodfellas hardly looked like a slam dunk for pop-culture immortality a quarter of a century ago, however. The saga began in 1981 when New York lawyer Robert Simels was shopping a book deal for his troubled 38-year-old client Henry Hill. As an 11-year-old working-class kid from Brooklyn, Hill began to work for local hoods in 1955 and eventually rose to full-fledged mobster, drug wholesaler and ice-blooded mechanic who did the bidding of the Lucchese crime family. His exploits included masterminding the 1978 heist of \$5 million in cash and

1. “I was in the presence of Shakespeare,” says actor Paul Sorvino of Scorsese. 2. “Everything is authentic. When you see someone eating Italian food, Marty’s mom probably cooked it,” says writer Nicholas Pileggi. 3. A young Scorsese. 4. A *Goodfellas* family portrait.



1. Ray Liotta in the infamous, mostly improvised "You think I'm funny?" scene.

2. "Every second word from Joe Pesci was *fuck*," says cinematographer Michael Ballhaus. Altogether, *Goodfellas* racks up more than 200 F-bombs.

\$875,000 in jewels from John F. Kennedy International Airport with fellow gangster James Burke. On April 27, 1980, Hill was arrested on a narcotics-related charge in Nassau County, New York. Rather than do jail time or become a fugitive, he entered the Witness Protection Program. Strapped for cash and armed with a formidable memory and a gift for self-promotion, he had a story to tell—but only for the right price.

Simon & Schuster was interested in

files on them. That impressed Henry—that and the fact that I wasn't judgmental about him. For two years we talked almost every day on the phone and, later, in hotel rooms, restaurants, cars, the prosecutors' office, even in parks in the Midwest."

Pileggi's *Wise Guy*, published in 1986, is a compelling, ugly, highly detailed and vividly written insider's account of a Mafia foot soldier's rise and fall. Winning strong reviews, two unprecedented magazine cover stories and runaway

"HENRY HILL IS OUR GUIDE INTO THE UNDERWORLD," SAYS SCORSESE. "RAY HAD A SENSE OF GUILTELESSNESS. I ALWAYS WANTED HIM TO PLAY HENRY."

Simels's offer and chose Nicholas Pileggi, a well-respected, well-connected veteran New York crime reporter, as Hill's collaborator. "I met Henry at an FBI office, and he was very out there—a hustler, sort of a wimp, clever, charming, personable, everything a writer could want," says Pileggi, whose own father was a first-generation immigrant from Calabria, a city mere hours from Sicily. "Henry would mention a name, and I knew who these guys were, knew their nicknames and kept

best-seller status, *Wise Guy* was "hotter than a pistol," according to Pileggi's agent, Sterling Lord. "Even before we started offering movie rights, I got calls from dozens of producers wanting to buy it," Lord says. His and Pileggi's terms? A sweet \$500,000, with no options.

"I was working at *New York* magazine when I got messages saying Marty Scorsese called," says Pileggi. "I thought it was my friend busting my chops, so I didn't even call back. I got home one night and my

wife [Oscar-nominated screenwriter Nora Ephron] said, 'Are you crazy? Why won't you talk to Marty?' When I called him the next morning, he said he'd been looking for a book like this for years. I said, 'Well, I've been waiting for this phone call all my life.' And I meant it."

At the time, Scorsese was in Chicago making *The Color of Money* with Paul Newman and had other projects ahead of him. "I said, 'I want to write *Wise Guy* with you, so finish your movies, and when you're ready, we'll write this one,'" says Pileggi. "We never signed any papers. There was never a written agreement. We just made the deal on the phone. Our agents and lawyers went bat-shit because there was no contract for them to get a piece of. I felt I knew this guy from his work, and he must have felt the same thing. It was trust."

Wise Guy documented a world that Scorsese knew intimately as someone who'd grown up with Catholic parents in a cramped Little Italy apartment in 1950s Manhattan. Severely asthmatic and often isolated, he slept in a special oxygen tent and became not only an inveterate moviegoer but also an acute observer. "The book evoked powerful memories of growing up in Little Italy," says Scorsese. "Memories of the people, the body language, the men standing outside the doorways and the women looking out the windows to see what was going on. *Wise Guy* deals with a tough group of people, but there were also the honest, hardworking people who were trying to make a living, stuck in a world where organized crime had a lot of power." In fact, Scorsese's best friend growing up was the son of a Mafia boss, according to *Goodfellas* cinematographer Michael Ballhaus. "Things might have been very different for him had Marty been a bigger, stronger boy out on the streets," says Ballhaus. "He's said as much to me."

Although Scorsese and Pileggi immediately found each other to be professionally and personally simpatico, it took Irwin Winkler to make the project coalesce. "I (continued on page 105)



"Money can't buy you happiness, but it can buy you a little piece."



DECADES AFTER THE EVENTS IN *THREE DAYS OF THE CONDOR*, THE
LEGENDARY CIA ANALYST IS FREED FROM A MENTAL FACILITY AND
DROPPED INTO THE MIDDLE OF THE ARAB SPRING UPRISING

47 minutes of the

Fiction BY JAMES GRADY

You're crammed into the backseat of a banana-scented Toyota rumbling through a battered city's night. Riding shotgun is the cleric Ahmed. He holds a cell phone: Its glow shows you've got just 47 minutes to make it to the Exfil.

So abort trying to identify your target amid the six people jammed into this car. Otherwise, if the bad guy doesn't get you, then your crazy will. Streetlights work, but darkness fills the flat glass

buildings and shuttered stores streaming past the car windows. A trash barrel burns on a street corner. A white dog trots through the headlights 45 minutes before your only chance for rescue.

Mashed beside Ahmed in the front seat is Travua, who claims to be a geek. Nour drives, her college-coed hair flying wild. On your left sits Skander, says he's a mortician. On your right, Renee strobes she hates your guts. Silver

(continued on page 100)

ILLUSTRATION BY ANTHONY VENTURA

SCREW

U

↓
WITH **RENEGADE**
VINTNERS, PUNK ROCK
SOMMELIERS AND **ZERO**
PRETENSION, THERE'S
NO BETTER TIME FOR
DRINKING WINE. HERE
ARE THE **NEW RULES**
OF THE GRAPE AND
HOW TO **BREAK THEM**

Meet the WINE DUDE



1

Patrick Cappiello is the poster boy for a new breed of sommeliers who pride themselves on their anti-snob approach. The wine director and owner of New York's Pearl & Ash and Rebelle (and a Playboy.com contributor) wants to steer you toward

obscure and delicious wines you've never heard of, the way your hippest friend introduces you to new bands. "You don't need to be academic to enjoy wine," says Cappiello. "Let us find something you like so you can get drinking."

2

ACT NATURAL

The coolest new vinous trend is natural wine, a broad term used to describe wines made with minimal to zero chemicals and that typically have in-your-face flavors. Cappiello recommends **Jean Foillard** and **Marcel Lapierre** for beginners, and **Jean-Pierre Robinot** for super funky, dirty-in-a-good-way weird stuff.



NO.

3

USE YOUR WORDS

HOW TO
TALK TO A
SOMMELIER
(WITHOUT
SOUNDING
LIKE AN ASS)

BE YOURSELF

Tell the sommelier what you prefer. If you like pinot noir from Oregon but not California, say so.

TALK STRAIGHT

Ditch the wine-speak. There's no shame in saying you think a good chardonnay should taste like popcorn.

SHOW AND TELL

Take smart-phone pictures of wines you've tried and liked, and show them to the sommelier for inspiration.

KNOW YOUR LIMIT

State your price range to help narrow down the search and keep your bill within reason.

4

KEEP IT SIMPLE WITH GLASSWARE

THE ONLY THREE GLASSES YOU NEED

THE GOOD STUFF

Riedel Overture red-wine glasses work well with white too. Save them for your fancier wines. [\$24 for two, riedelusa.net]

EVERYDAY DRINKING

Stemless wineglasses can easily go in the dishwasher, and they can also be used for cocktails. [\$2.95 each, crateandbarrel.com]

THE TO-GO CUP

Using Ball jelly jars as glassware can seem pretentious, but add rosé and a lid, and for a picnic they're genius. [\$15 for 12, amazon.com]



5 **SET YOUR SITES**

- The vast wealth of vino info online can overwhelm. Here are three sites to get you started:
 - KLWines.com** The online home of California's legendary wine store offers real-time inventory updates and opinionated entries.
 - SommPicks.com** Unique, hard-to-find wines selected by top-notch restaurant sommeliers.
 - Wine-Searcher.com** If you're looking for a specific wine, chances are you'll be able to find and order it on this vast benchmark wine search engine.

11%–13%
Best with fish and lighter white-meat dishes.

13.5%–15.5%
Best with rich beef and pork dishes.

NO. **ABV**

ALL ABOUT ABV

- "Alcohol by volume" is just about the most telling number on a bottle: Typically, a higher number means bigger-bodied; lower means lighter and more food-friendly.

Get Your DEGREE

NO

If you're drinking red wine at room temperature, you're missing out on its best flavors.

YES

Stick reds in the fridge for 20 minutes, and the alcohol, flavors and aromas will come into balance.

YES

Conversely, let white wine sit out for 20 minutes after it's been in the fridge.

NO

Super cold, straight-from-the-fridge white wine is too tight and needs to open up to taste its best.

REDS

WHITES

NO.

BB

100
90
80
70
60
50
40
30
20
10
0

7 THINK OUTSIDE THE BOTTLE



BAG

- Nuvino's un-oaked, picnic-perfect South African chardonnay goes down easy. (nuvino.com)

CAN

- This quaffable Oregon pinot noir comes in a downright manly metal vessel. (unionwinecompany.com)

BOX

- Fuori Strada Off Road sangiovese lets you live the *dolce vino* in a Tetra Pak carton. (1glwines.com)

WINE IN A BOX (OR BAG OR CAN) IS FINALLY GOOD

MAKE THE CASE

9

• If you want to go deep, buying a mixed half case is the best way to learn about wine. Go to a wine shop and ask for a case mixed by grape, region or country. If your wine seller can't do that for you, then it's not a good shop.

A GRAPE CASE: PINOT NOIRS OF THE WORLD

A REGIONAL CASE: ITALY'S PIEDMONT

A COUNTRY CASE: SPAIN

A pinot noir from Oregon's Willamette Valley	A classic pinot noir from Burgundy	A tangy Barbera d'Alba	A rustic Barbera d'Asti	Rueda	Ribera del Duero
A pinot noir from California's Central Coast	A pinot noir from California's Russian River Valley	A food-friendly Barbaresco	A sparkling Moscato d'Asti	Rioja Alta	Jumilla
A pinot noir from New Zealand	A pinot noir from Chile	A powerful Barolo	A juicy Dolcetto d'Alba	Rias Baixas	Priorat

STEVEN GRUBBS
(OF GEORGIA'S
EMPIRE STATE
SOUTH AND FIVE
& TEN) ON BETTER
WAYS TO DRINK
BIG WINES

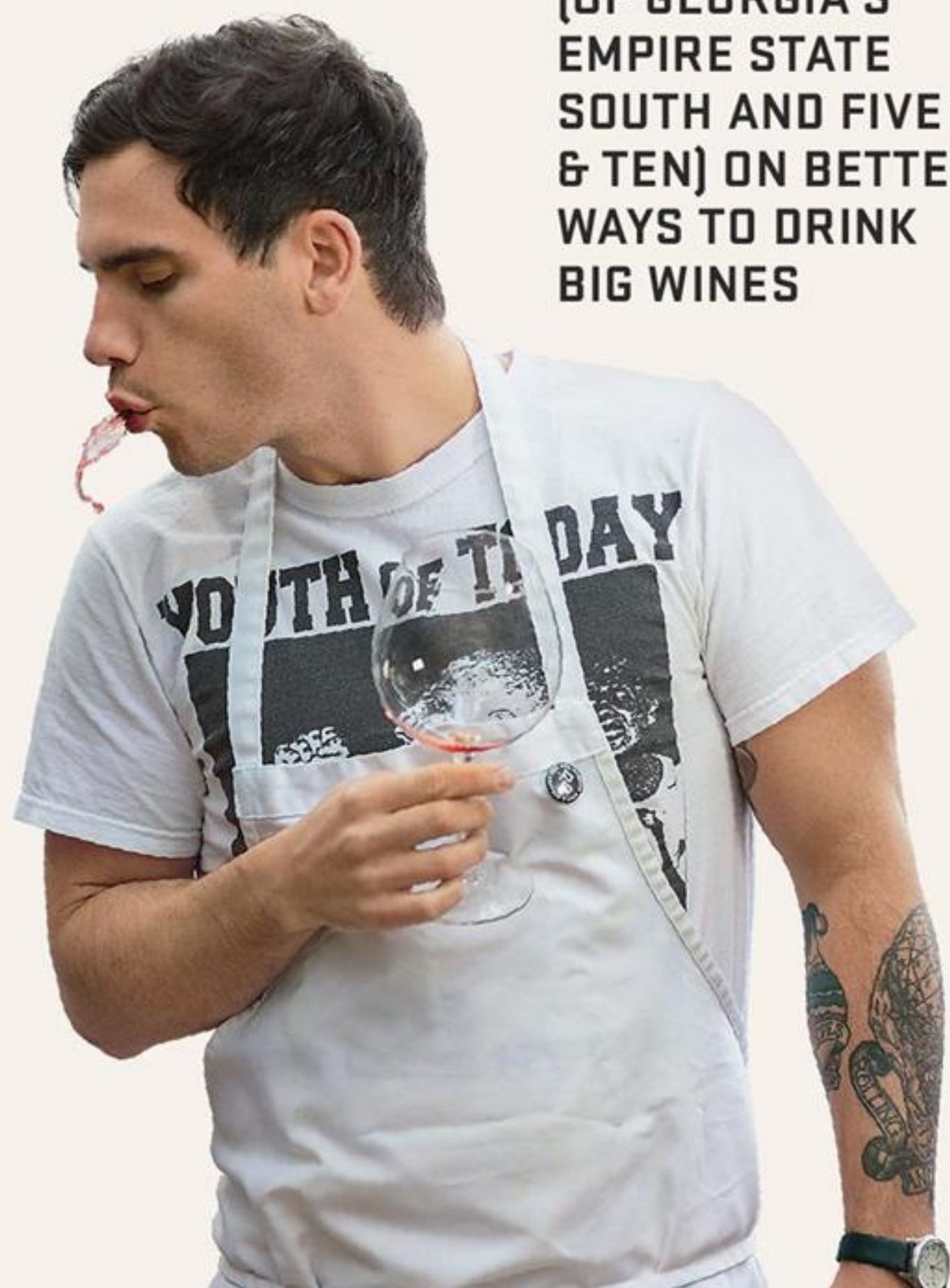
NO.

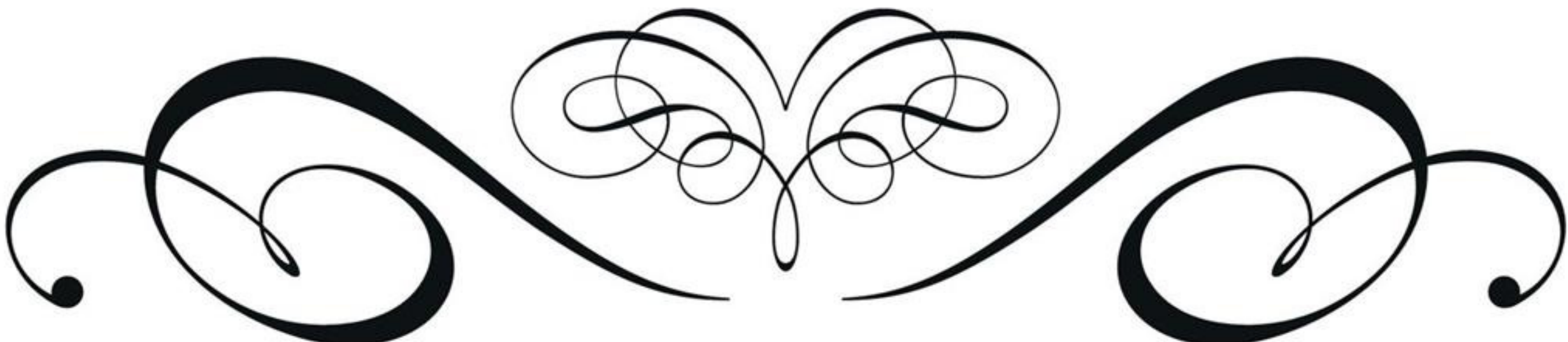
10

• **Be selective:** "Syrah isn't supposed to be big. In its best form, like Qupé from California, it's more savory and not as huge." **Play to type:** "Drink wine from a grape that's actually supposed to be big, such as an *aglianico* from Italy." **Grab a (classic) cab:** "Go with a cabernet sauvignon from legacy Napa wineries Mayacamas or Dutch Henry."

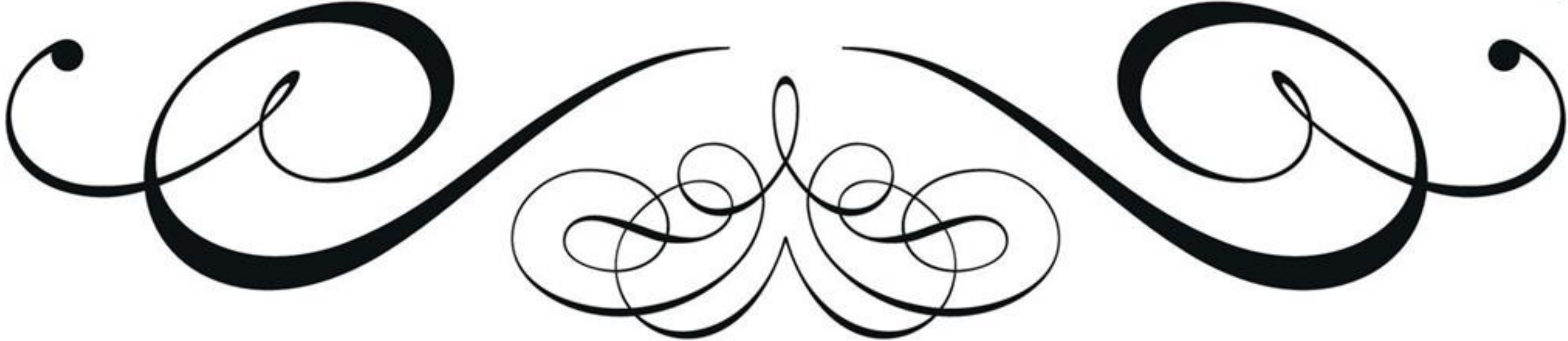
11
SABER
SMART

• If you're going to open a bottle of champagne with a saber, you should do it with the proper equipment (and study an instructional video). This Italian knife has a finger guard for extra safety. (\$98, kaufmann-mercantile.com)





THE LAP OF LUXURY



*From fine wine and world travel to red roses
and decadent chocolate, Miss May loves to indulge.
Can you handle her extravagant nature?*



PHOTOGRAPHY BY JOSH RYAN

"I wanted romance. I wanted sex appeal. I wanted fur, luxury and lace," says Miss May 2015 Brittany Brousseau of her PLAYBOY pictorial, set at an opulent colonial mansion in southern California. "And you? I want you to be intrigued." Such unabashed hedonism speaks volumes about our wild-spirited cover girl, a French Cherokee model from Kansas who describes herself as both a sexually adventurous thrill seeker and a diehard romantic. "Think of me as sweetness mixed with fire," she says.

In fact, think of Brittany as anything but the girl next door, despite her humble beginnings. "I grew up on a farm, which meant baling hay and breaking ice before school. But I always knew I wanted something more." At 18, mere weeks before she was to enroll in a police academy, Brittany went looking for more. She moved to Miami

by herself and pursued modeling full-time. After immediate success in commercial print campaigns, Brittany relocated to California, "hopin' to dream, baby." There, she found her true self—and caught the eye of PLAYBOY.

"I'm still a country girl at heart with rough edges—a fun-loving bar girl who plays pool—but my energy has always been very sensual," she says. "That's why this was my dream shoot. For the first time, who I see on the outside matches who I am on the inside." Fearless and confident, Brittany hopes to explore more of the world as a Playmate. "This is the happiest I've ever been, and I can't wait to experience the nicer, luxe things in life. I want to travel. I want to learn a new language. I want to see the seven wonders of the world," she says, pausing. "And of course I want to become the eighth!"









MISS MAY

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



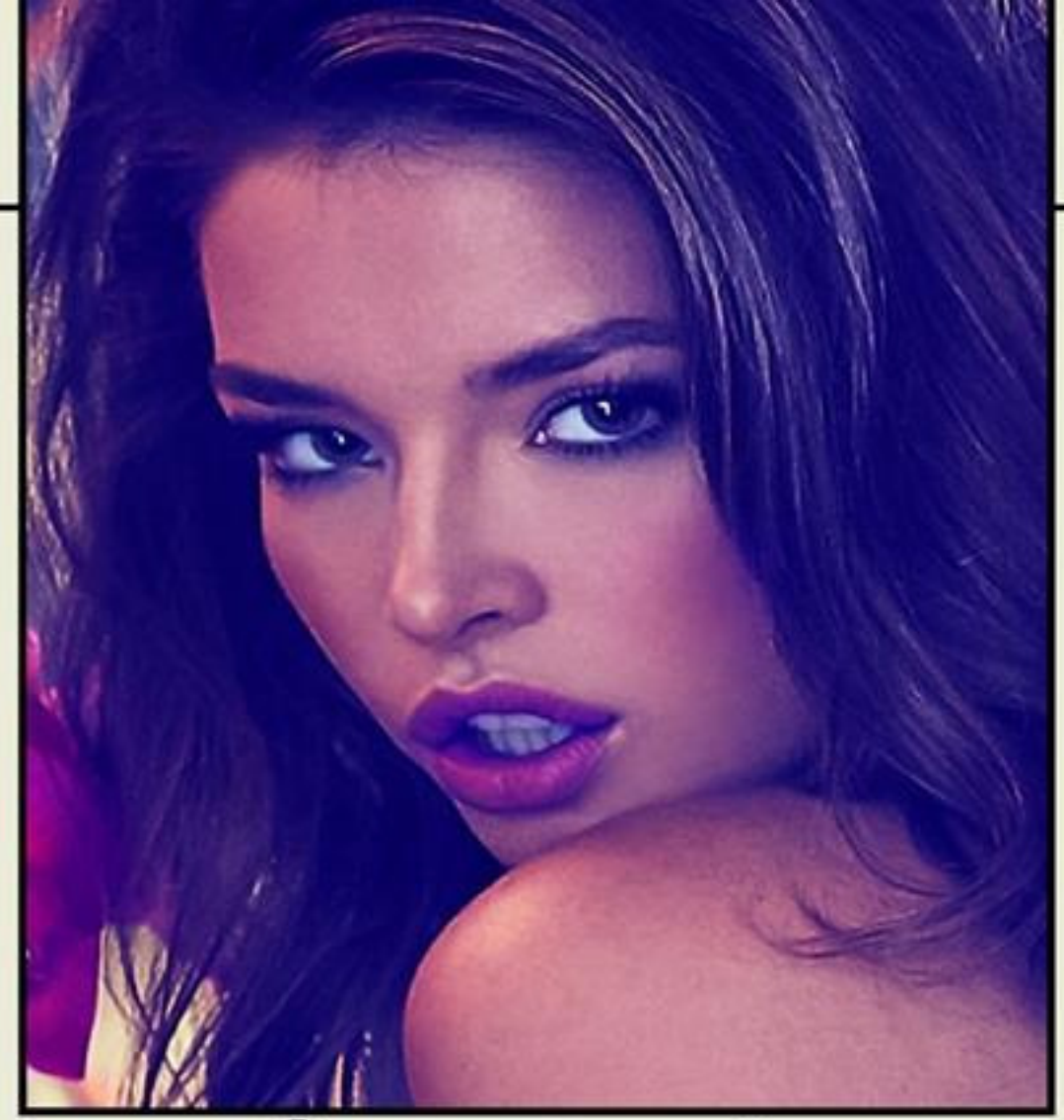




Brittany Brousseau

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Brittany Brousseau
BUST: 32B WAIST: 24" HIPS: 36"
HEIGHT: 5'7" WEIGHT: 110 lbs.



BIRTH DATE: 10/12/88 BIRTHPLACE: La Mesa, California

AMBITIONS: To see the world through modeling and acting and continue my fitness career through personal training.

TURN-ONS: A man who knows how to treat a lady! Honesty, passion, undeniable charisma and a good moral compass.

TURNOFFS: I'm not a mind reader. I like someone who says what he thinks. I can't stand fakers and takers.

ME IN A NUTSHELL: From tomboy to Playboy! I enjoy everything from beer, ball and burgers to jets, fine dining and wild memories.

BEING GOOD IN BED MEANS: (A) Give as well as you receive; (B) Sexually adventurous; (C) Make up the rules as you go.

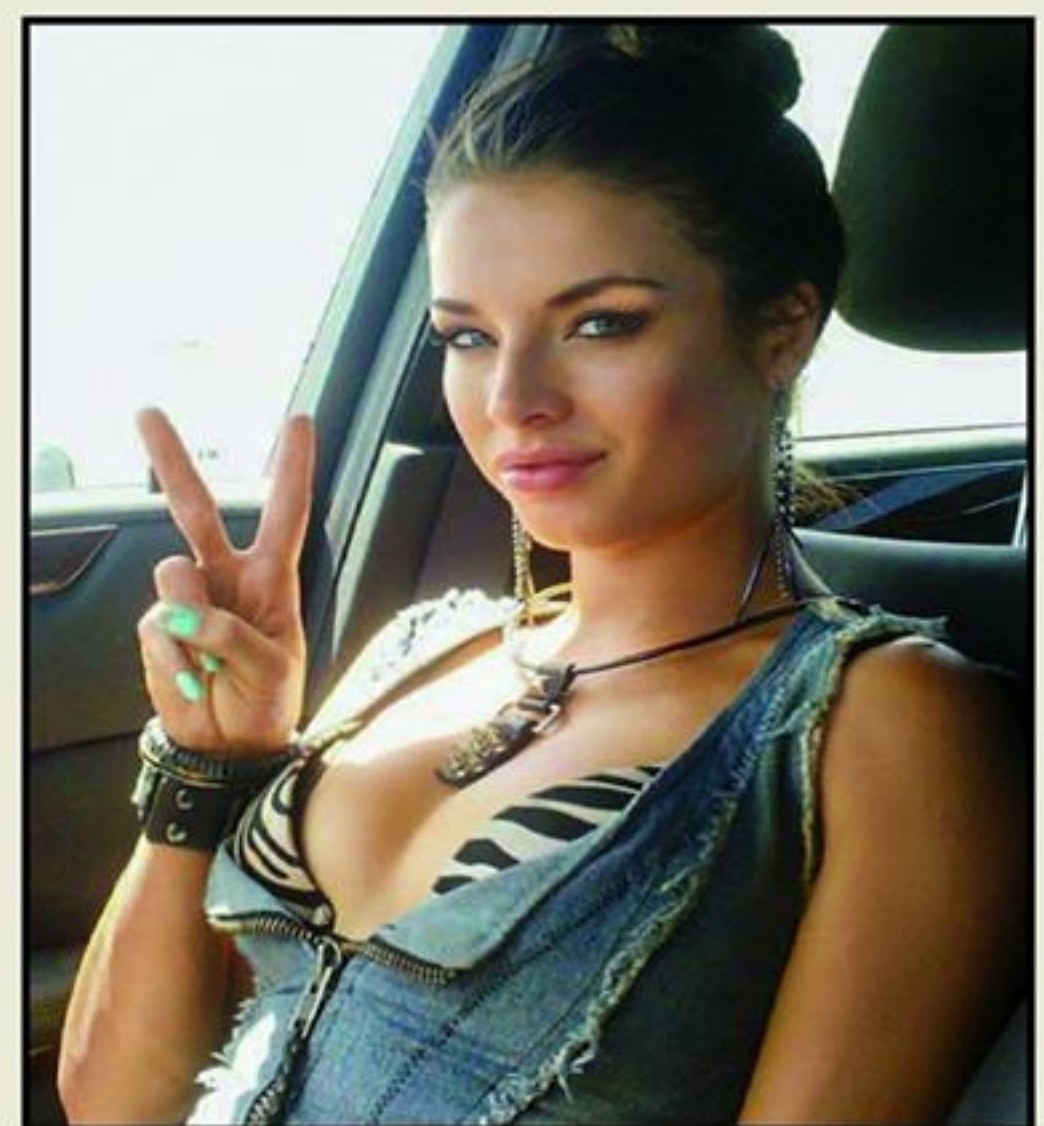
MY RECIPE FOR LOVE: Men who can cook are sexy, but if you're looking for love, Kiss my mind, hold my heart, hug my body and nurture my soul!



Keepin' you on your toes!



My first head shot.



Filming a 22 Top Video!



PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

A woman who was struggling with her relationships started to make a list of men's pros and cons.

Pro: their dicks.

Con: They're dicks.

What do you call a gigolo who works for free?
An organ donor.

What do you call someone who thinks sex often lasts too long?
An inmate.

When asked if they would have sex with Charlie Sheen, 86 percent of women in Los Angeles said, "Not again."



A new study has found that men who are vegan have a much lower sperm count compared with those who eat meat. Even worse, the few sperm that vegan men do have refuse to go anywhere near an egg.

Two friends agreed to meet for drinks after work. One arrived late and said, "Sorry, but on my way here I saw three punks slapping my old boss around."

His friend asked, "Did you stop to help?"

The guy said, "No, I figured the three of them could handle it."

During a screening of *Fifty Shades of Grey* a man was attacked by three rowdy women. The responding police officers handcuffed the women, so their plan worked perfectly.

We know a guy who just joined the mile-high club by humping a hooker in Denver.

An attractive coed approached her professor and whispered, "I'd do anything to get an A in this course."

"You'd really do anything I want?" asked the professor with a mischievous smile.

"Yes, anything," purred the girl suggestively.

The professor looked around to make sure no one could hear him and then asked, "Would you...study?"

Five thousand men were asked what they like best about oral sex:

Three percent like the warmth.

Four percent enjoy the sensation.

Ninety-three percent appreciate the silence.

A prostitute slipped on the sidewalk and was helped to her feet by a priest who was passing by. "This is the first time I've rescued a fallen woman," said the priest.

The prostitute replied, "This isn't the first time I've been picked up by a clergyman."

Sure, when Venus sits naked in a giant clam-shell, she's a goddess, but when you try to do it you're a "pervert" and "no longer welcome at the aquarium."

A gorgeous woman walked into a bar. After a few drinks she asked a man if he would like to go home with her, and he accepted. When they arrived at her apartment and he walked into her bedroom, he noticed a wall lined with stuffed animals arranged on different shelves according to size. The smallest sat on the bottom shelf, the midsize on the middle shelf, and the largest on the top shelf. He found this peculiar but brushed it aside and proceeded to have sex with the woman. After they finished the man asked, "So how was it?"

The woman replied, "You may have anything from the bottom shelf."



Hurt me!" she cried as she spread out naked on the bed.

"All right," he said. "You're a terrible cook, and I prefer your sister."

What do you call a man who has just had sex?
Anything you want; he's asleep.

What's the difference between light and hard?
You can sleep with a light on.

Two rednecks were fishing when one asked the other, "If I slept with your wife, would that make us family?"

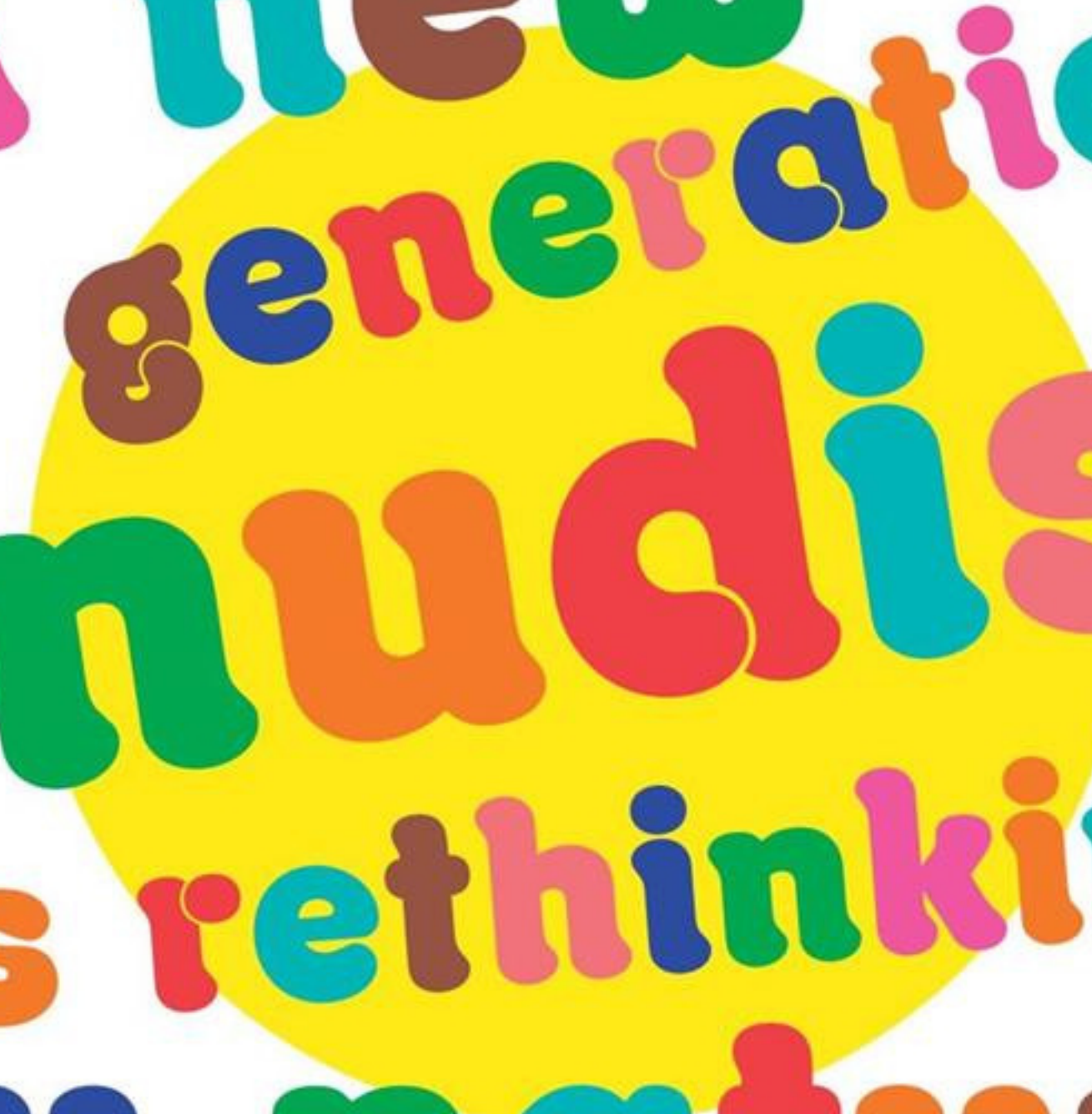
"No," his friend replied, "but it would make us even."

Send your jokes to *Playboy Party Jokes*, 9346 Civic Center Drive, Beverly Hills, California 90210, or by e-mail to jokes@playboy.com.



"In my view, Conway, a corner office with a spotlessly clean window is a must."





A new generation of nudists is rethinking au naturel

BY MOLLY OSWAKS

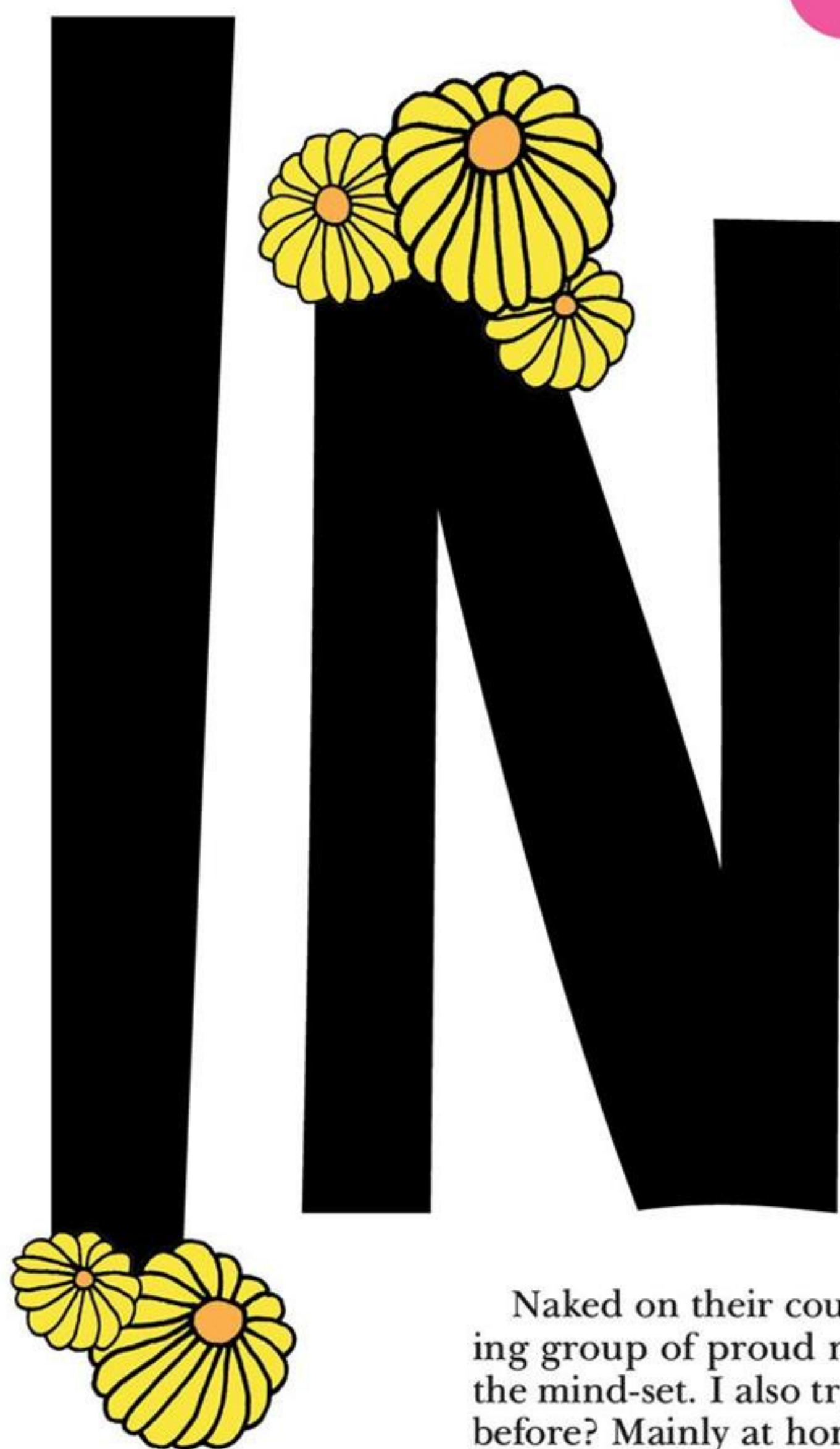
Illustration by Mike Perry

In the middle of one of the coldest Northeastern winters on record, I'm taking off all my clothes in a room full of strangers. It's hardly a sexy striptease. I've just arrived at the Young Naturists America headquarters, a Long Island City luxury condo shared by co-founders Jordan Blum, an Israeli who moved to New York after a stint in the Israel Defense Forces and now manages an antique-carpet gallery, and his fiancée, Felicity Jones (not their real names). I step through the doorway shivering despite being layered in fleece-lined black leggings, wool socks, snow boots, a long-sleeve thermal tee, a black cashmere sweater and a goose-down parka.

It's Naked Movie Night for YNA, a New York-based organization for social nude-friendly people with a focus on advocating for tolerance, acceptance and positive body image. Sex and seduction are beside the point. At most of their larger events, a folding screen is set up in a corner, behind which nudists can disrobe discreetly. (The printed paper sign taped to the front reads *UNDRESSING ROOM*.) Here at their home, I undress incrementally, nervously. First my leggings, then my sweater, shirt and bra a few minutes later. It is my first time being socially naked, and I'm not yet comfortable baring it all. Eventually I get down to just my undies (pink boy shorts), my long brown hair arranged strategically to cover my breasts.

Naked on their couch (a towel spread for guests, for obvious reasons), surrounded by an outgoing group of proud naturists most comfortable when they're least dressed, I try to put myself in the mind-set. I also try to keep from ogling the buffet of bodies before me. When have I been nude before? Mainly at home with my boyfriend. But there was also the time I went to a Korean spa in downtown Los Angeles and found myself naked on top of a pink rubber massage bed next to several other women in the same position. And the Turkish bath house in Manhattan that I went to with my cousin Natasha when we were both in college. Any other time I've been naked has been in an intimate or institutional setting, necessary for one reason or another. I can't remember being naked just because—and never for movie night with a group of strangers.

Here at Jones and Blum's apartment, the coffee table laden with mixed nuts, chips and dips and bottles of wine, it could be just any other movie night. A 30-year-old special-effects makeup artist, affectionately referred to as Painting Paul, rings the doorbell, and Jones greets him in blue-and-lavender-plaid pajama pants and plush bedroom slippers, topless in the wide-open door frame. Later, a married couple arrives whose last name sounds similar to another word for *person*. "The Persons are here!" shouts Blum, shaking his shoulder-length sandy-blond hair. Once all the guests are accounted for, the discussion centers on which movie to watch. Blum suggests *Gravity*, but Painting Paul vetoes it: "That's too heavy to watch naked." We ultimately settle on *Monty Python and the Holy Grail*, though



it mostly plays in the background as we talk about the naturist lifestyle.

Naturism, as compared with nudism, is about more than just not wearing clothes. To hear a room full of naked naturists tell it, the main difference is one's state of mind. Nudism is the practice of going naked in a nonsexualized setting. Easy enough. "Naturism isn't just about going naked," Jones explains. "It has ideals and values behind it, like respect for oneself and others, respecting nature, the environment, accepting people as they are."

Jones is a third-generation nudie raised at the New Jersey naturist resort Rock Lodge, where her grandparents raised her father and where he brought her mother to live in the 1980s. Jones's parents are now divorced, but her mother remains a year-round Rock Lodge resident, helping run the place when it's in season. She and Jones's father live in separate cabins on the grounds.



"One thing about being naked is that it forces everyone to confront themselves."



When I first met Jones months earlier, she was jazzed about a new business venture she, her fiancé and a few of their nudie friends were starting: a nude spa in New Jersey. Terlam—a combination of the French words *terre*, meaning "earth," and *l'ame*, meaning "the soul" ("Like 'soul of the earth,'" Jones explained)—would offer all the usual spa and fitness-center

activities within a safe, nude-friendly setting, no Lululemon leggings required. Unfortunately, after being open less than six months, the spa was forced to close. Unexpected repair costs and a slow summer season were in part to blame, but the underlying feeling was that much of the community around Fords, New Jersey just wasn't ready for a nude business.

Now Jones, fully nude but for a pair of ankle socks, sits cross-legged as she updates the YNA Facebook page, solemn face, pale eyebrows, little mouth scrunched in concentration. She worked briefly as a receptionist at a French school in Manhattan, but these days Young Naturists America is a full-time job. Jen, a 30-year-old nurse with long, straight dark-brown hair and a lanky young body, passes around her iPhone: It's February 14 (I promised my boyfriend we'd celebrate tomorrow; I have to be nude with other people tonight)



1



3



2

1. Felicity Jones (second from right) and the Young Naturists of America at New York City Bodypainting Day.

2. Bodypainting Day founder Andy Golub at work on a model.

3. Scout Willis's topless stroll in New York, captured by paparazzi.

and someone has just texted her a photo of a pair of hairless testicles shifted into the shape of a heart with HAPPY VALENTINE'S DAY written below.

Sitting in a room of young nudists raises a lot of questions. How do you know you're a nudist? Are nudists always naked at home? Do nudists care about fashion? Jen does; she's into it. Jones says wearily that she "doesn't give a shit anymore." I can see how nudism may come easier to a person like Jones than to others: She bears a resemblance to Botticelli's *Birth of Venus*—cinched waist, pert breasts, romantically unkempt strawberry hair, young taut skin. Saggy old hippies these people are not.

"One thing about being naked," says one of the Persons, "is that it forces everyone to confront themselves. It's like, Okay, I'm naked. Now what?"

"Now let's get high," someone says.

"Okay, we're naked and high. Now what?"

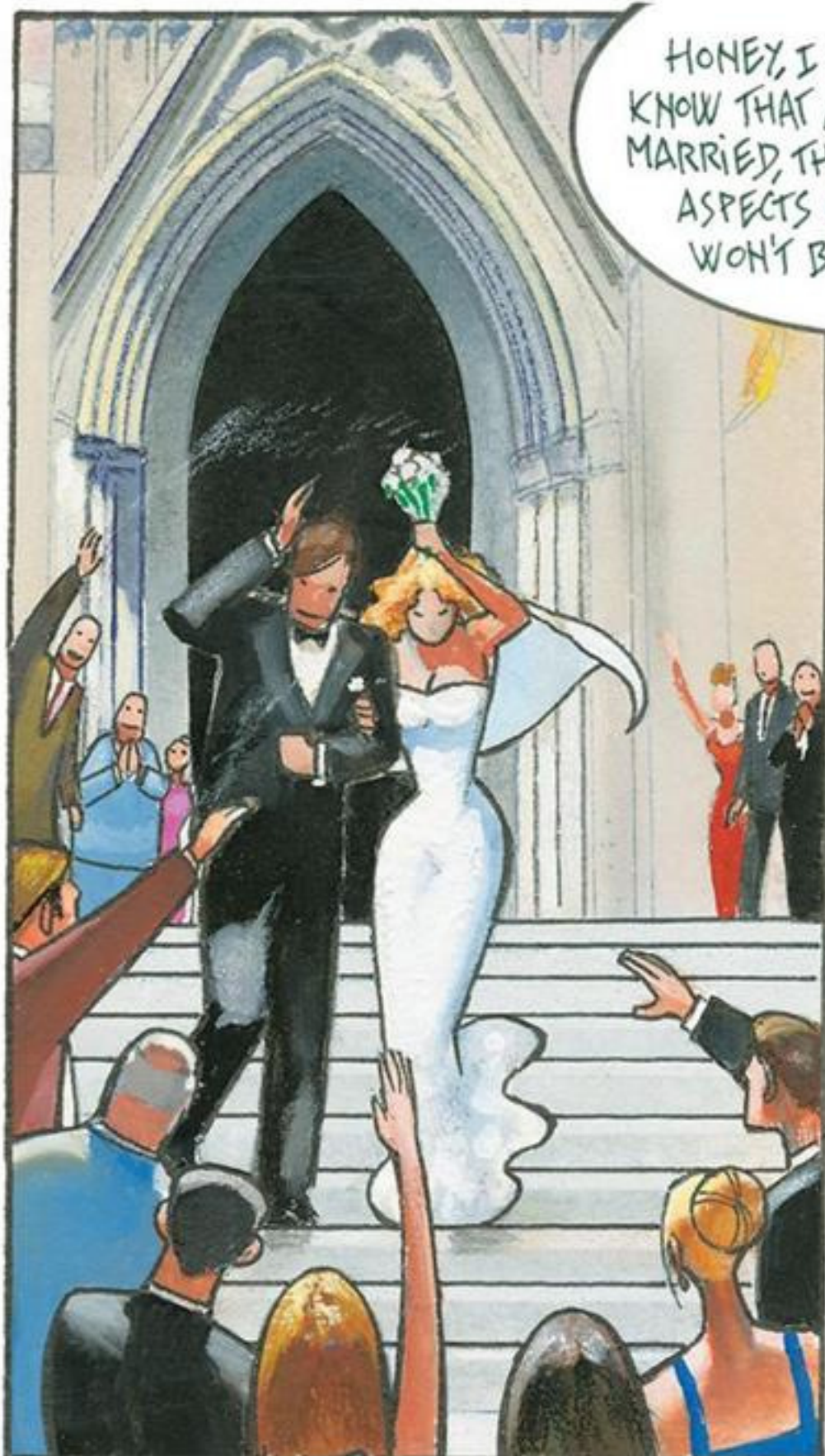
Someone points out that the brownies are vegan but also special.

"Shit, I just got salsa on my penis," says Painting Paul. Everyone laughs.

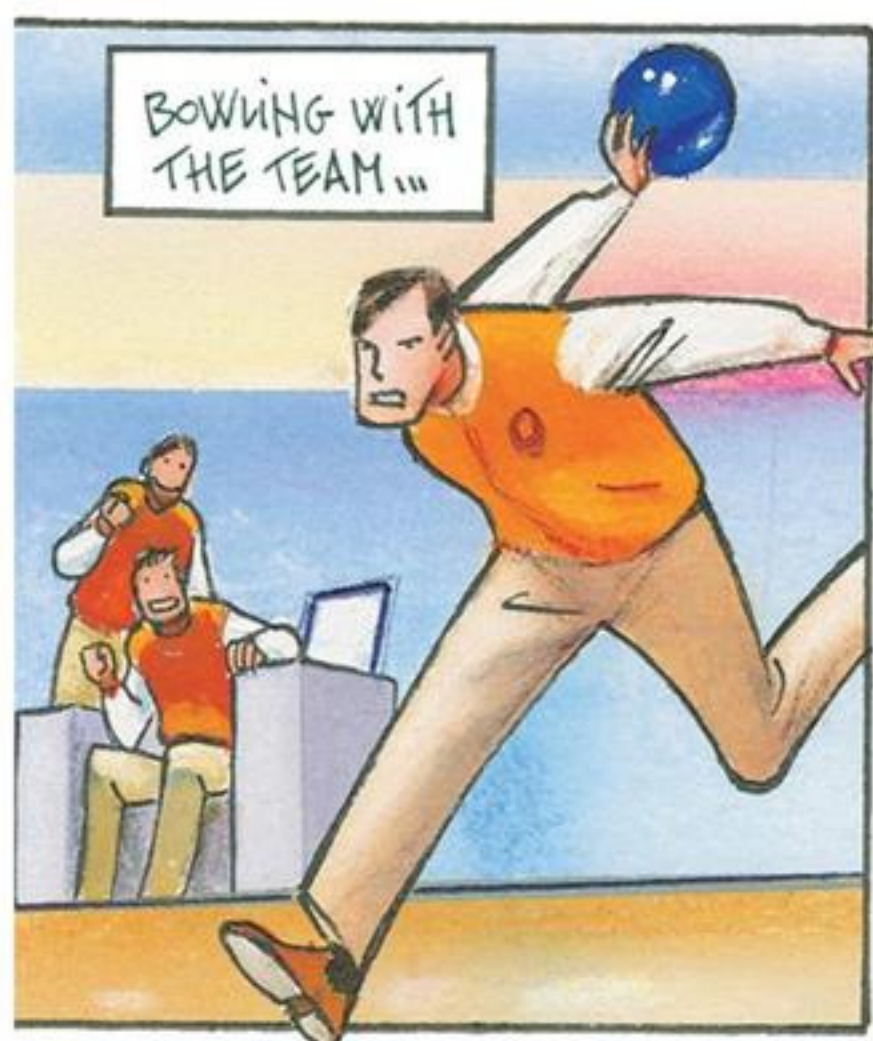
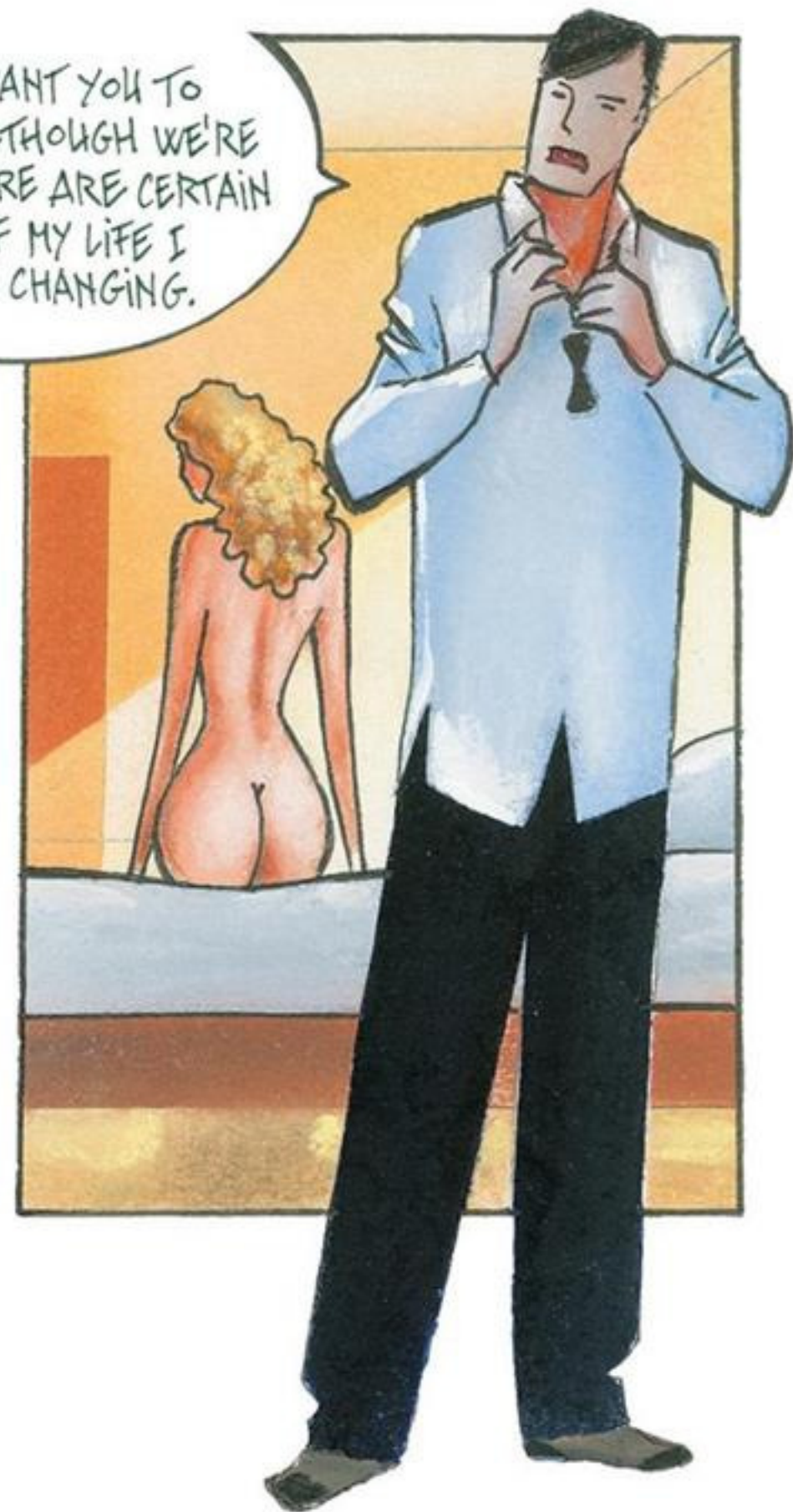
Yes, nudity has a whole new look. Once a subculture stereotyped as droopy baby boomers baring all at Indiana retreats, nudism is attracting a hipper, perkier audience. This new generation of nudists meets up in cool New York City neighborhoods for clothing-optional art openings and "Naked Meditation With Crystals and Raw Vegan Chocolate." The happenings are designed to cater to naked-friendly 20-somethings who may choose to skip Burning Man (continued on page 118)



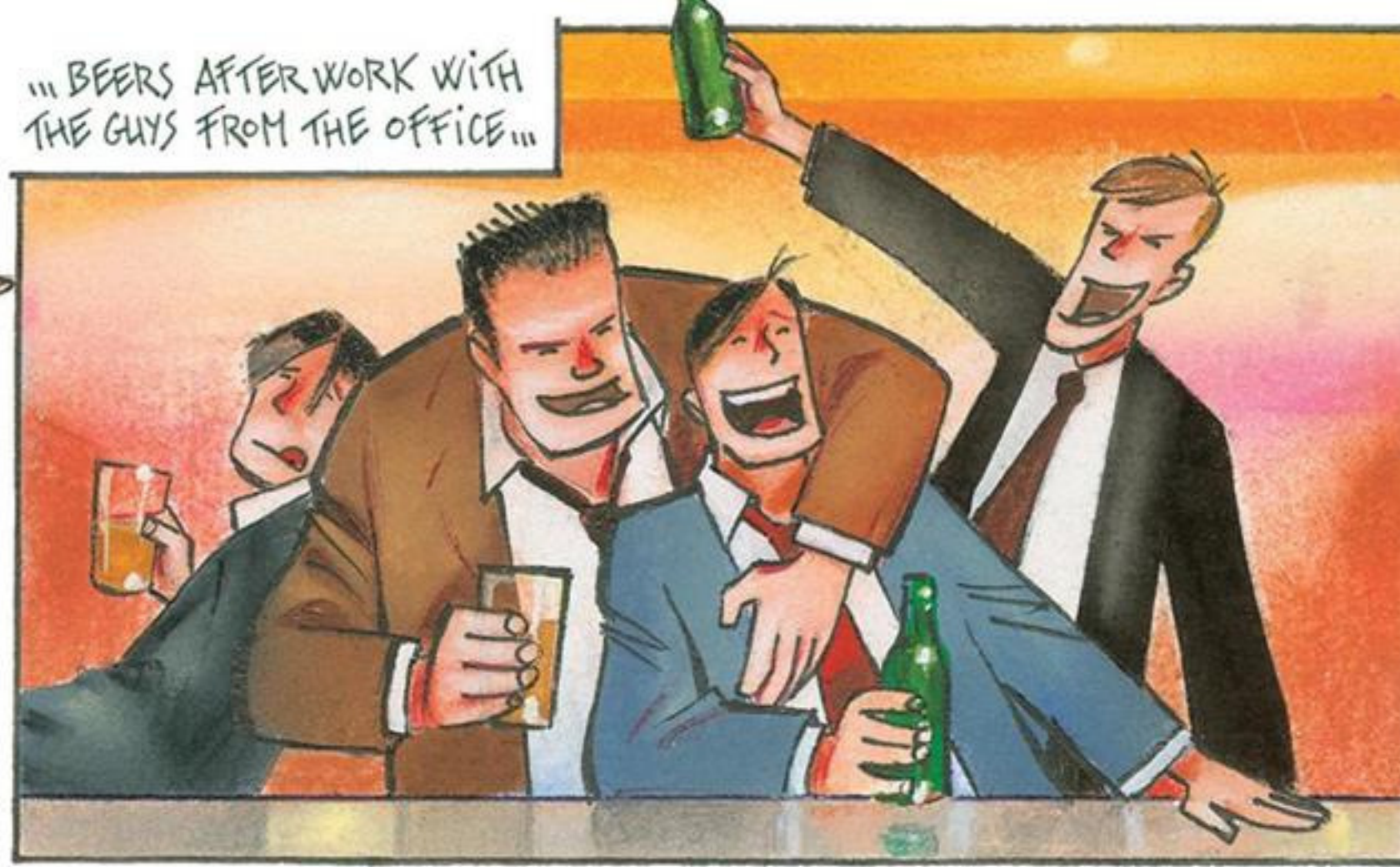
Customs



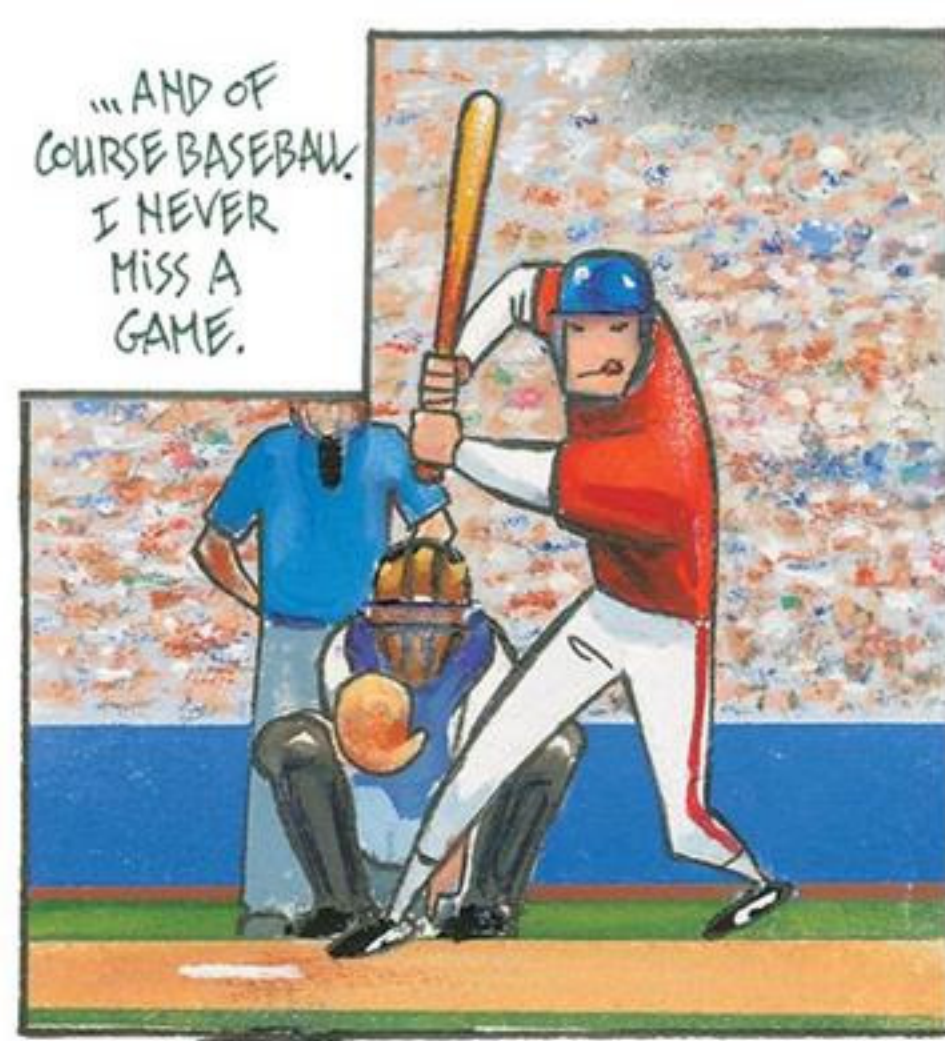
HONEY, I WANT YOU TO KNOW THAT ALTHOUGH WE'RE MARRIED, THERE ARE CERTAIN ASPECTS OF MY LIFE I WON'T BE CHANGING.



BOWLING WITH THE TEAM...



... BEERS AFTER WORK WITH THE GUYS FROM THE OFFICE...



... AND OF COURSE BASEBALL. I NEVER MISS A GAME.



THAT'S FINE, BABE. THERE ARE CERTAIN ASPECTS OF MY LIFE I WON'T BE CHANGING EITHER.



SEX AT 10 WHETHER YOU'RE HERE OR NOT.

JUAN IVAREZ • JORGE G

Yes, he admits, mistakes were made. But the heartthrob star is back and has found a new healthy way of looking at stardom



Ask Hartnett

By STEPHEN REBELLO ||| Photography by MICHAEL MULLER

Q1

PLAYBOY: Starring as Ethan Chandler, a Victorian-era ladies' man-gunslinger-werewolf on the sexy supernatural horror TV series *Penny Dreadful*, has won you new attention and acclaim. You first gained notice in the early 2000s as the It guy in a string of high-profile movies such as *Pearl Harbor*, *Black Hawk Down* and *Hollywood Homicide*. Do you buy into the conventional Hollywood wisdom that you side-tracked your career by turning down too many other big movies, including offers

to play superheroes Batman, Superman and Spider-Man?

HARTNETT: The intensity of my sudden fame was overwhelming for me, and in the middle of that, I felt I couldn't trust any new person I met or their motives. I spent a lot of time back home in Minnesota with my friends and family. I did smaller movies, and I stopped working for a while. If I could go back and take with me my wisdom of today, I wish I'd been more resilient. I hope I wouldn't be





as panicked as I was. Maybe I'd have known that no matter what people try to take from you, you don't have to give it to them. I've definitely grown a bit.

Q2

PLAYBOY: What is the blowback when you say no to big directors and projects?

HARTNETT: I've definitely said no to some of the wrong people. I said no because I was tired and wanted to spend more time with my friends and family. That's frowned upon in this industry. People don't like being told no. *I don't like it. I learned my lesson when [writer-director] Christopher Nolan and I talked about *Batman*. I decided it wasn't for me. Then he didn't want to put me in *The Prestige*. They not only hired their *Batman* for it, they also hired my girlfriend at the time.*

Q3

PLAYBOY: So Christian Bale and Scarlett Johansson got to make *The Prestige*, and Bale also got to make three *Batman* movies, all with Christopher Nolan. The same year *The Prestige* came out, you starred in both the little-seen, well-liked *Lucky Number Slevin* and the little-seen, much less well-liked *The Black Dahlia*, also with Johansson.

HARTNETT: That's when I realized relationships were formed in the fire of that first *Batman* film and I should have been part of the relationship with this guy Nolan, who I felt was incredibly cool and very talented. I was so focused on not being pigeonholed and so scared of be-

ing considered only one thing as an actor. I should have thought, Well, then, *work harder*, man. Watching Christian Bale go on to do so many other things has been just awesome. I mean, he's been able to overcome that. Why couldn't I see that at the time?

Q4

PLAYBOY: Did you find yourself sitting in movie theaters, watching, say, Christian Bale, Brandon Routh or Tobey Maguire in their *Batman*, *Superman* or *Spider-Man* flicks, thinking, This wouldn't have been such a bad thing for me to do after all?

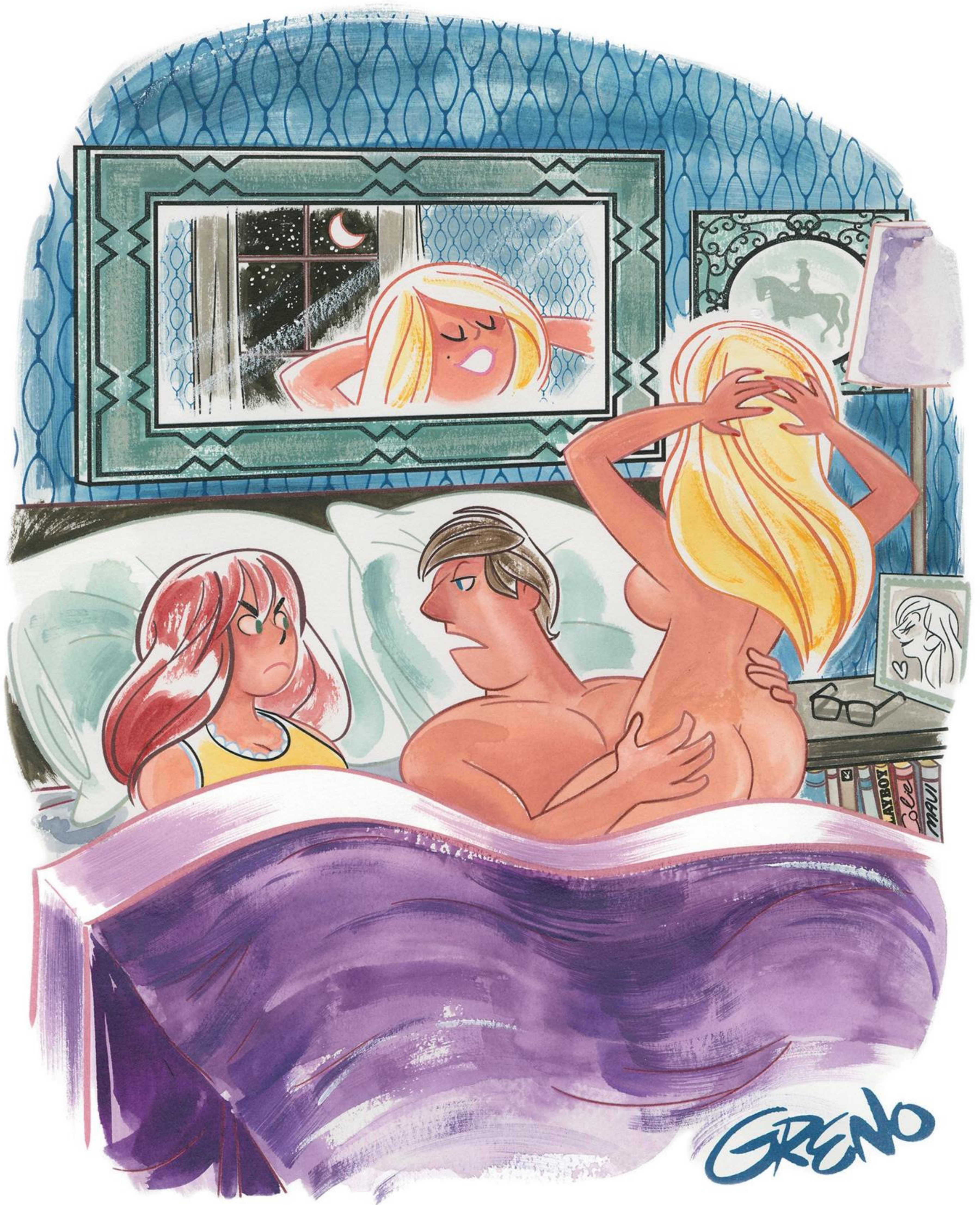
HARTNETT: Yeah, I have, for sure. I know now that I wouldn't turn something down just because it's a superhero role. I was born in the era of Michael Keaton playing *Batman*. That is *Batman* to me. He's awe-inspiring in that role—so quiet, like a ghost, and then every once in a while this incredible thing just pops up in him. It was such a cool performance, especially since he'd been known for such big, broad performances.

Q5

PLAYBOY: When you and Ben Affleck were co-starring in *Pearl Harbor*, could you possibly have imagined a universe in which he would be starring in a *Superman* movie?

HARTNETT: In what universe does Ben Affleck win an Academy Award for a best picture he starred in and directed? I knew he had it in him to do whatever he wanted to do. Ben has always been the smartest guy, but he holds that in reserve for some reason. *(continued on page 116)*

*I've definitely said
no to some of the wrong
people. People don't
like being told no.
I learned my lesson.*



"Go to sleep, sweetheart. We'll discuss it in the morning."

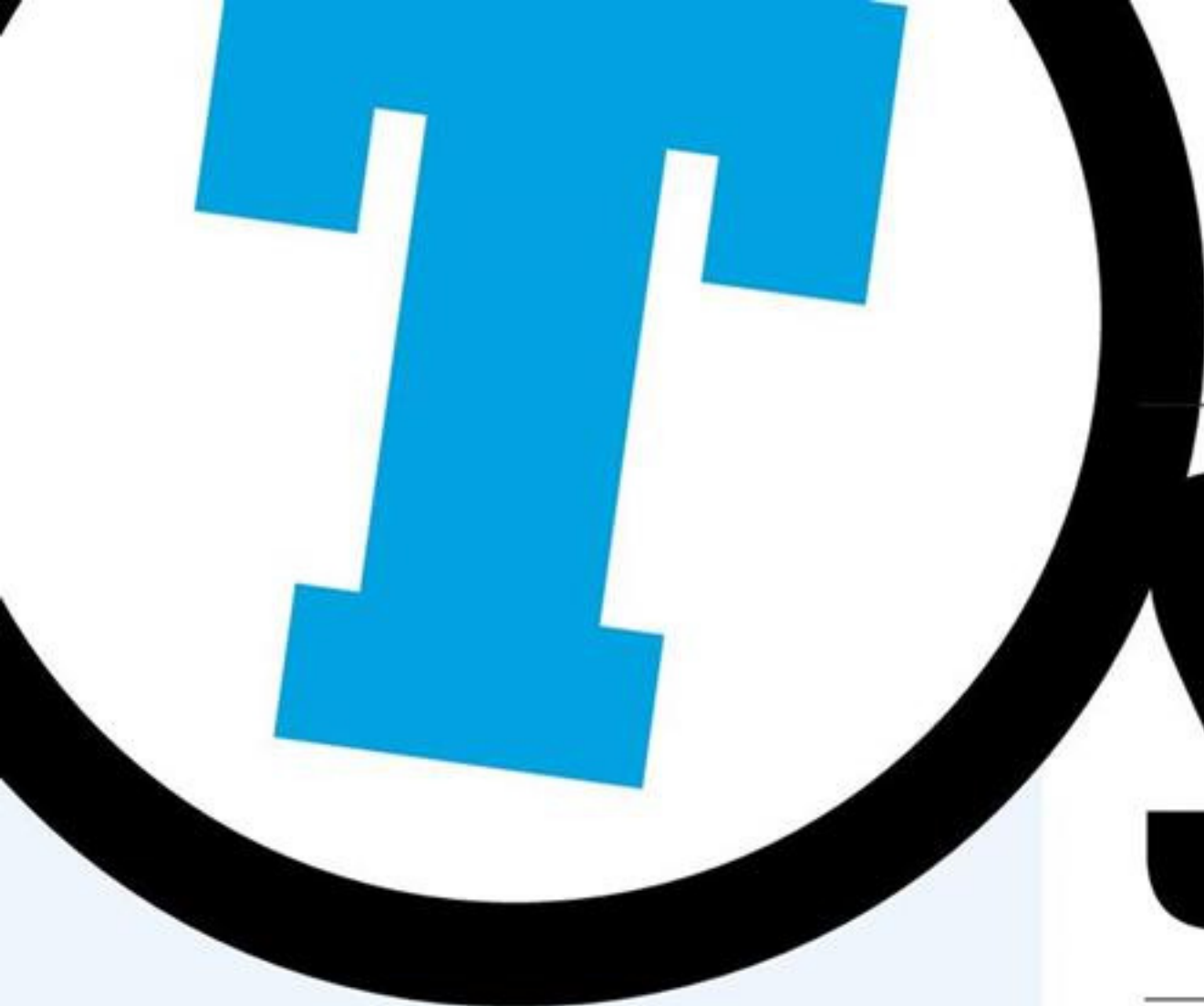


UNITED STATES AMERICA



FROM TRULY ARTISANAL DENIM TO CROWDFUNDED GROOMING START-UPS, THE AMERICAN HERITAGE STYLE REVOLUTION IS HERE TO STAY. HERE'S OUR COAST-TO-COAST REPORT ON THE STATE OF THE UNION

By Vincent Boucher



SLOW DENIM

REGIONAL
TAKES ON
JEANS, ONE
PAIR AT A
TIME

This time it's personal. There's a new indie spirit in men's fashion rising from coast to coast, with an ever-widening range of homegrown goods made with care and turned out on a smaller, limited scale. Brooklyn tailor Martin Greenfield teams up with J. Crew, revived Detroit-based brand Shinola is the shit once again, and Raleigh Denim crafts jeans the old-fashioned way in North Carolina. The hand of the creator is never far away, melding old and new, guiding sewing machines and 3-D printers alike in search of authenticity. Here's where (and how) to keep it real in the U.S. of A.



Brooklyn, New York

★ At **Loren** in the Greenpoint neighborhood of Brooklyn, you can watch your jeans being made on a sewing machine right in front of you, often by owner Loren Cronk himself. Get the legs slimmed down or lower

the back-pocket placement, then choose which weight of Japanese denim you prefer. Loren, the son of a carpenter, did his time in the New York fashion world and with the denim big boys; now his own joint is all about a return to craft. (\$325, lorencronk.com)

Raleigh, North Carolina

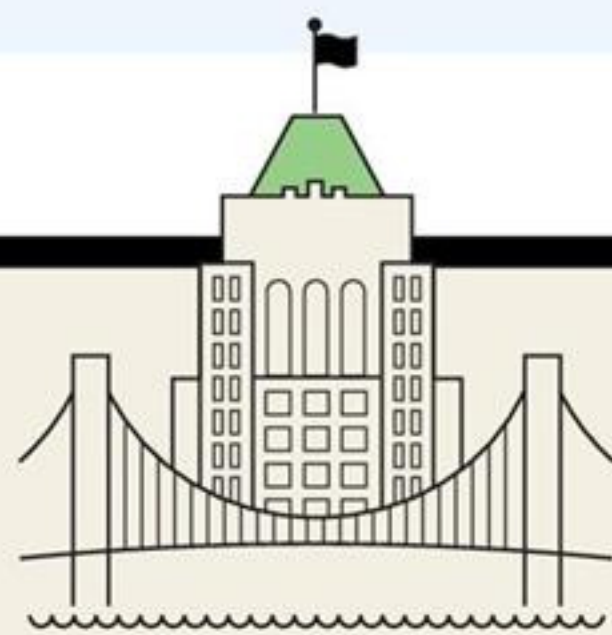
★ Victor and Sarah Lytvinenko started their North Carolina jeans business **Raleigh Denim** in their living room with three sewing machines; they taught themselves by making a pair a day. Now their team of "nonautomated jeansmiths" in a downtown workshop turns out limited quantities of each style, and every pair bears a hand-stamped

edition number on its rear leather patch. (\$285 to \$385, raleighworkshop.com)

Los Angeles, California

★ Made upstairs from the retail shop on Sunset

Boulevard in Hollywood, jeans by **Schaeffer's Garment Hotel** are inspired by 1950s biker style. Owner Robert Schaeffer works with denim from Japan that is indigo-dyed without synthetics. Each pair comes with two custom fittings: first at the time of purchase and then a second refit within a year for areas such as the seat that may have stretched out. (\$265, schaeffersgarmenthotel.com)



DETROIT

The Motor City is revving up, and the Shinola brand reboot there is leading the way. Shinola creative director **Daniel Caudill** gives us a guide to the city.



DETROIT DUDS

JOHN VARVATOS

"This hometown boy's flagship shop just opened with his signature rock-and-roll-infused collection and special Detroit T-shirts."

WILLYS DETROIT

"Shinola's sister store carries a great assortment of fashion, apothecary and home goods from across the United States."

GET A GROOM

FELLOW BARBER

"The New York-based company just opened a shop near our Midtown Detroit store, offering everything from haircuts to beard trims."

BITES SIZE-UP

SELDEN STANDARD and WRIGHT & COMPANY

"These two are my go-to places, both with a casual atmosphere and great food and drinks."

ALL ACCESS

• Nothing contributes as much to a man's style as accessories, those everyday talismans that tell the world a little something about you. So why not opt for authentic American goods that bear the imprint of their creators rather than imitations soullessly stamped out halfway around the world?

No. 1

Timely Movement

★ Detroit-based Shinola hand-assembles the Argonite quartz movement for its watches, including this Runwell Sport chrono. (\$875, shinola.com)

No. 2

Work Blue

★ Using the hide of free-range bison, a buffalo indigenous to North America, Parabellum crafts products that extoll the material's luxurious texture, as seen in this

four-card wallet that easily slips into either front or back pockets. (\$225, parabellumcollection.com)

No. 3

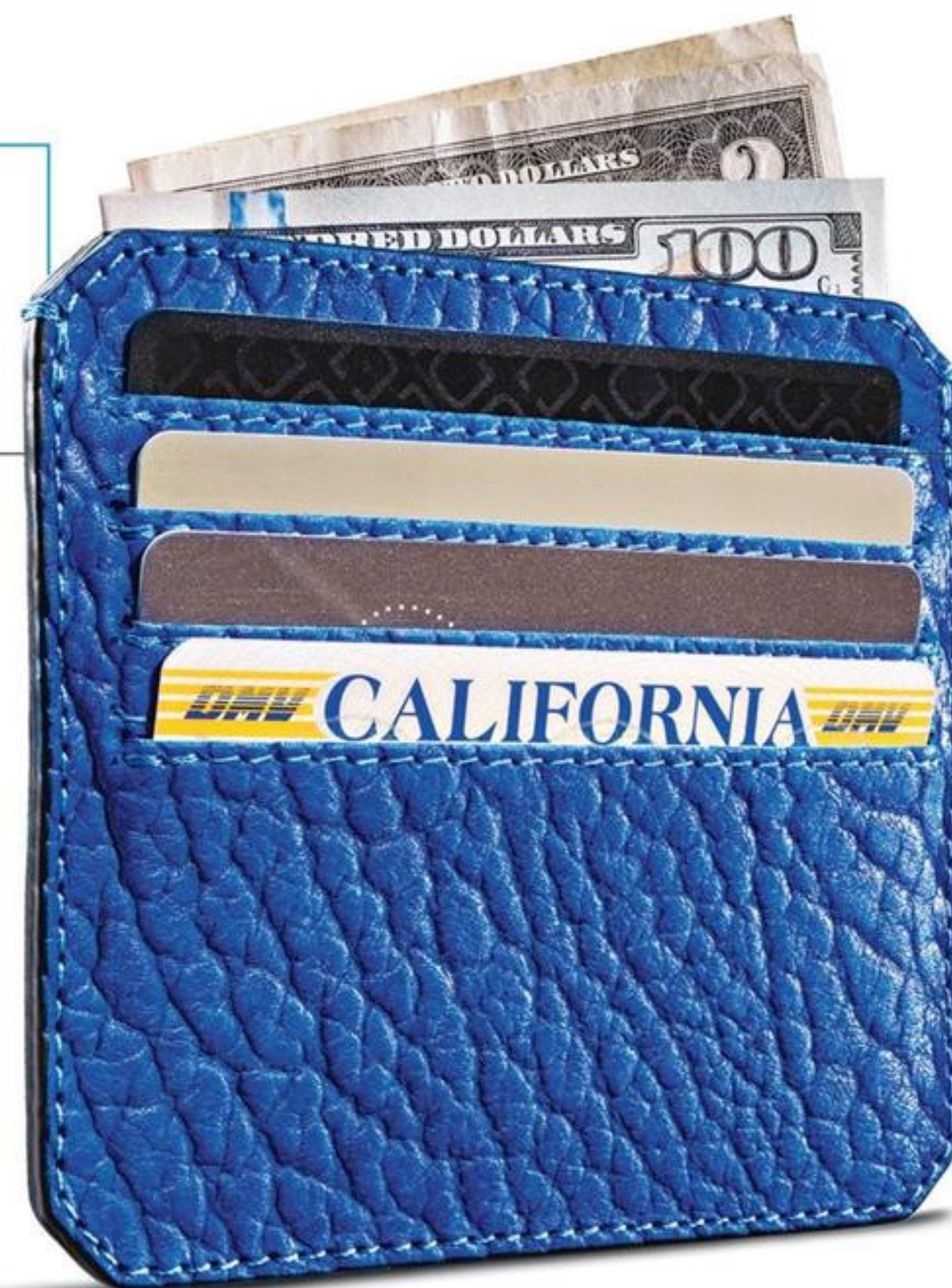
Brief Encounter

★ Brooklyn-based TM1985 turns out vintage-inspired carryalls such as this handcrafted CB briefcase, named for founder Tielor McBride's grandfather, in waxed canvas with rugged leather detailing and weathered brass hardware. (\$297, tm1985.com)

1



2



3



Los Angeles

Our L.A.-based style contributor **Vincent Boucher** shares a few of his favorite homegrown shops and hangouts.

SARTORIAL SKINNY

WITTMORE

"Great for hard-to-find brands including London's Universal Works (from a Paul Smith alum) and Cali's own Cwst for grown-up surfer styles."

GENERAL QUARTERS

"This shop's curated selection of raw denim and reworked classics strikes a chord with the city's chopper crowd."

SEIZE SURVINGT

"Slimmed-down suits, colorful shoes and witty accessories in a Dean Martin-suave, modernist West Hollywood setting."

GETTING TO THE ROOTS

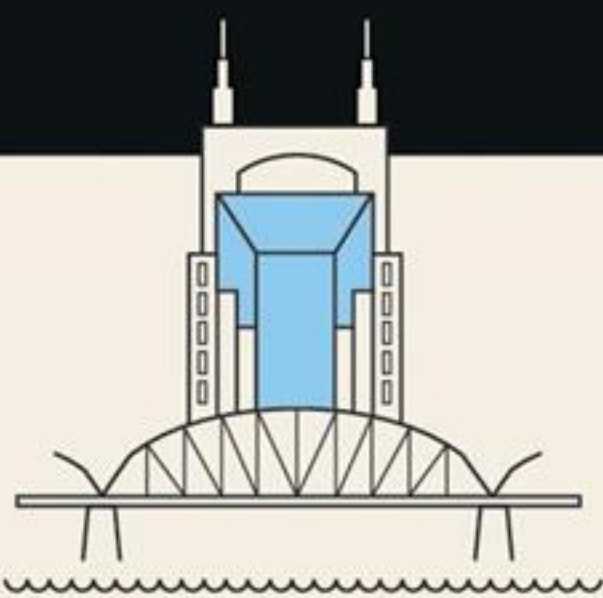
ANDY LECOMPTE

"Madonna's stylist has his own salon, with a guy-friendly, easy vibe and warehouse look. Derek Loudon is the insider pick for men's hair color."

CHASING COCKTAIL

LAUREL HARDWARE

"Formerly a hardware store, it's now the perfect spot to grab a drink and small plates at the bar or on the tree-shaded patio."



NASHVILLE

Hollywood stylist **Ilaria Urbinati** jets to Tennessee for *Lady Antebellum* (other clients include Bradley Cooper and Armie Hammer). Here are her picks for Music City.

TALKING SHOP

IMOGENE + WILLIE

"As authentic as Nashville gets, it's set up in an old gas station and is as cool as can be. All the locals and local musicians get their denim here."

PETER NAPPI

"Located in a giant, gorgeous former meatpacking warehouse, it's most notable for top-quality leather shoes and boots, all designed in Nashville and hand manufactured."

BILLY REID

"I've been to many Billy Reid stores, from Charleston to New York, and by far my favorite is this one—it's just gorgeously designed, and Billy himself is such a true Southerner."



CUT UP

PARLOUR & JUKE

"For a barbershop, this is hands down as hipster Americana as it gets and worth visiting just to see the stunning space."

TIPPLE TIME

THE PATTERSON HOUSE

"A beloved speakeasy bar with rules like 'no star-fucking' and 'no name-dropping.'"

PINEWOOD SOCIAL

"My all-time favorite: cool crowd, perfect drinks, in-the-know bartenders, insanely delicious food (two words: *pork rinds*), a six-lane bowling alley and a patio. After the Country Music Awards, everyone came here to get drunk, bowl and karaoke. Surreal."

COUNTER-COLLABS

FASHION'S DAVIDS
& GOLIATHS HUG
IT OUT IN THE
NAME OF STYLE

THE COLLAB	THE BIG GUY	THE SPECIALIST	THE GOODS	THE FINE PRINT
Golden Bear exclusively for Club Monaco	Club Monaco: Retailer of clean-lined contemporary sportswear	Golden Bear: Family-owned San Francisco heritage outerwear legend	Limited-run handcrafted jacket in buttery leather from Chicago's Horween Tannery	Racer-green leather jacket, \$1,495, clubmonaco.com
Martin Greenfield x J. Crew	J. Crew: Updated preppy American retailing behemoth	Martin Greenfield: Maestro Brooklyn tailor to presidents and personalities	J. Crew's trim Ludlow cut in wool flannel from England's Fox Brothers & Co.	Jacket, \$1,200, and trousers, \$400, available only in Hudson Street and Madison Avenue stores in Manhattan
Todd Snyder and Champion Processed Sportswear	Champion: Iconic active-sportswear brand	Todd Snyder: Iowa-born designer at the forefront of American menswear	Inspired by Champion's archive, a reworked take on cotton fleece with detailing such as banker pinstripes	Gray heather striped cotton pocket sweatshirt, \$120, toddsnnyder.com
Made in San Francisco Levi's 501 CT	Levi's: Archetypal American brand known the world over	Mr. Porter: Sophisticated London-based online menswear purveyor	Co-designed with Mr. Porter, each pair takes 72 hours to make in Levi's Eureka Innovation Lab	Jeans crafted from Cone Mills of North Carolina's White Oak selvage denim, \$295, mrporter.com



1



2



3

GROOM ROOM

- Each of these grooming products sprang from someone's singular idea, not a market-tested, focus-grouped "concept." Think hands-on scrutiny, old-fashioned craftsmanship and unbridled American gumption.

No. 1

Forge Ahead

★ Kickstarter-funded Rockwell 6S updates the safety razor with American-forged stainless steel. (\$75, rockwellrazors.com)

No. 2

Scents Memory

★ San Francisco perfumer Ineke's Field Notes From Paris has hints of tobacco flower and vintage leather. (\$95, ineke.com)

No. 3

Handmade Tale

★ Chicago's Hidden Folk uses ethically sourced olive, palm and coconut oils in its artisanal soaps. (\$20, hidden-folk.com)

PHOTOGRAPHY BY SASHA EISENMAN

VALLEY GIRLS



A FESTIVAL OF BARE-SKINNED BEAUTIES AWAITS YOU IN THE STUNNING, SUNBAKED COACHELLA VALLEY. WITH PLAYMATES DANI MATHERS, CHELSIE ARYN AND MAGGIE MAY, THE CALIFORNIA DESERT HAS NEVER BEEN HOTTER





California, 2015







XOXOXO





STYLING
Jennifer Herrema
MAKEUP
Erin Lee Smith at
Atelier Management
HAIR
Tony Vin





JASMINE DAZE OF THE CONDOR

Continued from page 63

threads lace her black hair. Then comes Zied, who smells of goats as he says, "We thought you were dead."

Answer: "Just locked up."

"Guantánamo?" asks cleric Ahmed.

"No. The CIA's secret insane asylum."

Maine forest, bare trees swaying like skeletons. A castle. Hypodermics.

"How'd you get out?" asks geek Travua.

"Broke the rules."

Six days ago. A suit from Langley sends the white coats out of your padded cell. Says, "You're our optimal chance."

Because of 1989. Berlin Wall falls. The Soviet-Afghan war you've been helping to fuel finally ends. You leave Paris. Leave Renee.

But she's still a street dreamer. Now helping invent Arab Spring. And NSA ears have discovered her local Council on Freedom has been infiltrated by a gunner from the band of terrorists who killed 58 people when they attacked a Catholic church in Baghdad four months ago, on Halloween 2010:

"...and so our soldier will steer those unenlightened rebels to jihad."

In your padded cell, you tell the CIA suit, "You're optimally screwed, because I'm fucking nuts."

"The docs can shoot you full of meds, functionalize you. This is a bad group aborning. Breaking off from Al Qaeda Iraq because they're too soft. Us on their hate list. We got no shoes in those protest streets. White House rules say hands off, so we've got to be cleverer. You're our only spy shot even if..."

"Even if what?"

"You'll only have six days to actualize the target and exfiltrate before your meds wear off. Then your...your crazy will escape, probably get you killed, definitely lost to us. Plus, even when you're medically stoned enough to hold it together, you're so wacko you'll only be able to tell the truth."

No one in your padded cell comments on such a concept.

"And this gig is my ticket out of here?"

"Sure," lies the suit.

What the hell. No ride lasts forever.

Now in the backseat of the Toyota, mortician Skander gestures toward streets sparkling with shattered glass. "Breaking rules is what this is all about."

"No!" Driver Nour fingers hair off her face. "This is about making rules!"

Goat-stench Zied says, "After centuries of dictators, we don't know how to do that."

"All is written," intones Ahmed. "The tyrants crushing us have got to go."

Old enough to be these rebels' mother, Renee says, "Our Council must help make this revolution work for love, not hate."

Travua mumbles, "I just want a job."

Too many names. Too many faces. Can't keep them straight.

Remember who you are.

Travua shakes his head at you being crammed into the car he chose. "Gotta admit this is cool. I mean, you're a leg-end. You're Condor."

A code name. A face in your mirror. Some him in a movie called your life.

"Ha!" snaps Renee.

Four days ago, she opened the door to her mouse-hole office and saw him standing there. Pounded his chest like she was stabbing his heart. "You should be dead!"

"Yes."

Tears oceaned her blue eyes. "Why did you do that to me? I believed in you!"

"Me too." Condor shrugged.

"I help you rescue mountains from communists, you give them to monsters who turn girls into slaves. The Russians slink away and so do you, you leave, leave me!"

"I wasn't all there and you were all too much."

She slapped him. "Twenty years I've wanted to do that!"

"Then do it again."

Renee blinked. Slapped him, slapped him, hammered his ribs—crumpled. Condor held her on her feet. Buried his face in her silver-laced long black hair that smelled of jasmine, the official flower of this rebellion. Her flowers-and-flesh musk filled his skull. Her eyes fluttered, those full lips parted, and he won that kiss.

Outside, 100,000 men and women pack the city square. Helicopters *whump-whump* above the crowd. Army soldiers stare down black uniformed secret-police thugs. Banners flap. Signs, some in English: DON'T BOMB US. DEMOCRACY LIKE USA. FACEBOOK. LAPTOPS, YOUTUBE, GLOBAL ROCK AND ROLL. Chants echo: "*Lib-er-té! Lib-er-té!*"

Renee pulls off his jacket. His shirt. Pushes his pants down. Then hers. Their trembling hands unbutton her blouse, she shrugs it off, turns to offer him her bra clasp—undone. His hands slide over her woman-warm smooth back. Follow the forward curve of her ribs. Fill with thick flesh, feel her swellings. *Oui!* Tears slick her cheeks, slick on her thighs. She folds across the political-posters-cluttered desk, raises her round hips to him and yes he can he does yes then no, turning her so her spine presses on slogan signs as he says, "I want you to see me." Her legs scissor him yes and *oui* and yes.

Draped over her, panting, heart slowing, Condor heard Renee say, "Lie here with me for a moment before you tell me what you really want."

She said no.

"But you know who the infiltrator is," said Condor.

"We're all infiltrators. All voices must be heard to make this movement work."

"My target hates every voice except his own. He——"

Renee snapped, "Why must a man be who you fear?"

"Not my rules," said Condor. "The bad guys are too afraid of women to let them do any more than work, weep and die. Their name keeps changing but not who they are. Now they call themselves ISIS. And they'll steal your movement."

"If no one can trust me, then you have stolen me from the movement." She shook her head. "Doesn't matter what we say. What we do is our real politics. If I serve you and not the movement..."

"You don't want them stealing this show either. I understand being cautious about helping us. No one will know."

"Except me. You. Your masters. The wind, the stars. If I betray what I believe——"

"To keep it from being betrayed..."

"If everything is treachery, we've already lost. I will at least keep my soul clean."

But she let him stay. Slept naked beside him. Stuck to his legend: introduced him to the rebels who came round her office as the whistle-blower from way back when, the notorious man in the newspapers who opposed the CIA in the name of truth—and so, he saw in the eyes of those he met, was someone they could use.

Now your eyes ride trapped in the rearview mirror of a banana-stinking Toyota rumbling through the sixth night since national security sprang you from its nuthouse.

This morning, this convulsing country's top general resigned rather than order troops to shoot the protesters. Cell phones and laptops played his speech as you stood in the city square surrounded by thousands of jubilant rebels. The North African air shook as if it were a fruit bowl held by a Godzilla-size monkey laughing at you. You feel yourself slipping.

Uh-oh.

Still, you convinced Renee and all five of her group to ride with you to the drop site. No one hangs back, becomes innocent.

You can do this. Maintain or at least fake it. Finish the mission. Get out alive.

Thirty-seven minutes until Go or Gone Forever.

"Are you sure crates of first-aid kits will be in that building?" Nour steers the Toyota around the blackened metal skeleton of a burned-out car.

"All the right bribes were paid." Don't say by who.

"How will we know who to bribe after the revolution?" asks geek Travua.



"I'm not at all sure this is just a fossil!"

Zied leans forward. "The revolution means no more bribes."

"Things will be what they claim to be," says Skander.

Ahmed nods. "The law will be the law."

Renee's words agree with them, target you: "No buying and selling of right and wrong."

"We will choose what's right and what's wrong!" yells the college coed.

Answer her with words for Renee: "Free to choose doesn't make choices free."

Headlights blast the Toyota's windshield.

A pickup truck converted into an ambulance races past, another mission in the revolution's night.

Your mission.

Priority Option means "actualize" the target from unknown to secretly photographed, videoed and recorded by your next-generation CIA cell phone. Call his phone so NSA web spinners can reveal his links, follow his phone, turn it on for their ears. Reconfigure him as an unaware vessel for your not-so-crazy colleagues to use to penetrate an emerging empire of terror.

Fallback Option puts the target's name on the Authorized Kill List the moment after he's, say, fallen from some roof.

Failure is everything else, even if Condor gets out alive and back to the nuthouse.

Exfilt launches in 31 minutes. You still don't know which rebel is your target. Worse, day six is bleeding what's real from what you see.

"Can't be Nour," slips from your lips.

"No," says mortician Skander as the car swerves, "she's really doing quite good."

Skander tells the woman working the steering wheel, "We're proud of you."

Nour brakes. Turns to ask you, "This is where, *oui*?"

A nine-story white-stone-and-black-glass monolith pierces the night sky.

Your eyes are wide open. See yourself answer, "Okay."

Exfilt in 21 minutes.

Everyone climbs out of the Toyota.

"Look!" Zied points down the urban canyon to the city square built by French colonists who ruled here in the black-and-white-TV days before the last revolution. A pulsating rainbow fills the end of that canyon from cell phones and laptops and lanterns, from security spotlights brought by the secret police on trucks bought before the current regime's love affair with torture turned off foreign-aid faucets.

Renee's swollen lips whisper, "That glow never goes out."

You hear yourself say, "Hope not."

"*Insha'Allah*," whispers Ahmed.

Renee's blue eyes press on you.

"Condor," says Zied. "We love what America says it is, but why does your country do such stupid things?"

"I don't know." Is he the fanatic who wants to blow up the Statue of Liberty, or is he just like the 50-year-old white guy in an Iowa City Starbucks who votes red-white-and-blue conservative and says the same thing? Shrug. "We're just people."

Zied who smells of goats wrinkles his nose. "Politics."

"Politics is the how, not the why."

"We must be better than that," says geek Travua.

"*Insha'Allah*," intones Ahmed.

Is one of you two the CIA target?

Nineteen minutes until Exfilt.

Zied points. "What's in your jeans pocket?"

Next thing you know, in your hand is a gray metal spring-blade knife, and your palm offers it to Zied.

Who takes it, shoves the gray sword into a crack above the building's door lock, wiggles the thin blade—

Snap!

Geek Travua stares at Condor. "Do you have any more lethal devices?"

"No. And now that doesn't seem like such a great idea."

Nour frowns at the silver-haired American. "What's wrong with you?"

"We don't have enough time for that answer."

Ahmed says, "How are we going to get in to get the first-aid kits?"

"I've got a key."

"Why didn't you say so?" Skander grabs the key.

Nour shakes her head. "Why did you have a knife?"

Open your mouth and quote the woman you wish you could love forever: "What we do is our real politics."

Renee's blink vibrates the air.

You've got 17 minutes.

Skander yells, "We're in!"

Flow with your crew into the hollow echo that haunts modern structures.

"Waves of hallucinogenic perception by the patient mark psychotic breaks with diminished competencies in reality," said a shrink's memo in your file you hacked one night from the rec room back at the CIA's secret insane asylum.

Hell, if all you've got is reality, you're already fucked.

Nour says, "Now what?"

Skander tells that coed, "You'll know when it's time."

Shadows and substance in the building lobby swirl together. Renee stares at Skander. "What did you mean back there in the car?"

Far bigger than you, Skander whose cheeks sport regularly shaved stubble says, "What are you talking about?"

"When you said you were proud of Nour's driving," says Renee.

Skander shrugs. "She did a good job for a woman."

Renee's smile is a curved saber. "What jobs are for a woman?"

"Don't be silly," says Skander. "We have more important things to decide now."

"No!" yells Renee. "Now is about deciding exactly that!"

Skander grimaces. "Everyone has a place in our glory."

Born during the Paris barricades of 1968, clubbed by the goons of power in dozens of cities, alive every day Renee raises her shoulders to the wind, the stars, shouts, "And you claim the right to decide everyone's place? Leave me the hell out of your glory!"

Then she spits at Skander.

And as her disgust hits its target, you realize that for Renee, helping Condor is the lesser betrayal.

Skander lunges at her.

Grab him, whisper, "Forget it. We need her. Come, back me up."

"What?"



"Actually I never won a wet T-shirt contest. But I came first a few times in a wet panties contest."

"The last bribe has to be paid after we confirm we got the goods. My guy is in the building and on the clock. If we don't pay him, there's no pipeline."

"You want me to meet your source? Back you up because he's not trustworthy? Could betray you—I mean betray us?" Wheels turn in Skander's brown eyes. "Of course I'll help you."

Of course you will.

Whirl so you're looking at the others as you say, "You all go check to be sure our delivery is in the basement. Everyone give me your cell phone numbers."

Eyes on the five innocent rebels and Renee—oh, Renee!—you miss the blur that is Skander until he's grabbed your right hand, stopped it from reaching inside your black leather jacket to the pocket over your heart that holds the CIA's cell phone.

"I have all their numbers," snaps Skander. "Let's go."

No way to defy him and not make it a big deal, maybe blow your cover.

Lead him toward the bank of elevators, push the button, fixate on the glowing skyward arrow until the elevator's arrival breaks you free.

Exfilit in 11 minutes.

Mirror steel elevator doors slide open and release a blast of light.

Like a northern desert wind carries you into the elevator cage. Spins you around dizzy. The flat gray metal wall braces your back as your stomach pulls reality's breath into your lungs. Skander's hands steady you. You both pretend you don't feel him pick-pocket your CIA cell phone.

He stares. "Are you okay?"

"I am how I am."

Skander's eyes drill your bones. "You need to push the right button."

"Don't we all."

A steel plate on the wall displays all the levels this cage can take you to. You're free to choose whatever button you're shown. But they're labeled in languages you never mastered. Run your finger to the top of the list, can't remember what the word is in the French written there or those swooping Arabic symbols. Fuck it. Push that button.

"We're going to the roof?" says Skander.

"Guess so."

Inertia from the rocketing-up cage sinks you into your shoes.

Out of your mouth comes, "You could kill me up there."

"What a crazy thing to say."

"Really."

There's a familiar bulge in Skander's shirt pocket. The CIA phone. A grab away. Or manipulate him into giving it to you. Trick him into letting you photograph, video, call him, compromise him.

Or use the roof.

Seven minutes to Exfilit.

Fight the feeling that the elevator's gray steel walls are really water.

"I wonder," says Skander as the metal cage carrying you two hums upward, "is this how it feels to ascend to what you infidels call heaven? Of course," he adds, "this could also be how it feels to fall into damnation."

"Either way, life's about flying."

"No. The end justifies the trip, not the other way around."

"Ah," you say. "Justice."

The elevator doors slide open to the night.

"After you," says the man whose eyes are measuring your murder.

Step out onto the tarred roof.

As behind you, where he cannot see as much of this realm in the sky and so logically, strategically should wait to strike, Skander says, "I wonder who's here for us."

"Maybe it just looks like we're alone" is the worthless truth you say.

What it looks like is a long way down.

Nine stories up from the sidewalk and this flat roof stretches out under a black umbrella of sky shotgunned with stars. The moon grows brighter with every slamming beat of your heart. The hard surface beneath your shoes is a rectangular domain where strategically placed industrial air-conditioning units loom like hulking chess pieces. Out beyond the edge of where you can stand and not fall through the night, most of the buildings and neighborhoods show no lights as citizens hope that hiding in darkness will keep them safe. At this distance it's impossible to tell if those huddled masses are staring at screens streaming data, images, sounds. Up here, you hear the faint *whump-whump* of TV and police helicopters hovering over the protesters occupying the distant glowing city square. Somewhere a siren whines away into gone. Overhead, perhaps that's the flapping of a bat. You breathe deep, the air is cool, and you smell old tar, your sweat and fear.

The dark breeze is soft.

Not enough to blow a steady man off his feet and over the edge.

Don't let Skander see you wobble with whispers from the ghosts of who you loved, who you fooled, who you killed, hold on as you walk to the center of the roof.

A bear of a man walks up behind you.

"I don't see anyone who wanted us to come up here," Skander says.

"My whole life I've been told where to go by people I can't see."

"And they call you Condor."

Turn. Face him.

Blinking red aviation warning lights on the edges of the roof mark how far you can run. Their scarlet hue helps the moon let you see and be seen.

Skander says, "Do people believe you are who you say you are?"

"Do you?"

He shakes his head of black hair shorn too short for an easy grab.

Says yes. Then no.

"You are Condor, but you are not the enemy of the CIA or America."

Behind him stand ghosts. They're laughing.

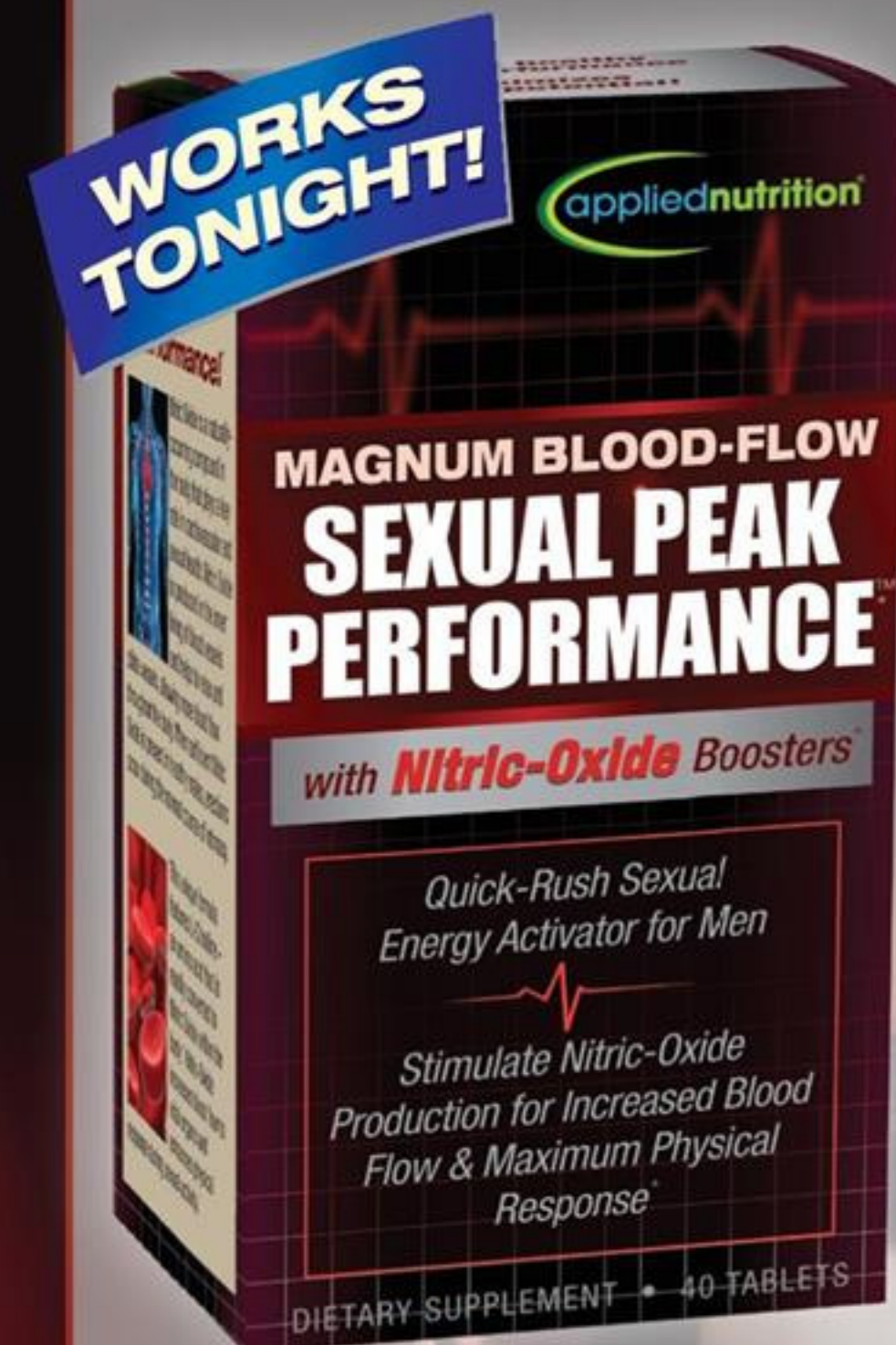
This man you were supposed to unmask says, "In fact, you are the CIA."

"Everybody's gotta be somebody."

He slides left, puts you between him and the closest edge of the roof.

"Why don't we call the others and let them decide who's who?" you ask.

MAXIMIZE YOUR POTENTIAL



Available for purchase with coupon in
fine stores everywhere or online at:

www.appliednutrition.com

Enter Coupon Code: **011835**



**MAGNUM BLOOD-FLOW
SEXUAL PEAK PERFORMANCE
FOR MEN**

SAVE \$3

EXPIRES 07/31/15 MANUFACTURERS COUPON

Consumer: Redeemable at retail locations only. Not valid for online or mail-order purchases. Retailer: Irwin Naturals will reimburse you for the face value plus 8 (cents) handling provided it is redeemed by a consumer at the time of purchase on the brand specified. Coupons not properly redeemed will be void and held. Reproduction by any party by any means is expressly prohibited. Any other use constitutes fraud. Irwin Naturals reserves the right to deny reimbursement (due to misredemption activity) and/or request proof of purchase for coupon(s) submitted. Mail to: CMS Dept. 10363, Irwin Naturals, 1 Fawcett Drive, Del Rio, TX 78840. Cash value: .001 (cents). Void where taxed or restricted. ONE COUPON PER PURCHASE. Not valid for mail order/websites. Retail only.



These statements have not been evaluated by the Food & Drug Administration.
This product is not intended to diagnose, treat, cure or prevent any disease.



"Democracy is a terrible system."
 "Works better than what you've got in mind."
 "Not if you are among the faithful," he says.
 "Faithful to you. Everybody else is fucked."
 Shrug, stay loose, ready.
 "Let's call the others, see what they think."
 "Call?" Skander boxer-shuffles you toward the edge of the roof. "On this?"
 Your cell phone jiggles in his hand.
 "This is fancy." He taunts you with it like a playground bully. "Brand-new. Newer than new, yes? Probably tells the CIA right where it is—where you are."
 Maybe he has trained in Afghanistan's mountains, in secret camps in Iraq. Hell, maybe he paid for Krav Maga lessons in Berlin or Beirut. You sense skill in his stance. He's bigger, younger, stronger, able to do more these past few years than solo tai chi and push-ups in a padded cell.
 The phone, that lifeline and mission actualizer, that phone they gave you wiggles, gripped in his left hand as he says, "You will get the phone tossed to you, but not yet. Not up here."
 He backs you closer to the edge of the roof.
 "There is only one freedom for the likes of you," says the man who would be a caliph

of the kind despised by cleric Ahmed. "You may have the freedom to scream."

You whirl and curl, yell, "Siri—flash bang!"

The phone in the killer's hand, with its souped-up battery not yet seen outside Silicon Valley or secret corridors inside the Beltway, that phone upgraded with software that will go on sale in TV commercials to your fellow Americans in a few months, that phone hears your command.

White light flash blinds your killer.

The bang bloodies his hand, not fatal (next year's upgrade), but he's blinking—

Snap-kick your right foot high and hard into his groin. He jackknifes, exposes his temples to your double palm-heel strikes, drops like a stone.

Ninety seconds to Exfil.

He's out, drag him to the edge of the roof and the only other sanctioned option.

Or...

Sanctions are for the sane.

Be sure he stays out: Kick him in the head.

Run down the ranks of the HVAC machinery until you find the unit painted 9.

Slam your shoulder into that steel wall—bam!—it clatters away. Grab what's cached inside and get back to where the bad guy lies moaning.

Pull off his pants.

He's one of those guys who go commando. Takes you 20 seconds to gear up.

Whump-whump-whump from a helicopter chopping closer in the night.

He's too heavy for you to pick up.

Lie on top of half-naked him, wrap your arms around him, roll over so he's on top—so you can tie his pants around the two of you. Adieu, Renee.

Whump-whump.

A spotlight shines from heaven, reveals your waving hand and the gear it holds.

A coiled rope drops like a black mamba from the helicopter.

Lands on Skander's back, shocks him awake to see and feel you clicking the harness you're wearing to the cable, and he gets it, struggles, yells, "You're crazy!"

"Yeah."

Whump-whump revs up.

"I'm not the only one after you!" he yells.

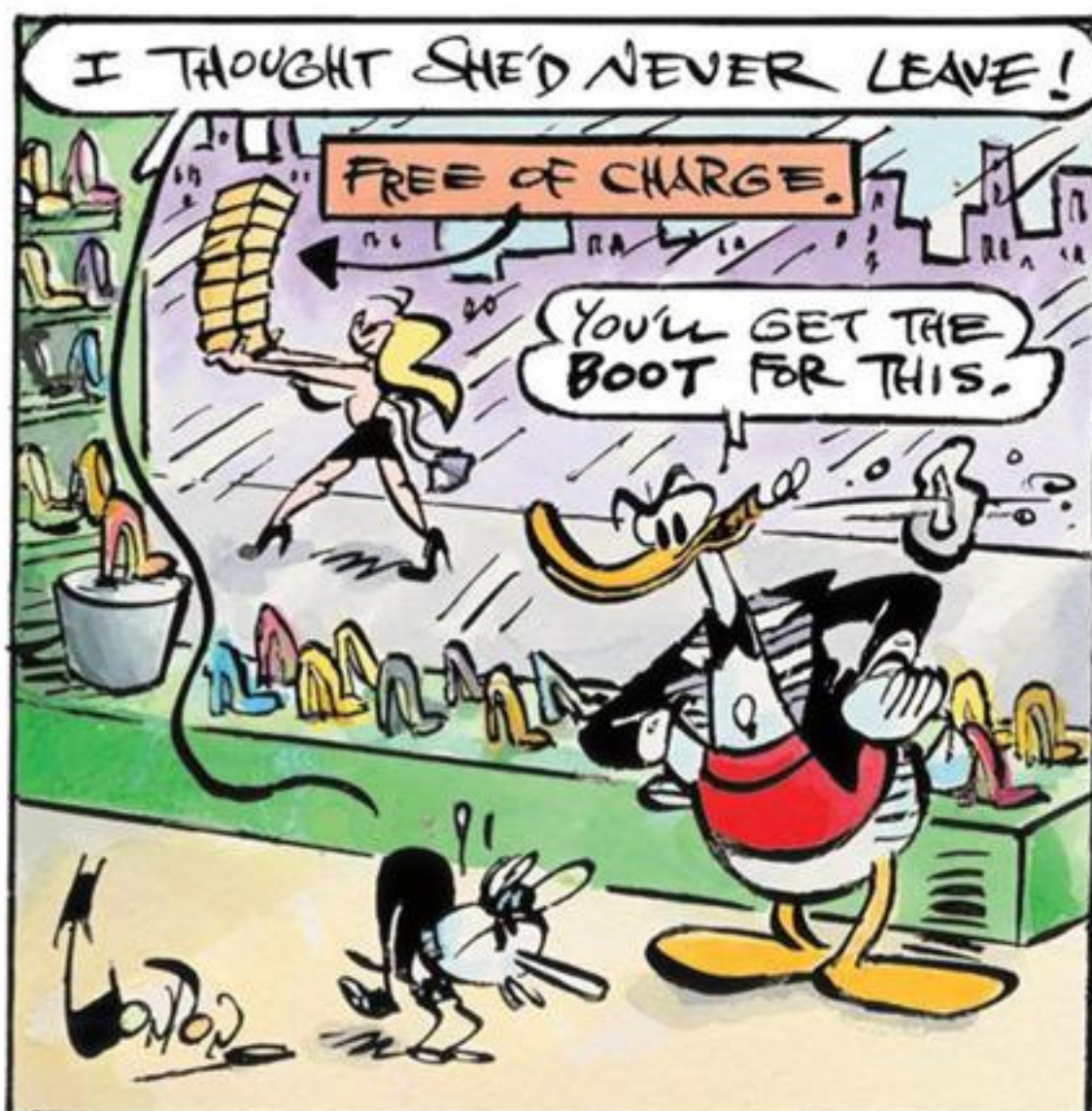
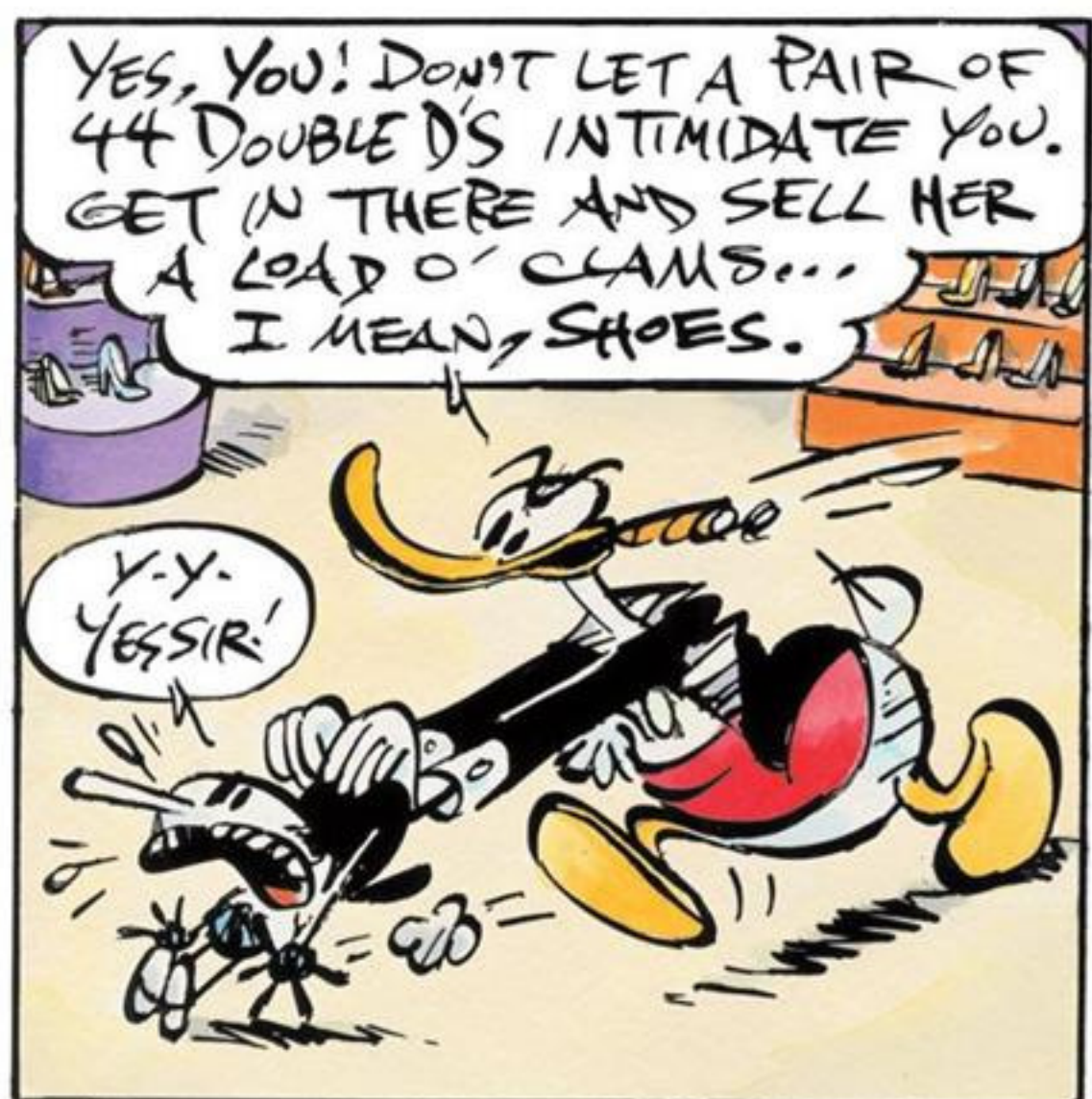
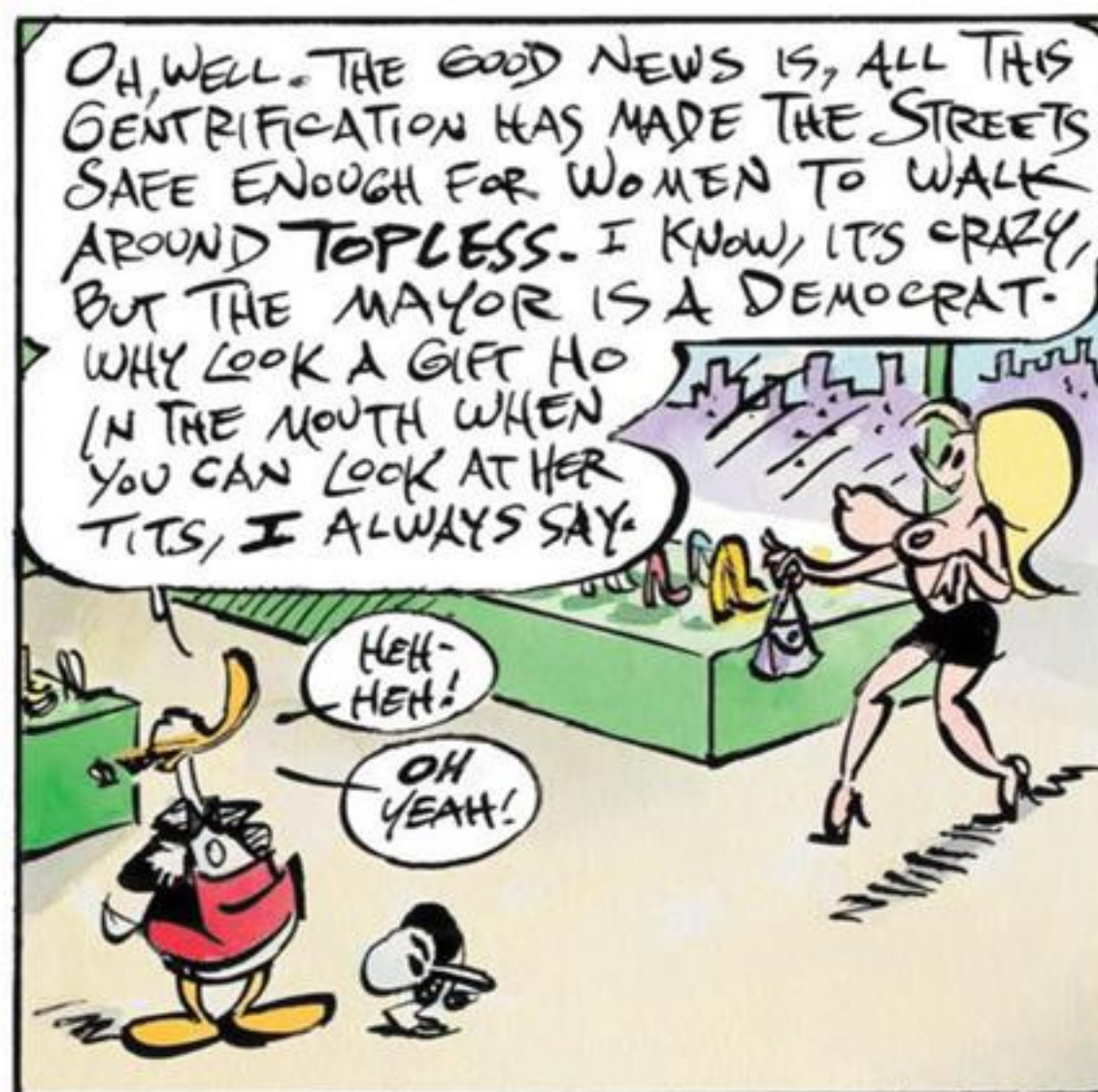
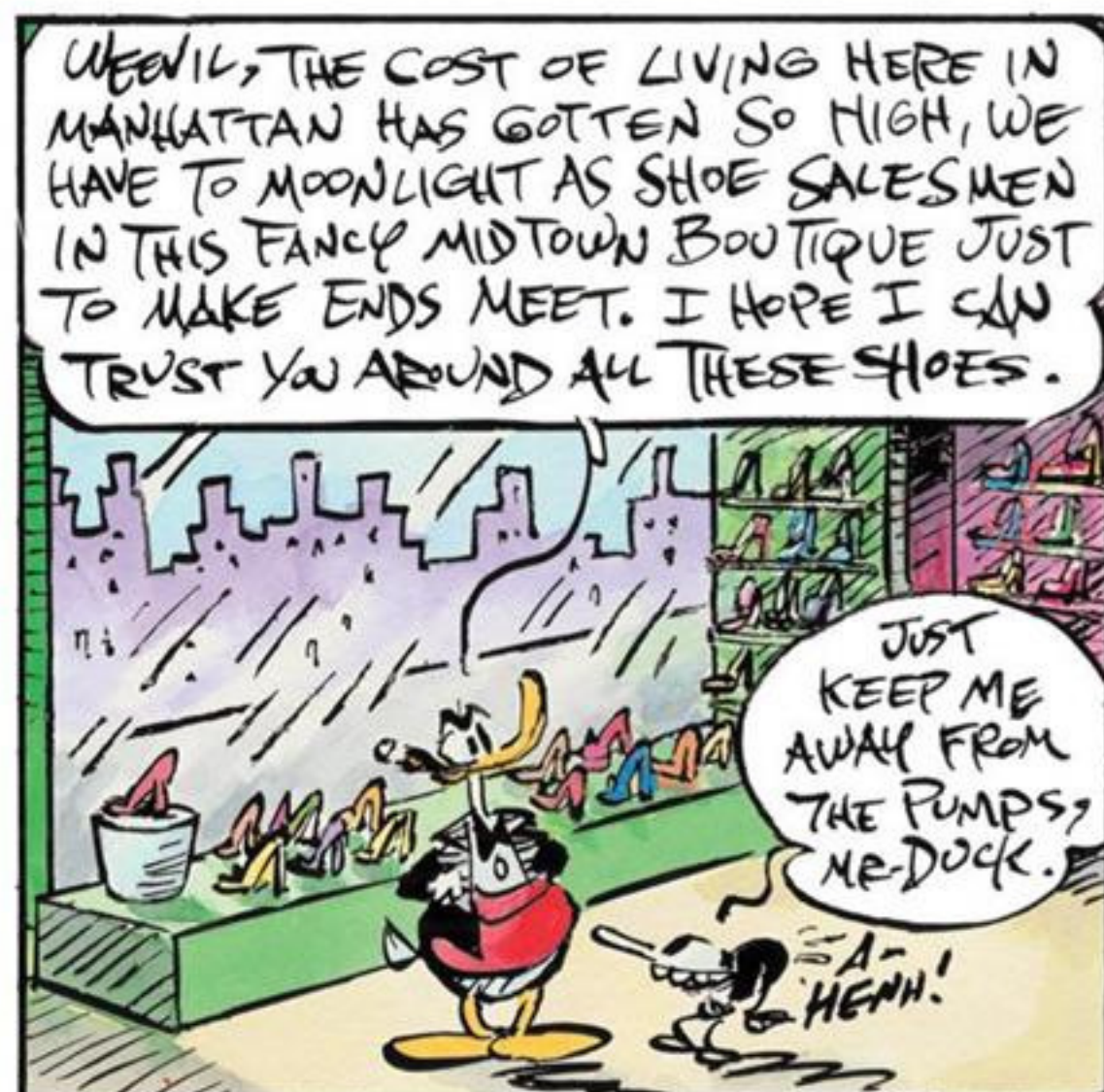
"You're who I caught. And if your pants come loose, if you let go, you'll get your reward of virgins. Or not. But no matter what, here's the free you tossed me."

The cable snaps tight—the big jerk, whoosh.

Across that night sky comes a helicopter cabled to screams.



Dirty Duck[®] by Bobby London





THE MAKING OF THE MAFIA'S ULTIMATE HOME MOVIE

Continued from page 60

read an excerpt of *Wise Guy* when I was filming 'Round Midnight in Paris," says Winkler. "I liked it and thought Hill's story was unexpected and fascinating because he was an outsider who became very much a part of the Mob's fabric. I called Nick's agent and learned that Marty was interested. Years had passed since Marty and I'd worked together on *Raging Bull*, but Nick's book was a perfect match, because Marty had grown up in that world." Winkler grabbed the rights with a \$150,000 option, plus a \$550,000 purchase price.

"Once Marty and I got working, we'd break things down, with me at the typewriter and him acting things out," says Pileggi. "We'd listened to these characters all our lives, so the dialogue came naturally. And the voice of it all came off Hill's own dialogue." Both Scorsese and Pileggi note that music influenced how they wrote certain scenes. "We were writing a scene with a long shot closing in on James Conway. He stands at a bar smoking, trying to figure out whether he wants to kill Morrie, who runs the wig shop. All of a sudden Marty tells me to type 'Cream.' I had no idea what he meant, but in the very first draft, he was envisioning not only how he was going to shoot the scene but that he wanted Cream's 'Sunshine of Your Love' in it. Marty has one of those cuckoo minds and doesn't see movies linearly. He sees and hears it all at the same time."

"That music has always been with me," says Scorsese. "I grew up with it. It's part of my life, and it goes through my head almost every day. When we were writing the script, the music dictated the action. With the stories Henry told about his life, Nick was able to put a picture together the way a jazz musician improvises. And I knew I wanted to make the movie with a structure that was free-form, that seemed to break all the rules of narrative cinema."

After more than a dozen script drafts, the property emerged as one of 1986's hottest. Warner Bros. stepped to the plate to finance the film, but production delays sidelined it. Scorsese instead grabbed Universal's offer to bankroll his long-deferred dream project based on Nikos Kazantzakis's controversial novel *The Last Temptation of Christ*. (The director had optioned the book in the late 1970s, but Paramount pulled the plug on the \$20 million film adaptation.) Upon completing the biblical

epic for Universal on a shoestring budget, Scorsese returned to *Wise Guy*.

Naturally, Hollywood's young, lean and hungry found the Henry Hill role irresistible. Tom Cruise, Sean Penn, Aidan Quinn and Alec Baldwin were floated as possibilities. Scorsese supposedly sought *Manhunter* star William Petersen, but the actor is rumored to have declined the audition. Enter Ray Liotta, who'd made waves as Melanie Griffith's volatile ex in Jonathan Demme's 1986 cult hit *Something Wild*. "I think I was the first guy they saw to play Henry," says Liotta. "That first time, Marty and I just sat and talked. I didn't hear anything. The next time I saw him was in September 1988 at the Venice Film Festival, where I was with my father for a showing of a movie I did called *Dominick and Eugene*. We were standing at a railing in the Excelsior Hotel, looking down into the lobby, when this big group of people came in. It was Marty, surrounded by bodyguards. He was at Venice for *The Last Temptation of Christ*. There was so much controversy and turmoil around that film, it was incredible."

In protest of *The Last Temptation of Christ*, religious groups threatened boycotts and riots. In October 1988 Christian fundamentalists bombed the Saint Michel Theater in Paris during a screening. "With all that stuff going on, I didn't even know if Marty was still casting *Goodfellas*," says Liotta. "But I wanted to get my face in front of him again. I went down to the lobby, saw a little opening in the crowd and reached out to him. The bodyguard pushed me away, but I kept saying, 'I just want to say hi to him.' From what I understand, when Marty saw how shyly I reacted to the bodyguard—instead of saying 'Get your fucking hands off me,' which is not at all who I am—he knew I would be right to play Henry Hill. Henry wasn't aggressive. He *watched*, hung back and let everyone else do their own thing."

"I thought Ray was terrific in *Something Wild*, and I had a feeling he would understand the world I was trying to depict," says Scorsese today. "Henry Hill is our guide into the underworld, into hell. Ray had a sense of guilelessness and innocence and yet a real toughness that the character needed. I always wanted him to play Henry." Winkler wasn't as convinced. "I kept telling Marty he should keep looking for someone other than Ray," he says. "A few bigger names were mentioned. Val Kilmer actually sent a video of himself playing Henry Hill."

Months later, while dining in Venice, California, Liotta spotted Winkler sitting with his wife across the room. He walked over to their table and introduced himself. "I know you don't want me for *Goodfellas*, but I really, really want to do it," he said. "We went outside and talked, and I liked him in person," says Winkler. "He sold himself well. I called Marty and said, 'I think you're right. Let's do it.'"

According to Liotta, the whole casting process took about a year. "I did so much homework before we started," he says. "Marty advised me not to talk to Henry, so I spent hours listening to audiotapes of him telling incredible stories; all the while he's eating

potato chips and making obnoxious chewing sounds—annoying, but that was Henry."

For the role of Karen Hill, Henry's explosive, pampered wife, Scorsese reportedly mulled over contenders including Melanie Griffith, Ellen Barkin and even Madonna. In the end he rolled the dice with Lorraine Bracco, a former fashion model who'd made a mark in Ridley Scott's 1987 thriller *Someone to Watch Over Me*. Bracco was also in a relationship at the time with Harvey Keitel, a standout in Scorsese's *Mean Streets* and *Taxi Driver*. "She has that personality. She had complete immersion in the Italian American world, with its openness, sense of humor and great sense of truth," Scorsese says.

Liotta met Bracco for the first time at Scorsese's apartment. "She struck me as a force of nature who knows who she is and isn't afraid to tell you in her loud, overly New York accent," Liotta says. Bracco is on record saying she found Liotta "really good-looking and very sexy" when they met, adding, "We all had a drink, talked about the script and the book and *blah, blah, blah*."

The *blah, blah, blah* continued when Scorsese relocated the celebration to Rao's, an exclusive 100-plus-year-old Spanish Harlem restaurant where the deep-pocketed clientele often included high rollers from both show business and organized crime. "It was Lorraine, Marty, Nick Pileggi, the casting director Ellen Lewis and me," says Liotta. "You hear Rao's is a place where certain types go to eat. We were having dessert and coffee when these half-assed wiseguys started coming up to the table. Suddenly there's a big circle around us, telling stories: 'I knew a guy who beat somebody up.' 'I knew a guy who stole this or that' and so on." Recalls Pileggi, "We put out the word to Mob guys around town, saying, 'If you want to be in the movie, come see us.' Marty must have hired half a dozen or so of these guys, some of them right out of the joint."

Even Liotta was assigned a mentor. "They gave me this fucking intense, huge guy as a technical advisor. He was a cop before he and his partner started doing hits for the Mob. He would open his car trunk and show me pictures of these Mob hits—decapitations, guys with eyes missing. One time he took me to lunch somewhere in the Bronx. I reached for my wallet, but it wasn't there. 'Don't worry about it,' he says, and he pays. We're walking back to the car, and all of sudden, in the middle of New York, there's my wallet. To this day, I swear he picked my pocket."

To play the hot-wired Tommy DeVito, based on real-life Lucchese family associate Tommy DeSimone, Scorsese hired Joe Pesci, who'd earned a best supporting actor Oscar nomination for *Raging Bull*. Frank Vincent was cast as Billy Batts, though he originally pursued another role. "I told Marty I wanted to play Paul Cicero. When Marty said I'd be better off playing Billy Batts, I said, 'Fine, Marty, whatever you want.' He's a god; he knows," says Vincent.

The role of Paul Cicero eventually went to Paul Sorvino. "I wanted to work with Marty so much, I went in dressed like a gangster," says Sorvino. "Usually when I read a script,

I know how to play it 10 pages in. I didn't know how to do this one, so I went in, faked it and got the job. The last few days before production, I called my manager and said, 'Get me out of this. I've bamboozled the world's greatest director and I'm going to make a fool of him and myself.' The role called for a lethality I'd never expressed before. One night, I looked in a mirror to straighten my tie and was so frightened by the look I saw on my face, I jumped. What is that? I thought. Oh, that's the *character*. It was like a form of inhabitation."

Scorsese rounded out the cast with up-and-comers Illeana Douglas, Debi Mazar, Samuel L. Jackson and Michael Imperioli alongside character types Vincent Pastore, Tony Sirico, Chuck Low, Tony Lip, Frank Adonis and others, many of whom later turned up on *The Sopranos*. To play the young Henry Hill, Scorsese tapped 12-year-old Christopher Serrone, a Queens resident and model.

Given that lineup, it's not surprising the studio refused to green-light the movie until the filmmakers got a big-name star to play Jimmy Conway. A showpiece supporting role if there ever was one, the character is based on real-life Lucchese family intimate James Burke, architect of the 1978 jewel heist at JFK airport and, later, the assassination of his cohorts in that crime. Al Pacino got the offer first, but the *Godfather* star feared typecasting. John Malkovich also passed, as did, reportedly, Jon Voight.

"One day Marty said, 'I think we got Bob De Niro for Jimmy,'" remembers Pileggi. "I'd known him when he was a young, hustling actor in the early 1970s and I was writing about the Mob for *New York* magazine. I'd have coffee with him at Dunkin' Donuts and he kept trying to convince me to meet, it turns out, Marty Scorsese when they were working on *Mean Streets*. I didn't want to go chasing after actors, so I never

took him up on it. Twenty years pass and I'm in Marty's apartment working on *Goodfellas*. Bob walks in the door and says, 'Do you remember me?' Who the hell in the world is going to forget him? I said, 'Yes, you're Robert De Niro. I remember you.' He turns to Marty and says, 'I was telling you about this guy years ago.' Marty says, 'Well, better late than never.'"

According to Winkler, De Niro's involvement placated the studio. "They were fine after that," he says.

After two weeks of rehearsals, Scorsese called action on Monday, May 1, 1989. Almost immediately, the movie's title was changed to avoid confusion with both the CBS TV series *Wiseguy* and Brian De Palma's 1986 bomb, *Wise Guys*. Although production commenced with an unusually tight script, Scorsese used his and Pileggi's work as a launching pad. "Marty first works with the actors, improvising and paraphrasing around the words," says Sorvino. "That's how Marty, me, Bobby and Ray ran through a scene. When we finished, Marty would say, 'Very good.' I said to myself, 'This is the great Martin Scorsese? That was no good. My God, we're in for a bad night.' After 40 minutes, with Marty directing our improvisations, the soufflé had risen beautifully. I realized I'd better shut up. I was in the presence of Beethoven and Shakespeare. When he gets what he wants, you end up with a potpourri of script and improvisation, all under the tutelage of a great maestro. Forty percent of the movie is actually improvised."

The notoriously reticent De Niro has admitted that Scorsese's willingness to improvise is fundamental to their relationship's dynamic. "We're best friends when we work together," he has said. "Marty and I have a special way of communicating. He's very open. If you work with certain directors, all of a sudden you start closing

down. You think whatever idea you come up with is not going to get a good response. With Marty, it's the opposite. The more you come up with, the more enthusiastic he gets. That's what makes it a joyous experience, as opposed to a job."

Scorsese agrees. "Trust was the key element in our collaboration," he says. "Also, Bob spent time in my neighborhood when I was growing up. He was with a different group, but we knew the same people and had the same experiences."

Both longtime and first-time Scorsese collaborators noted the director's obsession with nailing the production's period details—what the director described as "memories of an eight-year-old kid; memories of how they looked, dressed, talked and moved." Scorsese was scrupulous about every detail on set, down to collar lengths and necktie knots. "Marty tied my tie every day," says Liotta. "It had to be done in a certain way. It's the most exhilarating thing to be around people who are that committed. You learn quickly that he gets whatever he wants to make his movie the way he envisions it." Scorsese even escorted De Niro and Pesci to an Italian tailor, who fitted them with authentic suits made from expensive imported fabric. When De Niro's character required vintage watches, a Madison Avenue vintage timepiece dealer closed his shop to allow the actor privacy while making his selections. To match Liotta's eye color exactly, the young Serrone wore \$12,000 hand-painted Italian contact lenses. When Pesci needed pinkie rings, antiques dealers were lined up to supply the baubles. When De Niro wanted his pocket to bulge with a gangster-style roll of \$5,000 in real greenbacks, a production aide handled the demand daily. "Marty wants his actors to feel like they're in a real situation where everything is authentic," says Pileggi. "When you see someone in the movie eating Italian food, Marty's mom and dad probably cooked it."

Bracco took a similarly dramatic stand for her character—and herself. Early in production, just as Scorsese was about to film a tense bedroom scene between Bracco and Liotta in a Queens apartment, the actress suddenly refused to work. She had noticed the set was dressed with fake jewelry instead of the real thing, and she was not happy. Her reasoning—that her character was "the princess, and princesses have real stuff"—threw the company for a loop. "No one took her aside and told her to cut the crap," says Kristi Zea, the production designer. "I went to the assistant director, then to Marty, who was desperate to get going. They said, 'Get some fucking jewels.' After spending half an hour running up and down Queens Boulevard, hitting every jewelry store and putting \$5,000 on my American Express card, I came back with bags of jewelry and spread it on top of the dresser. I was seething."

Fireworks ignited again during the filming of that scene, in which Bracco's character, enraged, confronts her philandering husband by straddling him in bed and pointing a gun at his face. "On one take, Ray pulled her and threw her to the floor," recalls Ballhaus. "Lorraine started crying



"Be gentle, Willard. It's my first time...in the front seat...of an SUV...on 78th Street...at night...."

and sobbing. It was emotional for us all. I think Ray did something they hadn't rehearsed, and Lorraine felt it deeply, both as her character and as a person."

Scorsese's cast members were not always as tight and collegial as they appear on film. Though "Young Henry" Serrone remembers being "taken under everyone's wing," especially De Niro's, Liotta sometimes felt excluded. "The relationship between Bob and me was nonexistent," he says. "I thought of him and Pesci as my big brothers, so after rehearsal I'd ask, 'You want to go get something to eat?' And it was like, 'No.' It was a great education for someone just starting out, though." Admittedly, Liotta faced big challenges at the time, not only as a young actor potentially on the brink of major stardom but also in his personal life. "My mother was sick with cancer, and I was working when they called and told me she died," says Liotta. "I got emotional. Marty came to my trailer and calmed me down, saying, 'Let's go finish this.' I finished the scene, went home for the funeral and was back to work on Monday. Having work to focus on was the best thing that could have happened."

Things got heated during the filming of a scene on Long Island where Henry Hill brutally pistol-whips a neighbor who has harassed his fiancée. Mark Evan Jacobs plays the character on the receiving end of Hill's beatdown. "Ray and I were foes," Jacobs says, "and Scorsese kept him riled up on the other side of the street, telling him the things my character had been doing to Karen. Ray was having a hard time in his personal life and was boiling with rage. We tried to keep the anger in control, but it's hard to control someone in that state. Marty kept going take after take. On one take, Ray got a little too close and I got hit. On a few takes, Scorsese grimaced like he was in pain and kind of laughing sadistically, like, 'Oh boy, this is going to be good.' That was a tense day for everybody—especially for the guy who owned that vintage Corvette they used. He kept warning us not to damage his car. I wasn't even sure the scene was any good until I saw it with the sound and cutting. It was brutal."

Many mention Scorsese schooling them in the finer points of how to deal with—and learn from—the Mob-related extras who gravitated to the set. "When we were about to shoot something, Marty would bring over these real Mafia guys and ask, 'Is this the right way of doing it?'" says Ballhaus. "They would always say, 'No, it was much worse.' I listened to discussions about whether there was enough brain matter and blood. 'Should we add more brain to it?' That was too much for me. I'd go home and vomit."

Goodfellas collaborators also tell tales of grueling 18-hour shooting schedules, sometimes with as many as three different location setups per day. One of the most intricate setups was for the showstopper in Manhattan's legendary Copacabana nightclub. The scene, a date night for Henry and Karen, boasts a ballsy three-minute Steadicam tracking shot choreographed to the Crystals' 1963 hit "Then He Kissed Me." The sequence sweeps the audience along with the characters as they cross the street to

the Copa, descend a flight of stairs, slip into the club's back entrance, navigate a maze of corridors, dodge workers in the kitchen and finally enter the club, where waiters set them up at a VIP table. "The whole idea was that the audience would be swept along by Henry into his world so that you would understand why Karen was so flabbergasted by this guy," says Ballhaus. "The choreography was so complicated, we had to make physical adjustments, like building a dark alley for Ray and Lorraine to walk through. For the sake of the movement, we had to change the entrance, so what you see in the film is not the real Copacabana entrance. We literally took away the walls while the camera was in motion." Zea, the production designer, describes it as "madness," saying "carpenters dressed in black grabbed the walls and ran away with them."

For added authenticity, Scorsese helicoptered veteran nightclub comic Henny Youngman to the set from his gig in Atlantic City. "Henny was supposed to come out on stage and say his signature line, 'Take my wife, please,' which he must have said thousands of times in his career," says Ballhaus. "On the eighth take—the one we thought was the best take, of course—he forgot it. He was so old it didn't seem to disturb him much, but he didn't know how complicated that shot was for all of us." Complicated and something of an inside joke too. In the 1987 crime epic *The Untouchables*, Brian De Palma wows audiences with a long tracking shot by cinematographer Stephen H. Burum. Scorsese told crew members he thought it would be funny to do the Copa scene one minute longer.

Joe Pesci contributed what many cite as the single most memorable moment in the movie: the unhinged, funny and terrifying riff that begins with "You think I'm funny?" Filmed at the now-defunct Hawaii Kai Restaurant on Broadway at 50th Street, the scene was a product of improvisation. "We were sitting around talking, with Marty listening to every word, when Joe told a story about someone saying to him, 'You're a funny guy,'" Liotta says. "Marty said, 'Great. Put that in.' We improv'd and improv'd it, and Marty set it in stone. The tension breaker was supposed to be when I say 'Get the fuck outta here, Tommy,' but we let the moment linger just to see what might happen. I don't know why, but I said, 'You really are a funny guy!' and Joe went for the gun. We made that up right on the spot." Winkler, the producer, was on set that day alongside studio executives. "Even listening to it, I was frightened," he says.

Maintaining the film's tightrope walk of big laughs punctuated by unnerving violence and authentic street language would later demand that the moviemakers take a stand against pressure from the studio and the censors. "We counted the fucks, and there were 285. Every second word from Joe Pesci was fuck," says Ballhaus. "And the violence? Well, that was also very hard to take. I thought it was a great story and I like Marty so much, but honestly, the more I got into it, the more afraid the project made me."

Scorsese and company wrapped production in December 1989 with high

Adult Products ★ Novelties



TAKE
50% OFF ONE ITEM

PLUS FREE GIFT

AND FREE SHIPPING

ENTER CODE
"PB3"
AT CHECKOUT

Adam & Eve
adamandeve.com

Also valid at participating Adam & Eve stores.
Certain items not available for discount.

artistic and box-office expectations. Armed with a completed film, the moviemakers braved that fateful May 1990 sneak preview in Orange County only to receive blistering blowback. Although a second screening was held, it didn't go much better than the first. According to Thelma Schoonmaker, Scorsese's longtime film editor, the director was not happy. "Whenever Marty gets upset, it's about his artistic freedom, and rightfully so," Schoonmaker has said. Pileggi credits Warner Bros. chairman Daly for arguing with the ratings board and "trying to show that Marty wasn't glorifying the violence but was against it." Although Daly has acknowledged even he found the movie "tough in a few spots," in the end Scorsese cut only 10 frames of blood to duck an X rating and win the film an R.

Still, the calamitous sneak previews and ratings skirmish eroded confidence. Instead of *Goodfellas* opening in 2,000 theaters as the studio had planned, the number was cut to 1,070. "Those theaters went to *Dances With Wolves*, and the industry and

awards momentum shifted to that movie instead," Pileggi says.

Nonetheless, the *Goodfellas* East Coast premiere at New York's Museum of Modern Art drew such celebrities as Madonna, Christopher Reeve, Chevy Chase and Brooke Shields. Henry Hill also attended. The audience response was bullish. "At first I thought it was a terribly violent, bad movie that shouldn't have been made," says Sorvino. "I thought I was boring in it. Everyone around me said, 'Are you nuts?' About three hours later, I came to my senses. It was almost as if I was so stunned, I couldn't judge that it was up there with earth shifters like *On the Waterfront* and *Casablanca*." The critics weighed in, largely with raves. In the *Chicago Sun-Times*, Roger Ebert declared it a better film about organized crime than *The Godfather*.

Unlike the unsuspecting preview audiences, paying audiences were fully prepared. "It was a difficult movie to sell, because it played like a comedy, but it *wasn't* a comedy," says Scorsese. "What do you tell them they're coming to see? By the time we

opened, the word had got around, and people were prepared for it." That is, people were prepared for a funny, explosive and violent wild ride. Scorsese received the Silver Lion for best direction at the Venice International Film Festival. When Oscar nominations were announced, *Goodfellas* was in the running for best picture, director, editing, adapted screenplay, supporting actor and supporting actress. In the end, though, only Pesci went home with a gold statue.

"If Marty were to make *Goodfellas* in 2015, he would win best director. There would be no question," says Pileggi. "In those days, it was all about *Dances With Wolves* and Kevin Costner, who did a terrific job when Hollywood was still happy for a cowboy movie to be a big success. In 10 years it would have been different for Marty. Years from now, when the Wall Street thing begins crunching out and you wind up with more convictions, his *Wolf of Wall Street* will be much more accepted. The guy Leonardo DiCaprio plays is Henry Hill with a pencil."

Pileggi, Scorsese, De Niro and Pesci reunited for the 1995 crime film *Casino*, but 25 years on, *Goodfellas* prevails as the gold standard for every subsequent gangster film and TV series. Many critics believe the film is Scorsese's best to date. Pileggi is currently scripting what he hopes will be his and the director's third feature film together.

And what of Henry Hill, with whom the whole saga began? Liotta encountered Hill several times over the years. "When Henry was still a wanted guy in witness protection, I got a call to meet him and his brother at a bowling alley in Studio City, California," he says. "They were the only two men sitting with their backs to the wall. The brother was scary-looking—the real fucking deal—but turned out to be a great guy. I went over timidly, and Henry said, 'I saw the movie. Thanks for not making me look like a scumbag.' I didn't say what I was thinking, which was 'You fucking ratted on your friends. Of course you're a scumbag.' I'd run into him over the years, and he was always whacked-out, looking like he'd been doing something all night. He was a sweet, nice guy who had a lot of trouble in his life."

Pileggi also had encounters with Hill. "As long as there was a telephone nearby, Henry would hustle, plot, be on the make and sell books and artwork on his website," he says. "He liked talking to my wife and would tell her stories. One day, my wife decided to do a script about someone in the Witness Protection Program. It turned into *My Blue Heaven* starring Steve Martin. Henry saw it and said, 'That's my story. You got *Goodfellas* and *My Blue Heaven* out of me.' The favorite movie of real guys in witness protection isn't *Goodfellas*; it's *My Blue Heaven*. Henry loved being famous. He loved that attention."

That said, Hill probably wouldn't have liked the unspectacular, undramatic circumstances of his death on June 12, 2012, one day after his 69th birthday. He died in a hospital. His heart gave out from too much smoking and Italian food. Is that any way for a goodfella to check out?



"Is that my sex therapist, dear?"



These BetterSex® DVDs Will Change Your Life!

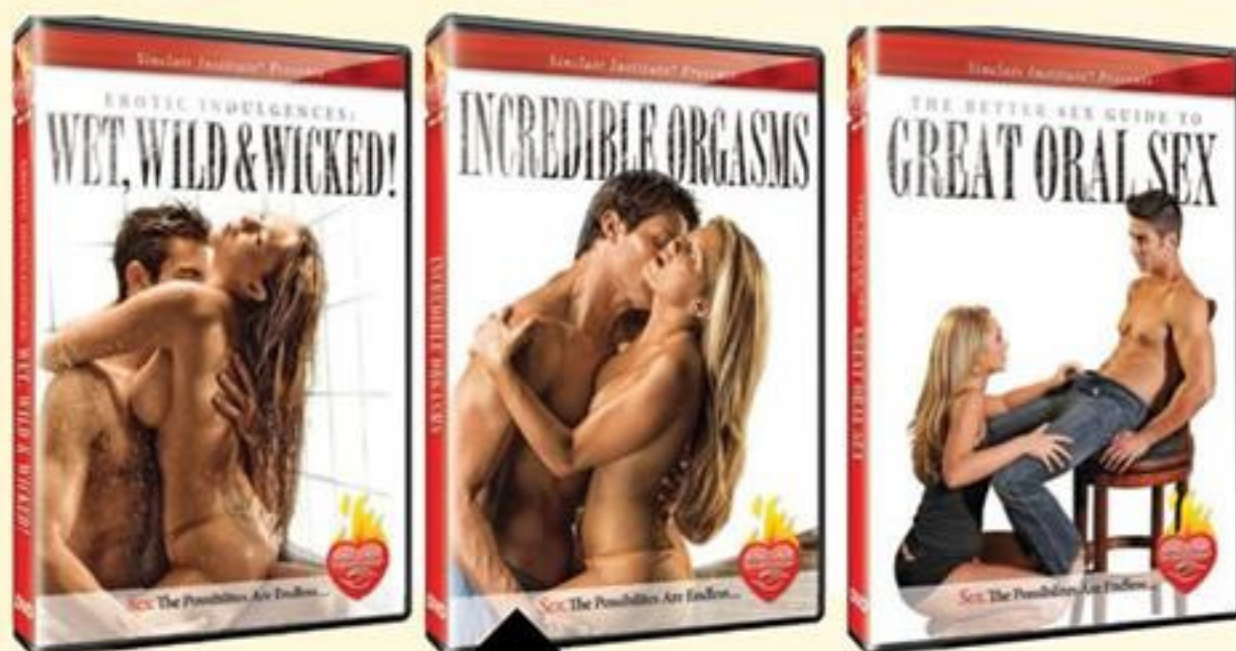
Highly Erotic. Shows Real Couples Demonstrating Real Sexual Techniques.



**Award
Winning**

SIZZLE SERIES

**7 of Our Best DVDs
for One Low Price!**



**ONLY
\$29.95
\$135 VALUE!**

**BUY THESE 3 DVDS &
GET THESE 4 DVDS**

FREE!



- DVD #1** **EROTIC INDULGENCES: WET, WILD & WICKED:**
Expand the boundaries of sexual play and fantasy.
- DVD #2** **INCREDIBLE ORGASMS:**
Unlock mysteries for amazing orgasms.
- DVD #3** **BETTER SEX® GUIDE TO GREAT ORAL SEX:**
The world's greatest oral sex techniques for him & her.
- DVD #4** **EXPLORING GUILTY PLEASURES:**
Intensify your sexual satisfaction with erotic movies, sensual fantasies, and more.
- DVD #5** **THE BETTER SEX® GUIDE TO ANAL PLEASURE:**
Tricks and tips for anal eroticism to help you reach new heights of pleasure.
- DVD #6** **TOYS FOR BETTER SEX:**
Real couples demonstrate the joys of toys.
- DVD #7** **32 WAYS TO PLEASE YOUR LOVER:**
Keep it spicy with fun and creative positions and techniques.

**OVER
78%
OFF!**

Start enjoying the best sex you've ever had – NOW!

ORDER ON-LINE AT BetterSex.com®

8PB276

Search

Enter code **8PB276** into the search box for this amazing offer.

YES, SEND ME ALL 7 RED HOT DVDS!	\$29.95
POSTAGE & HANDLING	\$8.00
RUSH PROCESSING ADD \$2	\$2.00
FREE CATALOG SUBSCRIPTION	FREE
NC orders please add 6.75% sales tax	
ORDER TOTAL	

For fastest service with credit cards or for a FREE catalog call: **1.800.955.0888** ext. 8PB276

METHOD OF PAYMENT ☐ Check or Bank Money Order (Sorry, No Cash or CODs)
CHARGE MY: ☐ VISA ☐ MC ☐ AMEX ☐ DISCOVER

ACCT. _____ SIGNATURE _____

NAME _____ ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____



BILL MAHER

Continued from page 44

they weren't inviting me. I wasn't the guy in the Grotto. I never had sex in the Playboy Mansion. I wasn't hanging out with Bill Cosby with his little vial of go-to-sleep juice. [laughs]

PLAYBOY: Did the Cosby scandal catch you by surprise, or had you heard rumors on the stand-up circuit?

MAHER: I was not shocked. In the early to mid-1980s I did a movie—that was during my acting era. There was an attractive young black actress in the movie who told me she had just come off a film with Mr. Cosby, and she said, "He tried to fuck me the first two weeks, and when it became clear it wouldn't happen he made every day thereafter a living hell." I had no reason to doubt it. We had no relationship; she was just telling me. And that always stuck in my mind. Since this shit has come to light, you talk to people who have had dealings with Bill Cosby, and it comes out not that he drugged some girl but that he did some super fucked-up shit. He's a crazy fucker, is what he is. What is it, 30 women accusing him now? He could turn out to be the biggest serial rapist in history. Also, I never thought he was funny.

PLAYBOY: Who is funny to you?

MAHER: I love Jerry Seinfeld's show *Comedians in Cars Getting Coffee*. Leave it to Seinfeld to deconstruct the talk show and do it in a way we haven't seen before. I did my first episode this spring. There's lots of other good stuff. *Veep* is very funny. Mindy Kaling. Everything Key and Peele say is so spot-on. They're the funniest laugh-out-loud comedians out there right now.

PLAYBOY: You continue to perform stand-up in towns around America. But why do a gig in, say, Macon, Georgia, when you could be kicking back on a beach somewhere?

MAHER: It's a strange obsession, but there's nothing more fun than owning a room and making people laugh, if that's in your DNA. I feel like I'm redeeming myself for all the years I did stand-up and didn't enjoy it, because it was terrible at first.

It's also my civic duty as a liberal. I tend to go to red states, and it gets liberals especially hyped up to find me there. They look around and see 3,000 people and say, "I'm not alone. I thought I was the only one." Then again, in some places in the South, you wouldn't even know it was the South. I was afraid to go to Alabama and Mississippi for a while, but have you seen Birmingham? They have Thai food and Pottery Barn and fancy coffee now.

PLAYBOY: Those sound like gateway drugs to legalized same-sex marriage.

MAHER: [Laughs] Same-sex marriage has been sweeping across the land very quickly,

that's for sure. What is it—37 states right now? I think the Republicans will be thrilled when the Supreme Court takes that off their plates. America has moved past the point that it cares anymore. America progresses. That's not to say we don't have holdouts. Christians still talk about gay marriage as if it puts their marriages in danger. The gays are the enemy. Things are changing, whether these pious, self-righteous Christians like it or not.

PLAYBOY: The church is changing too, though you've given the pope mixed reviews.

MAHER: Pope Frank has done a lot. He's been a breath of fresh air on a lot of issues, and he's been an old-school asshole on a bunch of them too. He's a good politician. Every time he comes out with something progressive, he'll come out with something completely backward. Like he just came out strongly in favor of exorcism to keep his base happy. He's like, "You know what, I'll throw them some red meat. It doesn't hurt anybody. I'll just say I'm for exorcism." Oh, come on! You're this sophisticated Argentinean. You know damn well the devil isn't inside there. Do you really believe that shit, Frank?

PLAYBOY: You must be thrilled about the changing marijuana laws here in the U.S. Did you think we'd actually be legalizing pot across the country?

MAHER: [Laughs] I've been on the front lines of that fight for a long time. It's amazing how things have shifted. People used to say, "Aren't you worried you'll be arrested for saying you're going to smoke after the show?" They were honestly living in fear for me. And now the idea that you could be arrested. In Los Angeles! It's de facto legal in California.

PLAYBOY: How has the quality of weed improved?

MAHER: When you've been smoking pot for 40 years, none of it works great. I don't smoke that much—just enough to make me high. But it must be getting better, because once in a while I'll smoke with some newbie and they'll be bouncing off the walls, saying how *amazing* the pot is.

The pot experience is improving somewhat. I now get pot with a card, which is better than the old way, when you had to make conversation with your dirtbag drug dealer, but still sort of ridiculous in a free society. Now I can get it if I go to a "doctor" and get a "prescription" that says I have a "disease." But this is really just "don't ask, don't tell" for pot. It creates a culture of dishonesty and gives a bad name to people like me who genuinely suffer from whatever it is I told them I had. [laughs]

PLAYBOY: Who's your favorite guest?

MAHER: Oh, I never answer that question, but okay. Salman Rushdie. I feel he is the epitome of what my show was supposed to be about from the beginning. He's a witty public intellectual. Unafraid, he's great on every topic. He's the perfect mix of intelligence and witty repartee. It's a shame we don't have more people in America like that. Again, I suppose people are spending too much time on Instagram and porn.

PLAYBOY: Speaking of porn, any opinion on what it means that every pubescent kid

with his mother's phone now has access to a limitless video library of outrageous sex?

MAHER: I know. It must be strange and a little confusing to be a teenager now. My introduction to sexuality was *PLAYBOY* and the magazines I would spirit away when I was babysitting. When I was 12 to 14, the dad at the house would have a stack of *PLAYBOYS*, and we would steal them and bury them in the woods, dig them up later and look at them. We liked to look at boobies. Was that such a terrible thing? And by the way, as we got older, we'd read about the issues of the day. It's amazing to me. Even at this point you sometimes have to defend Hugh Hefner to people who think he's a pornographer. I go, "Really? Have you seen the magazine?" He's been on the forefront of so many issues and really stuck his neck out on feminism, civil rights, free speech, gay rights.

Today, the stuff kids have access to is fucking unbelievable. The idea that you can sit in the backseat on the way to school with an iPhone and watch six Japanese businessmen coming on the face of a girl who has a squid up her vagina—I mean, Jesus! These kids must be so jaded. We should be afraid. What does it do to relationships, how you relate to a girl? That doesn't mean I wouldn't have watched that stuff if it was around when I was a kid.

PLAYBOY: When did you first know you were a comedian?

MAHER: I remember making my relatives laugh at a Christmas party when I was six or seven by doing an impression of Tommy Smothers from the Smothers Brothers. By high school I was already years into plotting to be a comedian. After taping Johnny Carson's "Tea Time" movie sketches with my little Wollensak tape recorder, I would transcribe them word for word. I still have them, in pencil on loose-leaf paper. Later, I lifted material from Johnny when I emceed something called "The Pop Show" as a senior, my first hosting experience—and the last the school would see of "The Pop Show," since many parents were upset with some of the jokes. I did not, at 17, realize Carson's late-night humor was inappropriate for introducing teenage girls whose parents were in the audience. I remember doing the lines "She's going to do the Dance of the Virgins—which she performs from memory" and "She squeezed a lemon into a man's drink with her knees."

PLAYBOY: That's talent. Now she'd probably do something with a selfie stick.

MAHER: I'm all for selfies or whatever will get people to stop asking for pictures with me. My life got a lot better when I learned to politely say no to that. It always seems like it should take just a few seconds, and it never does. I like to look people in the eye, say, "Sorry, no pictures, but how about a handshake and let's live in the moment." I've almost never had anyone who was too disappointed by that and many who were happy to be reminded that there's such a thing as the present.

PLAYBOY: You've done very well for yourself. Do you overspend on anything?

MAHER: Not really. I don't have any expensive hobbies. I don't collect cars or motorcycles. The last big thing I bought was a

piece of the Mets. That didn't come cheap, but I think it's the best investment in the world. Nothing goes up like sports teams. They never go down. Every time they sell a team, the sellers come with a number and the buyers pay more. They sold the Dodgers for more than \$2 billion. If the Dodgers are worth \$2 billion, I can't imagine what the Mets are worth. The Yankees are worth at least \$5 billion, and George Steinbrenner bought the team in 1973 for \$10 million. I read in the paper about the Mets being for sale, and I jumped on it. I'm not sure why more people didn't do it. [laughs] And when the Mets make it to the World Series this coming season, of course I'll have box seats for that.

PLAYBOY: You're also on the board of People for the Ethical Treatment of Animals, but you still eat meat.

MAHER: True, but I don't eat a lot of meat, and I don't have to be in lockstep with everything PETA says. PETA stands for the ethical treatment of animals, and I believe in that. Trust me, I eat only chickens that have died after a long illness after resting comfortably at Cedars-Sinai. [laughs] I'm actually concerned about what people put into their bodies. Doctors never ask what we eat. The top prescription drugs are digestive aids to put out the fire in our gut. One reason we have such an insanely high national health care bill is we make ourselves sick by eating shit.

PLAYBOY: You've said the same thing about vaccines. Now that measles is making a comeback, are you changing your anti-vaccine stance?

MAHER: I've never argued that vaccines don't work. I just don't think you need them. There are so many maladies now that used to be rare and now are much more prevalent—things like allergies, ADD, asthma, migraines, autoimmune disorders, chronic fatigue, colitis, more colds. I'm not saying vaccines cause any of them, but the modern immune system might be less robust than it used to be because it doesn't get its full workout going through a disease like the measles. And that combined with environmental factors—pollution and pesticides and eating tons of sugar and crap and God knows what else in the modern world—might be something to look into. We compartmentalize and study pieces sometimes but not the whole. I'm glad vaccines exist, just like I'm glad antibiotics exist, but we've abused the hell out of them. Bugs that no antibiotic works on anymore? I worry about that a lot more.

PLAYBOY: What if you're wrong? What if terrible, preventable diseases spread because people reject rational science and choose not to immunize their kids?

MAHER: I'm a rationalist too, and I'm rational about the fact that science doesn't always add up. They now recommend about 70 shots, plus flu shots, by the age of 18—triple what it was in 1983. Is any number okay? Many vaccines are given simultaneously, sometimes as many as 10 shots per visit, and studies have yet to evaluate such simultaneous shots. Also, a large long-term study comparing the long-term health outcomes of vaccinated and unvaccinated groups of

people has never been done. Plus, they're often ineffective. This last flu shot was only 23 percent effective. So then it's bullshit. It's a moneymaking scam for big pharma.

PLAYBOY: What would shock us about you if the North Koreans hacked into your computer?

MAHER: Nothing. First of all, they wouldn't find any incriminating e-mails. I've always been paranoid about that. Don't put anything in an e-mail that you don't want everybody to see. But I also have several computers: one that I write on, one I send e-mail on. I would never write anything private on something that's plugged into the real world. Plus, I keep the important stuff in fireproof cabinets—very top of the line. It's where I store everything: years of jokes and writing, letters, my old baseball card collection, my Beatles wig, the German bayonet my mother brought home from World War II that I wanted so badly and she gave me when I was 13.

PLAYBOY: You've never been married, never had kids. Do you ever wish there were a little Billy Maher around?

MAHER: No. One of the great things about being my age is that fatherhood is off the

table. Oh, you can do it, but I don't think it's morally right. You won't be around. Or if you are around, do you really want to be at the kid's high school graduation when you're 80? You also have to feel it. You have to be able to trade your life for your kids. Anything short of that is selfish and a disservice to the child. If you don't want to do that, don't make the child suffer with a half-there, half-assed parent, which is what I'd be. I like my life. I don't want to trade it for anything.

PLAYBOY: You've said you don't believe in heaven or hell, but do you have any quick ideas for your tombstone?

MAHER: Yeah. "What Was That All About?" [laughs] I certainly don't want to be buried. Burn me, cremate me. I don't want to be worm food or get eaten by maggots. But more than that, I don't want to fucking die. I want Ray Kurzweil to come up with the singularity in the next 20 or 30 years before I go so I can keep going. I don't understand these people who say they don't want to live forever. I don't want to go! Being dead does not sound like that much fun, and right now I'm having a great time.



"And to think—my wife doesn't even do the fox-trot."



THE MAGIC LITTLE BLUE PILL

Continued from page 48

He explained that he'd used himself as a guinea pig, injecting his member with 17 different drugs in hopes of inducing an erection. Many of the drugs failed, but phenoxybenzamine, a muscle relaxant, worked wonders. And he had proof.

"He'd gone to the men's room and injected himself before his talk," recalls Dr. Irwin Goldstein, who was there that night.

"Now he stepped away from the podium," says Dr. Ira Sharlip, another prominent urologist in attendance, "to give us a view of the large bulge in his jogging pants."

"At first he seemed frustrated that people weren't listening. They weren't getting the point that he'd used a *relaxant*," Goldstein says. "And maybe they thought he had an implant. So he said, 'Oh hell,' and dropped his pants," giving the urologists and their wives a view of his long, thin penis, naked and fully erect.

Brindley announced, "I'd like to give the audience an opportunity to confirm the tumescence." The conventioners weren't expecting this. He wanted them to confirm the tumescence by hand. According to Dr. Laurence Klotz's account, "The sense of drama was palpable. With his pants at his knees, he waddled down the stairs, approaching, to their horror, the urologists and their partners in the front row. As he approached them, erection wagging before him, four or five of the women in the front rows threw their arms in the air and screamed loudly. The screams seemed to shock Professor Brindley, who rapidly pulled up his trousers, returned to the podium and terminated the lecture. The crowd dispersed in a state of flabbergasted disarray."

"That night in Las Vegas," says Goldstein, "modern sexual medicine began."

Brindley's drug worked by sending a message to the arteries in his groin: *Relax*. Blood flowed through widening arteries, inflating the erection chambers in his penis to money-shot hardness. Unfortunately, the effect had nothing to do with arousal. Phenoxybenzamine triggered a robo-erection: automatic, uncontrollable and likely to wear off before you got a chance to use it. (It also caused tumors in lab rats.) Still, it was better than giant ants. For the next 15 years, the standard treatment for erectile dysfunction, or ED

(still known as impotence at the time), would be injection with muscle relaxants along with a technique called medicated urethral system for erections, or MUSE. To MUSE yourself, you used a miniature plunger to poke a medicated pellet an inch into your urethra, then waited for it to dissolve and produce an erection. Although thousands of men with ED tried injections and MUSE, most people had never heard of either technique. Sexually capable men hoping for a pill to enhance their sex lives—to make a good thing better—were known as science-fiction fans.

Until UK92480 came to Sandwich.

Sandwich is a windswept ancient town in the county of Kent on the English Channel. It has played host to two major inventions, both having to do with injections of beef. It was here that John Montagu, fourth Earl of Sandwich, played marathon card games in the 1700s. The earl hated to skip a hand to eat lunch, so he had his servants place a chunk of roast beef between slices of bread, a delicacy that soon took his name.

Two centuries later, Dr. Ian Osterloh drove past stone buildings Montagu would have recognized. Osterloh, a balding medical researcher, parked at a massive steel-and-glass complex on the outskirts of town. He passed through security on his way to a laboratory blazoned with the blue pill-shaped logo of Pfizer Inc., the pharmaceutical multinational. It had been a shitty year for Pfizer's research lab in Sandwich. The company had spent thousands of man-hours and millions of pounds testing UK92480, a promising blood-pressure drug. (UK is for "United Kingdom," site of the lab, where it was the 92,480th substance tested.) But like most experimental drugs, it flopped. Test subjects groaned about muscle aches. Their blood pressure fell too far. The drug was headed for the dustbin until 1992, when several of the test subjects—mostly policemen, firemen and students in their 20s—mentioned a side effect. "Doc, I'm getting erections," they'd say. "Very firm erections."

As Osterloh wrote, "None of us at Pfizer thought much of this effect," which arose two or three days after a dose. "Even if it did work, who would want to take a drug on Wednesday to get an erection on Saturday?" Still, they had little to lose. Reading urology papers, they found hints about biochemical pathways that led to erection. Like Brindley's phenoxybenzamine, UK92480 was a muscle relaxant. Why not see where this path led?

To test the drug's effects, Pfizer researcher Chris Wayman filled a set of test tubes with penile tissue from volunteers. He gave each tube a jolt of electric current. Nothing happened. He tried an array of chemicals. Still nothing. Then Wayman added a drop of UK92480, chemical name sildenafil citrate. The disembodied tissue in the test tubes reacted like the corpse callosus in the Rolling Stones song "Start Me Up" ("You make a dead man come"), swelling before his eyes. As he recalls with British understatement

in a BBC documentary, "We were onto something." In fact they had stumbled onto a substance that could change the future while making Pfizer richer than ever—if they could keep it a secret.

"We had to be careful of how much we said, and how loudly," says Dr. Peter Ellis, another of the drug's developers. "If you're in a pub or public restaurant, you don't shout that you're working on a revolutionary drug." Clinical tests in 1993 and 1994 proved that UK92480 worked in pill form. "After that," Ellis says, "Pfizer made a major disclosure at the 1994 AUA convention. They shut the door behind the urologists and said, 'Guys, we've something to tell you.'"

Three and a half years later, the FDA approved the first effective aphrodisiac. By then it was called Viagra, a name suggesting vitality and vigor delivered with the thunder of Niagara. But it would have sold if they'd called it cyanide. If you liked sex, this was the drug for you.

"Sexual medicine was ready for a nuclear bomb," says Goldstein, "and Viagra was it."

Few bombs ever landed at a better moment. Within months of approving Viagra, the FDA also okayed the first direct-to-consumer TV commercials, advising "Ask your doctor," spurring millions of men to do just that. Before 1998 doctors had served as a buffer between big pharma and a drug-hungry public. Now it was pretty much drugs on demand. Pfizer's commercials starring Senator Bob Dole, who had lost the 1996 presidential election to Monica Lewinsky's favorite candidate, and Texas Rangers slugger Rafael Palmeiro, not yet tainted by his other favorite performance enhancer, steroids, helped destigmatize impotence. Educated consumers called it ED instead, and Viagra's capital V connoted virility. Within months of its debut, Viagra was the best-known drug since penicillin. It became one of the top news stories of 1998, along with the Lewinsky-Clinton affair, the euro, the Unabomber and Clinton's impeachment. Lifestyle magazines began wooing advertisers with charts and graphs like the one headlined GOLF MAGAZINE IS #1 AMONG MEN WITH ERECTILE DYSFUNCTION.

Satisfied customers also used chat rooms to spread the V word. You may remember some of the jokes, which ranged from predictable ("Did you hear about the first Viagra death by overdose? A guy took 10 and his girlfriend died. Smiling") to predictable ("Doctor, can I get it over the counter?" "You have to take two to do that") to pretty good ("What happens to a lawyer who takes Viagra? He gets taller").

Before long, Viagra was the web's top topic, and not just on internet giants Netscape and AOL but at brand-new Google.com, where you could find a new sort of testimonial:

"I was hearing of guys younger than me in their 20s and 30s using 'Vitamin V' so I decided that I needed that same edge. I have found that Viagra makes me a super stud and the girl rides me and always has an orgasm or two."—Pablo, 42, Texas

"Before the pill I could usually stay hard for 15 minutes. Unfortunately it usually takes my wife longer than that to have an orgasm. After taking Viagra, I have full control of my penis and I am free to blow my load when I want!"—age 28, Vancouver

Thanks largely to Viagra, Pfizer's profits jumped 38 percent, to \$628 million, in the second quarter of 1998. From there, sales of Viagra rose and kept rising, reaching an annual \$1 billion in 1999 and \$2 billion in 2012.

Just as crucial were the drug's effects on pop culture. One user's account became a Salon.com sensation in 1999. In his "Diary of a Viagra Fiend," Jayson Gallaway told of ordering a pack of the "blue diamonds" online. Not because he needed firepower, exactly. "I'm a virile, healthy 29-year-old American male," wrote Gallaway, a leather-clad San Franciscan with dreadlocks spilling from the top of his partly shaved head. "Sure, there's been a time or two when, for reasons ranging from disinterest to methamphetamine, little Tyson wasn't ready when the bell rang. Okay, yeah, so I recently acquired a 19-year-old girlfriend and maybe I've been feeling a tad insecure about not being capable of the erectile heroics I was capable of at 16." Online Viagra restored him. Soon his girlfriend, whom he called Lolita, doffed her Hello Kitty panties and beheld "the Erection of the Gods." Gallaway then started to enhance the festivities by crushing a blue pill and snorting the powder. "Viagra burns like nothing I've ever snorted. With the inside of my head on fire, I curse myself for being an idiot. But guess what? Two minutes later: Hi-yo Silver...I'm the Bone Ranger, and for the next 16 minutes, a physical congress occurs that is indeed the stuff of legend."

Gallaway's comedy of eros climaxed with a cell phone call to his girl and a Viagra-plus-ecstasy sexstacy marathon that led to "felonious noise complaints" and a ceiling fan that broke under the weight of a naked Lolita whirling over their bed. This was not Senator Dole's Viagra. "The details of that evening are so carnal, so profane, so unspeakably decadent, that I can't think about them without becoming aroused," Gallaway wrote. "Of course, these days, now that I am eating Viagra pills like they are M&Ms, there is not much I can do without becoming aroused. As a matter of fact, I am actually typing this with my penis."

He was one of countless young men who believed Viagra wasn't just for ED. It was the food of the gods, the stuff men had hoped for since Adam's first blind date. But Pfizer wasn't about to market it that way. Admitting that Viagra might have recreational uses could invite fiends like Gallaway to sue if they came up with a problematic four-hour erection or if the pills failed and cost them their self-esteem. To sidestep such trouble, the manufacturer made it clear in the fine print that Viagra wasn't for fun; it was

serious medicine for a clinically recognized dysfunction. In this way the blue pill joined Vicodin (for pain), OxyContin (for more pain) and Adderall (for finals) in the pantheon of medicines whose clinical uses kept them in play for off-label appreciation. The difference between Viagra and some of the others was that, with exceedingly few exceptions, Viagra didn't hurt anybody. Watch the ads, consult your doctor (or an online quiz or friends with prescriptions), pop the pill, and everybody's happy. Pfizer was legally protected, and Lolita was riding the ceiling fan.

Beyond making vigorous sex possible for men with ED, Viagra fueled innumerable Gallaway-style sexathlons. With about 40 million Viagra users worldwide—most with prescriptions but many more knocking back mail-order, black-market or counterfeit pills—there's little doubt that men who should never have tried the stuff have been killed through off-label use. "There must be instances of guys' hearts just exploding during sex," Gallaway says. "But I suspect Pfizer would not want that known."

Pfizer does what companies worth \$200 billion do. It maximizes profits. Gallaway, meanwhile, did what brand-building bloggers do. After his Salon.com piece went viral, he says, "I was suddenly the face of Viagra." And not only the face. Lolita wanted more. So did hundreds of readers who e-mailed him, asking for sex tips. "I heard from a lot of men in the Middle East, asking me to procure Viagra or women for them," he says. Gallaway wound up discussing his boners on ABC's 20/20, describing erections "that could also be used for home defense." He wrote a *Viagra Fiend* book dedicated "To my penis, without which none of this would have been possible." And as you'd expect, he met women eager to meet the dedicatee, "women who wouldn't take no for an answer." He sent a few to ceiling-fan heights, but he sometimes felt like a piece of meat. Later, after a stint as a cage dancer in a San Francisco bondage club, he told his doctor he was feeling down despite his high-rise erections.

"I'm going to prescribe an antidepressant. It has side effects," the doctor said. "You might lose some sexual function, so I'll also give you a scrip for—"

The patient was way ahead of him. "Viagra!"

"It's very effective."

"You don't have to tell me. I literally wrote the book."

Gallaway's book was optioned by Seann William Scott, who was set to play the hero in a *Viagra Fiend* movie. But Scott opted out to star in *The Dukes of Hazzard*. Lolita of the Hello Kitty panties got engaged to another guy. Gallaway lost his dreads, turned 35 and then 40 and acquired the edgy wisdom he blogs about at JaysonGallaway.com. "That Salon.com story was the first thing I ever wrote," he says. "I got \$75 for it. It made me a worldwide expert on Viagra for a



30% Off!

FREE matching thong!

Mother's Day Nightie w/Garters

On Sunday, May 10th, let her know that she's still got it! Sheer lace nightie with satin side panels & cut out back.

S,M,L,XL ~~\$49~~ only \$33
1X, 2X, 3X, 4X ~~\$53~~ only \$37

Order Gift 7670 • 800.505.6730

panties.com

...the gift that touches her when you can't



A new dimension of sexy.

LIBERATOR

THE ESSE CHAISE LOUNGER

liberator.com

CREDITS: COVER, P. 6 AND PP. 68–77: MODEL BRITTANY BROUSSEAU, PHOTOGRAPHY BY JOSH RYAN, CREATIVE DIRECTION BY MAC LEWIS, HAIR BY JORGE SERRANO AT THE ONLY AGENCY, MAKEUP BY JANELLE FARETRA, PRODUCTION BY STEPHANIE MORRIS, SET DESIGN BY LIZ STEWART, STYLING BY LISA BAE AT THEREXAGENCY.COM; P. 3 COURTESY VINCENT BOUCHER, COURTESY KEVIN COOK, COURTESY SASHA EISENMAN, COURTESY MOLLY OSWAKS, COURTESY STEPHEN REBELLO, COURTESY MARTIN SCHREIBER, ANDREW MACPHERSON, MICHAEL MULLER, JOSHUA WOLFF; P. 6 MICHAEL MULLER; P. 10 COURTESY MILA SAMOKHINA AND CANDACE JORDAN, AMC/JORDIN ALTHAUS, BOB DELGADILLO, JOEL FLORA; P. 11 TIBRINA HOBSON/GETTY IMAGES, INSTAGRAM.COM/CHELSIEARYN; P. 18 BENJAMIN LOWY/CONTOUR BY GETTY IMAGES, LANDRY MAJOR/CORBIS IMAGES; P. 19 COURTESY RYDER RIPPS, DENELLE KENNEDY, ©KIM KARDASHIAN WEST: *SELFISH*, BY KIM KARDASHIAN WEST, RIZZOLI NEW YORK, 2015; P. 20 ROGER KISBY/GETTY IMAGES; P. 21 MICHAEL OCHS ARCHIVES/GETTY IMAGES; P. 22 CORBIS IMAGES, DREAMSTIME; P. 24 COURTESY USAGI, COURTESY WARING FOOD & BEVERAGE, SC JOHNSON; P. 25 COURTESY HANDSOME CYCLES, BERN WATTS; PP. 28–29 COURTESY DUCATI; P. 30 COURTESY WARNER BROS. HOME ENTERTAINMENT, JAY MAIDMENT/©MARVEL 2015/COURTESY DISNEY, JASIN BOLAND/©2014 WARNER BROS. ENTERTAINMENT INC.; P. 31 COURTESY FANTAGRAPHICS BOOKS, COURTESY MERGE RECORDS/LISSA GOTWALS, ALAMY, WARNER BROS. INTERACTIVE ENTERTAINMENT; P. 32 COURTESY APPLE INC., COURTESY UNIVERSAL MUSIC GROUP, CORBIS IMAGES, DREAMSTIME, EVERETT COLLECTION (5); P. 48 ALAMY(2), DREAMSTIME (2), GETTY IMAGES (2), FLICKR.COM/PETERKAMINSKI, PROJECTMANHATTAN/WIKIPEDIA, ALEX WILD; PP. 56–57 WARNER BROS./COURTESY EVERETT COLLECTION; P. 58 WARNER BROS./PHOTOFEST (2); P. 59 WARNER BROS./EVERETT COLLECTION, WARNER BROS./PHOTOFEST (2); P. 60 WARNER BROS./PHOTOFEST (2); P. 67 COURTESY KAUFMANN MERCANTILE, JORDAN NOEL; P. 82 AP IMAGES, SPLASH NEWS/CORBIS IMAGES, TWITTER.COM/SCOUT_WILLIS; P. 125 MICHAEL MOHR/*THE NEW YORK TIMES*/REDUX; P. 126 ALAMY, CHARLIE LANGELLA, SASHA EISENMAN (5), INSTAGRAM.COM/ANEWYORKERTRAVELS, TONY KELLY (2), JOSH RYAN (5). P. 41 GROOMING BY LISA ZIMMITTI USING LANCER, STYLING BY KELLY SMITH; PP. 84–86 GROOMING BY CATHERINE FURNISS AT CELESTINE AGENCY, STYLING BY ESTEE STANLEY AT THE WALL GROUP; PP. 92–99 MODELS CHELSIE ARYN, DANI MATHERS, MAGGIE MAY, CREATIVE DIRECTION BY MAC LEWIS, HAIR BY TONY VIN, MAKEUP BY ERIN LEE SMITH FOR ATELIER MANAGEMENT, PHOTO DIRECTION BY REBECCA BLACK, PRODUCTION ASSISTANCE BY LAUREL LEWIS, STYLING BY JENNIFER HERREMA.

year or two, got me a movie deal and then *psstt*.... I'm still waiting to hear from Seann William Scott."

Gallaway wasn't the only one to capitalize. *Sex and the City* and dozens of other TV shows featured Viagra story lines. HBO's *Big Love* suggested in 2006 that Utah polygamists could use a little help in the hay. That same year, after TSA agents at Palm Beach International Airport found a stash of contraband Viagra in Rush Limbaugh's luggage, forcing a hapless public to picture Limbaugh's righteous erections, the trail veered back toward polygamists. In a 2008 story, *The Washington Post* told of a CIA tactic unofficially dubbed Boners for Warlords. The *Post* reporter set the scene: "The Afghan chieftain looked older than his 60-odd years, and his bearded face bore the creases of a man burdened with duties as tribal patriarch and husband to four younger women. His visitor, a CIA officer, reached into his bag for a small gift. Four blue pills. Viagra.... Compliments of Uncle Sam." American spies had spent decades bribing warlords with weapons, cash and first-world medicine, but guns could rust, run out of bullets or fall into enemy hands. Cash could get too flashily blingy. "You give an asset \$1,000, he'll buy the shiniest junk he can find, and it will be apparent that he has come into a lot of money from someone," a CIA man told the *Post*. "Even if he doesn't get killed, he becomes ineffective as an informant because everyone knows where he got it." Better to bribe the warlord with something more private. The aging chieftain in the *Post* story had four wives, the most allowed by the Koran. He had public and private duties. The CIA's gift, four tabs of Viagra, renewed what one operative called his "authoritative position" in his household. Four days later the chieftain "came up to us, beaming. After that we could do whatever we wanted in his area."

A trainer for a Bolivian pro soccer team, reasoning that his strikers could use a blood-uptake boost before playing Peru at high altitude, crushed Viagra tabs and slipped them into the team's fruit drinks. The Bolivians went on a winning streak. A scientist studying jet lag found that Viagra might help cure it—at least in hamsters. He hopes to test humans soon, since they take more international flights than hamsters. Meanwhile, Chinese zoologists have tried feeding Viagra to captive tigers that have shown no interest in breeding. Thus does the arc of history bend forward, with humans finally giving tiger penises a boost instead of grinding and eating them.

In 2010 Michael Douglas raved about his sex life with Catherine Zeta-Jones. "God bless her that she likes older guys," said Douglas. "Some wonderful enhancements have happened in the last few years—Viagra, Cialis—that can make us all feel younger." Cialis and Levitra, introduced in 2003, and faster-acting Stendra, which came out three years ago, dented Viagra's market share but not its pop-cultural dominance. In 2012

Chicago Bears wide receiver Brandon Marshall named Viagra the NFL's latest performance enhancer, putting tacklers on notice that low blows might put their eyes out. By then men were consuming more than 45 tons of Viagra every year. The drug had spent more than a decade as one of Google's most-searched terms, with hundreds of millions of searches, thousands upon thousands of raves and still more rips that amounted to raves:

"Viagra seems to work too well. After one pill, I instantly become erect, increasing over nine inches in mere seconds. I also receive incredible stamina. Once in a Walmart, my shorts completely snapped, leaving everyone to stare at my massive 20-inch wang."

Pfizer's marketers, monitoring the web with an eye toward possible legal action, gave that one a pass. If your critics gripe about aisle-spanning erections, you're ahead of the game.

At every turn, the pharma-uro establishment dodged the issue of recreational use. This stance made sense for Pfizer, Eli Lilly and the makers of other ED meds. It's easier to popularize a medicine that treats a dysfunction than promote a stimulant that might be abused by horny straight guys as well as gays, porn actors and others who don't fit the graying-golfer image in ED commercials. But why should urologists oppose penile recreation?

"I'll tell you why," says Goldstein, one of the field's leading figures. "The whole idea that there are all these normal recreational users out there—it's a myth." Pointing out that the penile artery in the pelvis is subject to no end of insults and injuries, from bike seats and punting accidents to YouTube crotch kicks and skateboard wipeouts, he wonders how many guys *haven't* endured a few ball-busting impacts. "Such a blow can cause a lasting problem—damage that narrows that artery. After that, the erection's not what it used to be, but if you're young, you think it can't be ED because you're only 25. You take a pill, get a better erection and call it recreational. But here's the thing: If you let me study all the so-called recreational users, I'd show you that the vast majority have some degree of erectile dysfunction." As for hard-partying men who pop a Viagra or three to offset alcohol and drugs, he says, "Is that recreational? Cocaine, ecstasy, methamphetamine—these drugs impair erectile function. That's not recreational; it's repairing self-inflicted ED."

Urologist Sharlip has another concern. "Many so-called recreational users buy generic Viagra online. They may not know what they're getting. It could be fake, it could be contaminated. It could hurt you." While mentioning a Viagra virtue that sounds recreational—the drug can cut a man's refractory period in half, allowing him to get it up again in 10 minutes instead of the typical 20—Sharlip insists that online "Viagra" may be hazardous to your health. "You may want to be a sexual superman. You may want to save a little money while you're at it. But do you know

what you're getting? Is it really Viagra? Is it dangerous? Who knows?"

Matt Bassiur knows. A former federal prosecutor and ex-security chief for Apple, he now chases Viagra counterfeiters for Pfizer. Phony Viagra is a booming business, a worldwide multibillion-dollar industry backed by the yakuza in Japan, Mexican narcoterrorists, the Russian mob, what's left of the American Mafia and other opportunistic crooks in every corner of the world. "Some websites selling Viagra don't sell anything. They just take your info and steal your identity," Bassiur says. "Some sell gray-market product that's near its expiration date, or past it. Others sell counterfeit Viagra laced with stuff you wouldn't believe." Four years ago Bassiur and his team set up a sting operation. They bought so-called Viagra from 22 online pharmacies, then tested the pills that came in the mail. "Eighty percent of them weren't Viagra," he says. "Some contained rat poison. Some contained antibiotics. We also found anti-freeze, road paint and printer ink—blue ink, of course." He has a gallery of scary photos: pictures of rat- and bug-infested third-world hellholes. "Would you take a pill that came from that filth?" he asks. According to Bassiur, anyone who does is playing Russian roulette with his penis.

Even so, there are very few verified deaths due to counterfeit Viagra. There were several in Singapore in 2008, when bogus blue pills sickened hundreds of men, put dozens in comas and killed four, but that's it. Not a bad record for a chemical that has been used, overused, begged, borrowed, stolen, passed around at parties and combined with every other drug you can name for 16 years and counting. Which doesn't mean the wrong kind of Viagra can't hurt or even kill a man.

Take herbal supplements, for example. No, don't—the "male enhancement" tablets sold online or in convenience stores occasionally work like the real thing because they *are* the real thing. "But those products are totally unregulated," says Bassiur. "Yes, some of them work. They work because they contain the same sildenafil citrate you get in Viagra. But you have no idea what you're taking. You might not get enough sildenafil or too much." Too much can be lethal for men with low blood pressure or other risk factors—men whose doctors would never prescribe Viagra for them. Medical sleuths agree with Gallaway: It's possible hundreds if not thousands of men have died with healthy hard-ons they got from off-label or unlabeled sildenafil.

To foil the makers of fake or dangerous knockoffs, the National Association of Boards of Pharmacy came up with a seal of approval for legitimate online pharmacies: the VIPPS (Verified Internet Pharmacy Practice Sites) seal. Counterfeiters promptly forged the seal. Today, the best way to make sure you're getting the true blue pill is to buy directly from Pfizer at Viagra.com, a new joint venture with CVS pharmacies. Direct online sales are one way Pfizer hopes to bolster profits before its patent on Viagra expires in

2020. When Pfizer's patent on the cholesterol drug Lipitor, once the top-selling medicine in the world, expired in 2011, Lipitor sales fell from \$5 billion one year to \$932,000 the next. To avoid another tumble, Pfizer struck a deal with Teva Pharmaceuticals, an Israeli company that will pay royalties to Pfizer to make a generic Viagra. Pfizer also sells a version of Viagra in Mexico: a chewable tab. Can Gummi Viagra be far behind?

•

"What's next?" asks Gallaway. "Penises want to know."

Each generation tends to think its inventions are the last word in invention, but the road to the future is littered with Edsels, typewriters, VCRs and dried-up bits of jerky that turn out, on close inspection, to be tiger penises. Seventeen years ago Viagra was the atom bomb of sexual healing, a blue diamond so potent and profitable it made the Hope diamond look like a charcoal briquette. Gummi Viagra may be next, but it probably won't be the last penis helper of the early 21st century. Gallaway,

"We're just scratching the surface" of erectile liftoff, says one urologist.

for one, expects to see a pill that can give a man a more lasting relationship than the ones he's had with the blue pill, the Cialis "weekender" or any combination of the drugs on offer today.

"For one thing, drugs get expensive. With Viagra, we're talking about a \$30 erection," he says. "If you're on a traditional date or just dealing with human female moods, you can't afford to waste it. You're telling her, 'No, honey, we have to do it now. I'm *invested* here!'" Now in his 40s, the former Viagra fiend is looking for a longer-lasting chemical romance. "I'm looking for a cheaper, controlled-release sort of product—you take one every day and you're covered."

Sharlip agrees. "We may see a longer duration. One pill a week and you might be ready for a spontaneous sexual opportunity."

Urologist Goldstein takes a still longer view. "We're just scratching the surface" of erectile liftoff, he says. "Thirty-two years ago, when Brindley dropped his pants in Las Vegas, we were still guessing about how erections happen. Now, 16 years into

the Viagra era, the future is growing exponentially." Goldstein, the field's most original thinker since Brindley, has been working on a topical sildenafil: You and/or your partner rub it on your penis, and boom, you get a bawling boner without muscle aches or the strange blue-tinted vision that afflicts some Viagra users. Goldstein has also pioneered a treatment known as the tissue genesis cell isolation system, which combines liposuction and erectile injection. He takes fat cells from a patient, isolates stem cells and shoots them into the patient's penis. "It's pretty cool," he says. "If it works, it could be more than the latest treatment for ED. It could be a cure."

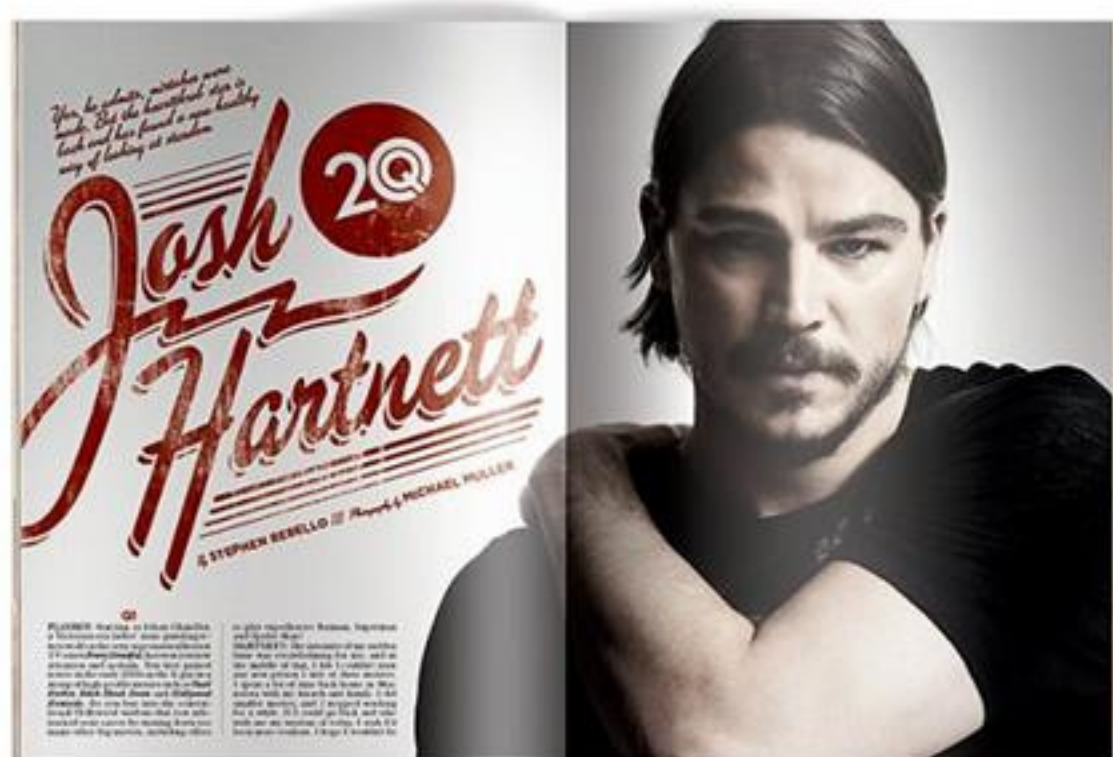
Not satisfied with treating and possibly curing ED, Goldstein recently tried a novel *Nip/Tuck* approach to premature ejaculation. "Botox," he says. "Just as Botox deadens the muscles that cause facial wrinkles, it can relax the ejaculatory muscle," he says. The ejaculatory muscle is a quarter-inch strip of meat between the scrotum and the anus. It spasms when you climax. Men who climax too soon sometimes shoot their loads half a minute into foreplay. An injection of Botox in the ejaculatory muscle can help them last longer. All Goldstein has to do is find out how to deliver the drug without sneaking into his patients' bedrooms while they're having sex. "Timed-release Botox? That might be next."

Unless next is the long-sought "female Viagra," the consummation of an era of sex research that began with Freud, stumbled toward modernity with Masters and Johnson, the pill and the sexual revolution of the 1960s, and found chemical fruition with Viagra. "But Viagra isn't the last word," Goldstein says. "Did you know that the FDA has now approved 26 drugs for male sexual dysfunction and zero for female sexual dysfunction? Why is that? I think it's gender bias. Billions of dollars have been spent on drugs that might help women who lack desire, aren't orgasmic or can't have sex without pain, but the FDA turns them down. It approved a medication for Peyronie's disease, which causes scarring and curvature of the penis. That drug carries a risk of penile fracture that requires emergency surgery. But the FDA called that an acceptable risk and approved it."

According to Goldstein, the future of sexual medicine features less sexual bias. And more sex. "It takes two to have sex," he says. "Female sexuality is the next frontier." (See *So Where's the Little Pink Pill?*, page 48.) In 10 years, men enjoying a weeklong or monthlong dose of next-generation Viagra may meet women taking the first effective female aphrodisiac, with results that could spell trouble for the ceiling-fan industry.

"Sexually, the future looks better than ever," he says. "And it all began at the Las Vegas Hilton, where Brindley proved that muscle relaxants were the answer, in the boldest possible way. Monday, April 18, 1983—that's the moment that started the *real* sexual revolution."





JOSH HARTNETT

Continued from page 86

Q6

PLAYBOY: Back when you were being hyped as *the* guy, did you or anyone close to you question whether you were rebelling against mainstream Hollywood just for the sake of rebelling?

HARTNETT: That's very much ingrained in me still. The point of it was not to accept social norms at face value. If I was going to be a living, breathing, cognizant human being, I always felt I should have lots of questions about my place and follow that thread. We all have those questions, but sometimes we feel unable to ask them or feel restricted in the questions we do ask. I never felt that pressure, luckily. The thing that scares me the most these days, though, is whether that has become too much of a habit for me. When someone says go left, I have to go right. I'm not actually accomplishing anything by doing that. That terrifies me, and I try to keep an eye on it.

Q7

PLAYBOY: What happens when you head off in wrong directions?

HARTNETT: You can run down the wrong paths for a very long time and without guidance. A friend of mine who was going through a similar thing started meditating. At first I was like, "Why do you need a mantra?" But it has worked wonders for him. He's just clearer. In the middle of the hubbub, being at the center of the business, I didn't have that time. I wasn't able to create that space for myself.

Q8

PLAYBOY: One theory about you is that you turned down work because you had no deep-seated desire to be rich. True?

HARTNETT: I've had the viewpoint "You don't need money to survive. We can all just help each other out." That's something ingrained in our family. My younger brother worked pretty much pro bono for a long time and just relied on trading stuff he needed with his Amish neighbors to make life bearable. He quit and now has more of what we'd call a normal path. I thought there was something to that notion, though, especially for actors and creative people. If we could just help one another and express ourselves, we'd all be happy. But then I think, Oh shit, there are bills to be paid, and I'd have to get a car that's safe for my kid. I don't have a kid yet, but that's the idea coming into my head these days.

Q9

PLAYBOY: You once called fame "a blunt tool thrust into my hands when I was very young." Did you wield that tool mostly on others or on yourself?

HARTNETT: Fame can be a dangerous thing. It can destroy you. I used to put myself in positions where I spoke up when I probably should have been listening. When you're young and have convictions, and fame suddenly gives you a microphone, you think, I'm going to tell everybody how it is. In 2004 I was running around stumping for John Kerry for president. I was supposed to give a speech in Iowa, and I hadn't really done any research on Iowa. I spoke to a classroom full of kids who were raised by Republican parents, and I tried to explain why I was voting for Kerry. The kids' questions were very in tune with a side of life I just hadn't considered. It made me feel provincial and small that I hadn't considered thoroughly the other take in America. I had to take a step back from doing that to figure out, Do I actually know what I'm talking about?

Q10

PLAYBOY: For years your name has been linked romantically with a number of beautiful actresses, such as Amanda Seyfried, and others with whom you've made films,

such as Scarlett Johansson. For several years now you've reportedly been deeply involved with Tamsin Egerton, with whom you co-star in an as-yet unreleased time-travel movie, *The Lovers*. Overall, how has dating co-stars worked out for you?

HARTNETT: I think it's a respectable way of going about it. I've met very important people in my life doing films. Sometimes that had consequences that were just awful for everybody involved. Some were fantastic all the way through. Everybody makes mistakes dating people they work with. They're whom I'm attracted to because I share experiences with them and understand a bit about what they are and what they do. If I were able to go back in time, I don't know if I could have done anything any different.

Q11

PLAYBOY: Movies you've made in the past decade—*Resurrecting the Champ*, *30 Days of Night*, *I Come With the Rain*—have flown under the radar, but you've remained a paparazzi magnet. In 2007 the press and the internet carried rumors that you'd gotten a blow job from at least one of two women in the men's room of a Lower East Side New York bar.

HARTNETT: If something comes up that's completely false, laughable or humiliating, I try not to spend any time on it. There are times when things come out and you just wish your mom didn't read the papers. Or you hope the people who know you best know better than to believe it. It's not to say I've been a saint, you know. But all that matters, I hope, is that that stuff doesn't have any real effect on or dire consequences in my personal life with the people I love and care about.

Q12

PLAYBOY: You recently finished making the Western *Wild Horses* with James Franco. Did you and Franco compare notes on using social media to play with the public's perception of you?

HARTNETT: No, because he's in the midst of doing something with his fame—there's something still percolating there and I'm curious to see what the result is. Honestly, I don't even know if I'd care to do that. It's just so time-consuming, and I don't know what



you get back. Making that movie was great, though. Robert Duvall wrote, directed and stars in it. We were up in the mountains in Utah, riding horses. I play Duvall's middle son, whom he just kind of passed over, and James plays the youngest son he loved so much, who turns out to be gay and to whom he did a lot of psychological damage. It's the story of the youngest son's return and the father coming to terms with the end of his life.

Q13

PLAYBOY: Speaking of fathers and sons, your father was a musician who played gigs with Al Green.

HARTNETT: It was only a couple of times, but yeah. He played music all his life, but in the hubris of youth he thought he was going to be something. He was like, "Yeah, this guy Al Green's coming to town and we're playing with him a few times. Who cares?" Later on, though, he was like, "Holy shit."

Q14

PLAYBOY: You have strong co-stars on *Penny Dreadful*, including Eva Green, Timothy Dalton, Billie Piper and Rory Kinnear, and the show is conceived and written by playwright John Logan, screenwriter of *Skyfall* and *Sweeney Todd: The Demon Barber of Fleet Street*. Is there any fly in that ointment?

HARTNETT: TV's a new process for me. I probably should have guessed this, but the speed of shooting a two-hour film in five weeks is breakneck. When you finish, there's no wrap party, no high-fiving. We did four of those two-hour films back-to-back last year, and this season it's five. And we film in Dublin.

Q15

PLAYBOY: Not the worst location.

HARTNETT: A good city to walk around in. We generally work in the mornings, though, and it's cold there, and they don't believe in central heating. The cold in Dublin is a different category of cold than I was used to growing up in Minnesota. When you're cold in Dublin, you're cold inside too, so it's mostly finish work, go home and stoke the fire—which is kind of cool, actually. I'm generalizing, but the Irish have an underlying melancholy yet are very resilient, happy, jolly people.

Q16

PLAYBOY: The show features demons, ghouls and tormented characters such as the Ripper, Dorian Gray and Dr. Victor Frankenstein and his monstrous creation. It's set in Victorian London circa 1891, and percolates with sexual stuff. Does playing a haunted character who shape-shifts into a werewolf make you consider what lycanthropic sex might be like?

HARTNETT: I've thought of Ethan as a person with the same number and types of senses as I have, so his transformation into a werewolf is only a kind of fugue state. My thoughts on how he feels about sexuality, love and loss are more about him as a person than as a shape-shifter or an "other" kind of being. On the first episode of the show last season, we find him on a day when he very well could have killed himself. He's woken up many times

with blood on his hands. He thinks of himself as some kind of evil anomaly and is terrified of that. He covers it by seeming to be classically addicted to everything, to states of exultation. He's haunted by his secrets. We all have those. A question that comes into play in this new season is whether we even need to be ashamed of those secrets. He opens up this season and becomes less blunt. There's more sexual nuance this season. There's also more levity and fun. There's hope in Ethan for the first time.

Q17

PLAYBOY: How would Josh Hartnett have survived in the real 19th century London?

HARTNETT: The options for a guy like me would have been much more limited back then. I wonder what I would have done for a living, or if I'd have gone to school, because there are so many questions of class when you talk about Victorian London. I don't know if Josh Hartnett would have been born into an aristocratic family, but if he hadn't, life would have been very short and filled with a lot of hard physical work.

Q18

PLAYBOY: What has most surprised you about doing *Penny Dreadful*?

HARTNETT: John Logan being so very cool in allowing us to have a conversation about where the show might be going. He's writing season three right now. We've continually stayed on top of what is attractive and not attractive to me about the things he's come up with. One of the things that really interested me about playing this role was what it would be like to be part of an

organic process as an actor, as opposed to just having it all cut-and-dried. Another thing is finding out how what we do affects people. That's so alien to us while we're in the process of doing it.

Q19

PLAYBOY: You mean you've learned that the show has a wide range of fans?

HARTNETT: Yeah, we're stumbling through sometimes, feeling good about it—just doing it. I didn't know whether people would respond to the show, but it seems as though they are. And then suddenly Patti Smith came out to Dublin and watched us film for a day. It turns out she really likes the show and may even write some songs for it. Incredible.

Q20

PLAYBOY: So, to people who still want to ask that old question, "Whatever happened to Josh Hartnett?" what would you say?

HARTNETT: I'm curious to see what people want of me in this business, if anything. I'm very happy with my personal life—we're just kicking the can down the road, trying to make some sense of it. I'm very open these days about what I used to feel and what I used to take away from the business when I was young and kind of in the center of it all. I'm still trying to do similar kinds of things. Last year my favorite films were *Birdman* and *Frank*. Fellini's *8½* is my favorite film. If at some point I can get away with doing something remotely as cool as those or anything Federico Fellini ever touched, I'll be very happy.



"I love it when you have the hiccups!"



BARELY LEGAL

Continued from page 82

or Coachella and attend nudie events such as Bodyfest and Nudestock or run a naked 5K in Florida. If they need something more challenging, this June nudies can attend the second annual Mud, Sweat and Boobs, a clothing-optional 5K obstacle course in Burlington, Wisconsin that promises to be part Tough Mudder, part nudist resort. Proceeds benefit breast- and testicular-cancer charities.

But getting naked isn't as easy as it sounds. Laws vary drastically from state to state and involve a jumble of terms and definitions that occasionally fail to differentiate between illicit lewd behavior and something as benign as nude sunbathing. For example, since 1992 it has been legal in New York for women to go topless in public, while in Alabama a woman could be found guilty of indecent exposure and

forced to register as a sex offender. Even legal toplessness has its problems, as women are often targeted by police officers clueless about the laws and charged with disorderly conduct or obstructing traffic.

At seven o'clock on a Monday morning in 2011, artist Zefrey Throwell launched Ocularpation: Wall Street, a five-minute performance-art piece in which 50 naked men and women each acted out a Wall Street profession, from sweeping the street to sitting at a desk. The piece was intended to be a social critique "in the spirit of a Freudian nightmare and to draw attention to the absurdity of the modern economic model." Three participants were arrested on charges of disorderly conduct, including Jones.

"I didn't think I was going to get arrested," she tells me over a lunch of vegan quiche as she sits perched in the loftlike seating area above a Williamsburg yoga studio's veggie café. "We had meetings beforehand and Zefrey brought it up, but it didn't sound likely."

Jones's assignment that day was dog walker, and she came equipped with a joke dog leash attached to an invisible dog. She took off her top and began walking. "I was totally topless and barefoot, wearing only capri pants," she says.

An officer immediately confronted her and, after she'd put her shirt back on, handcuffed her. "I tried telling him it was legal for me to be topless," she says, "but he wouldn't listen. He didn't know. He had no idea."

Jones spent a few hours in a holding cell. "I was really upset. I'd never been

arrested before," she says. "I didn't know what was going to happen. I thought they might send me to Bellevue. It wouldn't be the first time they sent a topless girl to Bellevue. They've done it before"—to Phoenix Feeley, who was arrested after going topless for a walk in New York City. "The guy thought I was nuts."

It's not just law enforcement that has nudists feeling persecuted. Social media websites including Facebook and Instagram (which was acquired by Facebook in 2012) routinely remove images containing nudity and have been known to deactivate accounts of users who post photos of topless females, even those breast-feeding or sunbathing. The practice has spawned minor protests, including the #FreeTheNipple hashtag. It has also attracted a growing number of celebrity supporters such as supermodel Cara Delevingne and Miley Cyrus, who posted a topless photo with the caption "Some lame a** deff gonna (flag) dat (s**) but f*****k it #practicewhatchupreach #FreeTheNipple." Instagram promptly removed it.

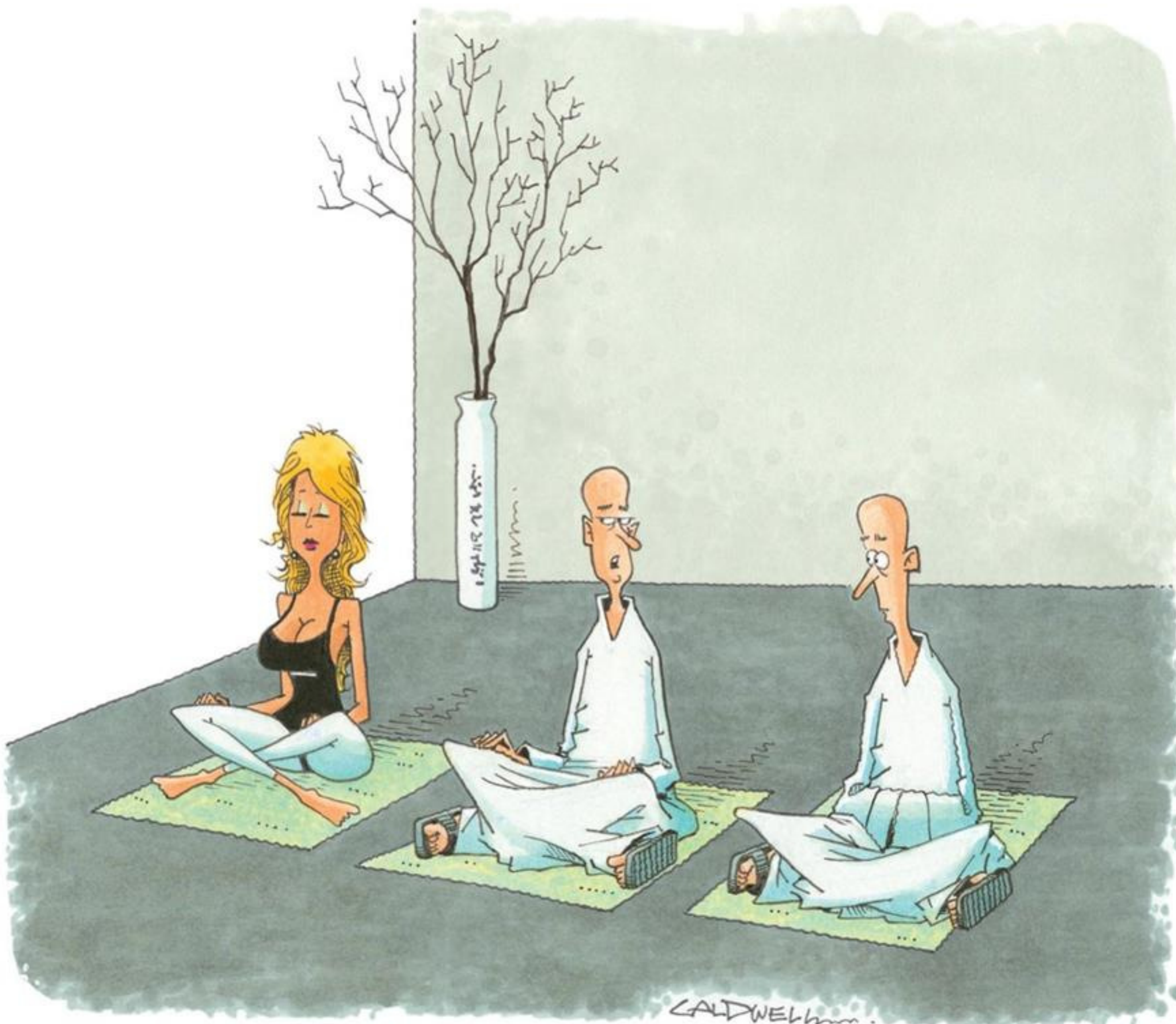
Scout Willis, the 23-year-old daughter of actors Bruce Willis and Demi Moore, whose Instagram account was deleted last year due to "instances of abuse," took to the streets herself. Topless, Willis strode through lower Manhattan wearing nothing but tan flat shoes, a knee-length skirt patterned with flowers and a black purse slung over her bare shoulder. Paparazzi captured her bare-breasted jaunt. Google "Scout Willis nipple" and you'll see her bent over in front of a bodega, casually smelling a bouquet of roses.

Willis explained her motivation in an essay published on the website XO Jane. "What I am arguing for is a woman's right to choose how she represents her body—and to make that choice based on personal desire and not a fear of how people will react to her or how society will judge her. No woman should be made to feel ashamed of her body."

A few months after Naked Movie Night, freezing winter blizzards having given way to another balmy New York summer, the Young Naturists gather in Columbus Circle to celebrate New York City Bodypainting Day. The festivities include more than 40 nude models and a crew of body painters coming together for a live demonstration of the art and a celebratory open-air exhibition.

In 2011, Andy Golub, the artist and pre-eminent body painter who dreamed up the event, and several of his models were arrested during a public body-painting session. With the help of his lawyer Ron Kuby and the New York Civil Liberties Union, Golub forced the NYPD to acknowledge that live nude body painting is a valid performance art and not a criminal offense. Bodypainting Day now stands as a minor victory for nudism and a cause for celebration.

We're gathered in the garden patio of the POP Bar in Astoria, Queens. It's daytime and the bar (owned by a friend) is closed, so Golub is using the outdoor space



"At the moment, I'm torn between achieving total inner peace and totally knocking off a piece."



**CHECK OUT THE NEW PLAYBOY.COM.
YOU'RE WELCOME.**

as a makeshift studio. He's painting Jones and another nude model, Stacey Lunin, for a follow-up segment about Golub and Bodypainting Day that Fox News will air later in the week.

"It was insane. The vibe was like this vibe I've never experienced anywhere," Golub explains about the 2014 event. He wears a T-shirt featuring a printed copy of his signature style of body paint, expressionistic faces swirled together in shades of blue with hooked noses and wild, cartoonish eyes. Parked out front, his sedan is wrapped in the same custom print. For this year's Bodypainting Day, Golub rented a double-decker bus to haul his living canvases around the city, stopping for a public display in Times Square. "And it wasn't just me; it was this vibe that was, like, crazy," he says.

But is nudism really attracting a younger crowd? A growing number of nudist and naturist events take place across the country each summer, including Naked Spring Bash, hosted by the Florida Young Naturists. This one, targeting 18- to 35-year-olds, features nude volleyball, an inflatable slide, body painting, midnight skinny-dipping and yoga workshops.

I decide to attend a similarly advertised summer weekend, Bodyfest 2014, a nudist and nude-freedom event at Lupin Lodge in Los Gatos, California. Bodyfest advertises contests both physical and creative, plus music, dance performances, yoga, massages and more body-freedom fun. Nomad, the organizer behind Bodyfest, also runs PhotoNaturals.com, which hosts and promotes year-round nudist activities.

He has promised the biggest Bodyfest yet, with lots of young people.

That's not exactly what I find when I arrive at Lupin Lodge, a tired, clothing-optional campground crowded with trailers for year-round living, a pool and a main lodge with a small cafeteria kitchen that raises a few questions about rules regarding naked food prep. The crowd of about 100 at the resort this day are mostly older, and some have lived here for many years. But about 30 young people are here, many of them first-time nudists who learned about Bodyfest on the social-event network Meetup.com and drove up from San Francisco to give it a go. Maybe young nudists just haven't found their place yet.

"My friends in the area weren't too keen on joining," says a young Southeast Asian man in Crocs and rimless glasses who has just relocated to San Francisco from Massachusetts. "But I figured everything's worth a try. Well, almost everything." He wanders alone, drifting in and out of conversation circles, for most of the day.

At a lunch table in the main lodge I meet what seems to be the core group of young nudists in attendance. Maris is a curly-haired blonde raw vegan who, despite living a nude lifestyle on communal acreage in northern California, has never before used conventional sunscreen. Her tan is wheaty and beautiful, her body trim. She sits with Mia and Jonathan, a polyamorous couple who look like siblings, complete with the same long rusty ponytail, plain face and stomach paunch. They wear matching necklaces: a sterling-silver

heart with an infinity loop coiled around it—the international symbol for polyamory. Their girlfriend Rose wears one too.

There is also Laura, gorgeous with fair skin, shiny dark hair and bright blue eyes. She looks like a bigger-breasted nude Liv Tyler. She's involved in the Burning Man scene and found out about Bodyfest through a friend on OkCupid. Her boyfriend isn't into nudism but doesn't mind Laura participating. She wears combat boots in the baking sun. When it comes time to take the big Bodyfest 2014 group photo, Laura retreats into the lodge. "If I'm going to be naked on the internet, I better get paid for it," she says.

Fair enough. Photos uploaded from nudist events are easily spread across voyeuristic porn sites, where they're passed from site to site. Laura isn't the only one concerned about the public sharing of her private socializing. Another man I meet, Chris, bald and shaved from top to toe—and everywhere in between—tells me about the time he was forwarded a link to a voyeuristic porn site, where he and a female friend could be seen frolicking on a naked beach, the camera quite obviously hidden out of sight in a dune.

Not that there aren't plenty of young people willing to get naked on-screen. In the past year, tiring of the *de rigueur* cat fights and forced love connections, reality television has brought us such nude programming as Discovery Channel's *Naked and Afraid*. Each week the show places a pair of total strangers (a man and a woman) in the middle of a remote wilderness, *Survivor*-style, without water, tools, food—or clothes. Last summer VH1 premiered *Dating Naked*, on which total strangers are brought to paradise (a seaside Panama resort this time) and paired off for various prefabricated dream dates in the buff: horseback riding, zip-lining, spearfishing, all sans clothes. "When I met you I saw everything/I know you now," trills the theme song's chanteuse as two pairs of tan legs skip toward the water, pants and undies flung into the sand.

"I was surprised, pleasantly, that so many people were interested enough in the genuine aspect of the social experiment that they were willing to be naked," says executive producer Rob LaPlante.

The premise of the show was no secret during casting, but LaPlante wanted nude newbies, not people for whom it was "second nature, no big deal." Ultimately, some contestants found it difficult to disrobe when the time came. Others found themselves surprisingly comfortable, proving you don't really know what you like until you try it. Like all dating reality shows, this one has its share of cat fights, and the dates themselves range from disastrous to promising. It was never the plan, but after filming wrapped, one couple decided to get married. Their wedding was filmed and broadcast as an hour-long special this past September. The bride and groom wore nothing.



"Sorry I'm late. I rode up and down in the elevator for an hour trying to figure out a way to avoid this meeting."



HARBOR FREIGHT

QUALITY TOOLS AT RIDICULOUSLY LOW PRICES

How Does Harbor Freight Sell GREAT QUALITY Tools at the LOWEST Prices?

We have invested millions of dollars in our own state-of-the-art quality test labs and millions more in our factories, so our tools will go toe-to-toe with the top professional brands. And we can sell them for a fraction of the price because we cut out the middle man and pass the savings on to you. It's just that simple! Come visit one of our 550 Stores Nationwide.

SUPER COUPON

20% OFF

ANY SINGLE ITEM

LIMIT 1 - Save 20% on any one item purchased at our stores or HarborFreight.com or by calling 800-423-2567. *Cannot be used with other discount, coupon, gift cards, Inside Track Club membership, extended service plans or on any of the following: compressors, generators, tool storage or carts, welders, floor jacks, Towable Ride-On Trencher, Saw Mill (Item 61712/62366/67138), Predator Gas Power Items, open box items, in-store event or parking lot sale items. Not valid on prior purchases after 30 days from original purchase date with original receipt. Non-transferable. Original coupon must be presented. Valid through 8/21/15. Limit one coupon per customer per day.



86189861

SUPER COUPON

FREE

WITH ANY PURCHASE
3-1/2" SUPER BRIGHT
NINE LED ALUMINUM
FLASHLIGHT

LOT 69052 shown
69111/62522/62573

\$6.99
VALUE



LIMIT 1 - Cannot be used with other discount, coupon or prior purchase. Coupon good at our stores, HarborFreight.com or by calling 800-423-2567. Offer good while supplies last. Shipping & Handling charges may apply if not picked up in-store. Non-transferable. Original coupon must be presented. Valid through 8/21/15. Limit one FREE GIFT coupon per customer per day.



86173815

SUPER COUPON!

**12" SLIDING COMPOUND
DOUBLE-BEVEL MITER SAW
WITH LASER GUIDE**

NEW CHICAGO ELECTRIC POWER TOOLS

LOT 69684 shown
61776/61969/61970

SAVE \$165

\$134.99

REG. PRICE \$299.99

86143152

LIMIT 5 - Good at our stores or HarborFreight.com or by calling 800-423-2567. Cannot be used with other discount or coupon or prior purchases after 30 days from original purchase with original receipt. Offer good while supplies last. Non-transferable. Original coupon must be presented. Valid through 8/21/15. Limit one coupon per customer per day.

SUPER COUPON!

**5 FT. 6" x 7 FT. 6"
ALL PURPOSE WEATHER
RESISTANT TARP**

LOT 69136/69248
69128/69210/953 shown

SAVE 61%

\$269

REG. PRICE \$6.99

86168269

LIMIT 8 - Good at our stores or HarborFreight.com or by calling 800-423-2567. Cannot be used with other discount or coupon or prior purchases after 30 days from original purchase with original receipt. Offer good while supplies last. Non-transferable. Original coupon must be presented. Valid through 8/21/15. Limit one coupon per customer per day.

SUPER COUPON!

**PACIFIC HYDROSTAR.
1650 PSI
PRESSURE
WASHER**

LOT 69488
• 1.3 GPM

SAVE \$50

\$79.99

REG. PRICE \$129.99

86189261

LIMIT 4 - Good at our stores or HarborFreight.com or by calling 800-423-2567. Cannot be used with other discount or coupon or prior purchases after 30 days from original purchase with original receipt. Offer good while supplies last. Non-transferable. Original coupon must be presented. Valid through 8/21/15. Limit one coupon per customer per day.

SUPER COUPON!

**4-1/2" ANGLE GRINDER
drillmaster**

LOT 95578
69645/60625 shown

SAVE 50%

\$9.99

REG. PRICE \$19.99

86222814

LIMIT 7 - Good at our stores or HarborFreight.com or by calling 800-423-2567. Cannot be used with other discount or coupon or prior purchases after 30 days from original purchase with original receipt. Offer good while supplies last. Non-transferable. Original coupon must be presented. Valid through 8/21/15. Limit one coupon per customer per day.

WOW SUPER COUPON!

**US*GENERAL PRO
26" 16 DRAWER
ROLLER CABINET**

LOT 61609/67831 shown

SAVE OVER \$332

\$317.83

REG. PRICE \$639.99

86241572

LIMIT 4 - Good at our stores or HarborFreight.com or by calling 800-423-2567. Cannot be used with other discount or coupon or prior purchases after 30 days from original purchase with original receipt. Offer good while supplies last. Non-transferable. Original coupon must be presented. Valid through 8/21/15. Limit one coupon per customer per day.

WOW SUPER COUPON!

**TRIPLE BALL
TRAILER HITCH**

LOT 94141 shown
69874/61320
61913/61914

SAVE 66%

\$19.99

REG. PRICE \$59.99

86159094

LIMIT 5 - Good at our stores or HarborFreight.com or by calling 800-423-2567. Cannot be used with other discount or coupon or prior purchases after 30 days from original purchase with original receipt. Offer good while supplies last. Non-transferable. Original coupon must be presented. Valid through 8/21/15. Limit one coupon per customer per day.

WOW SUPER COUPON!

**RAPID PUMP® 1.5 TON
ALUMINUM RACING JACK**

PITTSBURGH AUTOMOTIVE

• 3-1/2 Pumps Lifts Most Vehicles
• Weighs 27 lbs.

LOT 69252/60569
62160/62496
62516/68053 shown

SAVE \$60

\$59.99

REG. PRICE \$119.99

86182558

LIMIT 3 - Good at our stores or HarborFreight.com or by calling 800-423-2567. Cannot be used with other discount or coupon or prior purchases after 30 days from original purchase with original receipt. Offer good while supplies last. Non-transferable. Original coupon must be presented. Valid through 8/21/15. Limit one coupon per customer per day.

SUPER COUPON!

**NEW 900 PEAK/
700 RUNNING WATTS
2 HP (63 CC) 2 CYCLE
GAS RECREATIONAL
GENERATOR**

LOT 60338/62472/66619/69381 shown

SAVE \$80

\$99.99

REG. PRICE \$179.99

86191323

LIMIT 4 - Good at our stores or HarborFreight.com or by calling 800-423-2567. Cannot be used with other discount or coupon or prior purchases after 30 days from original purchase with original receipt. Offer good while supplies last. Non-transferable. Original coupon must be presented. Valid through 8/21/15. Limit one coupon per customer per day.

SUPER COUPON!

**2.5 HP, 21 GALLON
125 PSI VERTICAL
AIR COMPRESSOR**

CENTRALPNEUMATIC

LOT 67847 shown
61454/61693

SAVE \$70

\$149.99

REG. PRICE \$219.99

86207959

LIMIT 3 - Good at our stores or HarborFreight.com or by calling 800-423-2567. Cannot be used with other discount or coupon or prior purchases after 30 days from original purchase with original receipt. Offer good while supplies last. Non-transferable. Original coupon must be presented. Valid through 8/21/15. Limit one coupon per customer per day.

SUPER COUPON!

**2500 LB. ELECTRIC WINCH WITH
WIRELESS REMOTE CONTROL**

BADLAND

LOT 68146/61297
61840/61258 shown

NEW

SAVE \$100

\$49.99

REG. PRICE \$149.99

86222733

LIMIT 5 - Good at our stores or HarborFreight.com or by calling 800-423-2567. Cannot be used with other discount or coupon or prior purchases after 30 days from original purchase with original receipt. Offer good while supplies last. Non-transferable. Original coupon must be presented. Valid through 8/21/15. Limit one coupon per customer per day.

WOW SUPER COUPON!

**TORQUE WRENCHES
PITTSBURGH PRO**

1/4" DRIVE LOT 2696 61277
3/8" DRIVE LOT 807 61276
1/2" DRIVE LOT 239 shown 62431

YOUR CHOICE!

\$9.99

SAVE 66%

\$21.99

REG. PRICE \$28.99

• Accuracy within ±4%

86160425

LIMIT 8 - Good at our stores or HarborFreight.com or by calling 800-423-2567. Cannot be used with other discount or coupon or prior purchases after 30 days from original purchase with original receipt. Offer good while supplies last. Non-transferable. Original coupon must be presented. Valid through 8/21/15. Limit one coupon per customer per day.

SUPER COUPON!

**10 FT. x 20 FT.
PORTABLE
CAR CANOPY**

LOT 60728
69034 shown

SAVE \$100

\$99.99

REG. PRICE \$199.99

86187738

LIMIT 5 - Good at our stores or HarborFreight.com or by calling 800-423-2567. Cannot be used with other discount or coupon or prior purchases after 30 days from original purchase with original receipt. Offer good while supplies last. Non-transferable. Original coupon must be presented. Valid through 8/21/15. Limit one coupon per customer per day.

• 100% Satisfaction Guaranteed
• Over 25 Million Satisfied Customers

• No Hassle Return Policy
• Lifetime Warranty On All Hand Tools

• 550 Stores Nationwide
• HarborFreight.com 800-423-2567



FOLLOW THE BUNNY



/playboy



@playboy



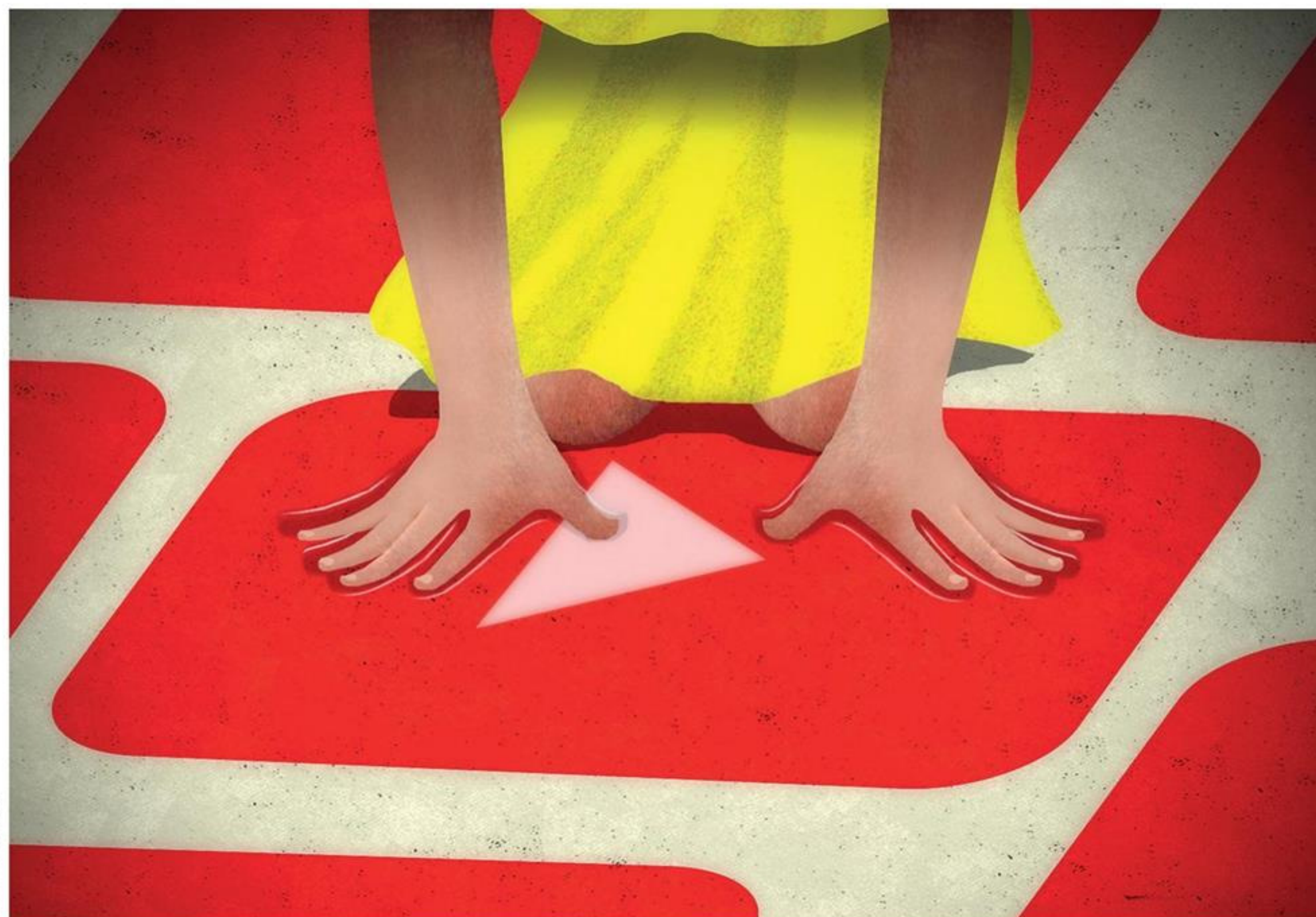
@playboy



playboy



+playboy



BRIAN STAUFFER

STARS: THEY'RE ALMOST LIKE US

YouTube celebrities act like they're our friends. Does that change the nature of fame?

B

Blonde, 29 years old and naturally effervescent, Grace Helbig seems as though she belongs on television. Years ago Helbig gave traditional stardom a try, performing at the Peoples Improv Theater in New York City, but along the way she began to make amusing, confessional web videos with a friend, and the clips they posted online soon became

much more. "I quickly learned that hustling 100 people into a theater on a Wednesday was way harder than getting 100 people to watch a video on YouTube," Helbig says.

Before long, she signed a five-year contract with My Damn Channel, a multichannel network (akin to a digital version of media conglomerates such as Fox). It was a decision that proved prescient: Between 2008 and 2013 her YouTube channel gained more than 2 million subscribers. Helbig broke away to launch an independent channel last year; it has since attracted more than 70 million views, and her roundabout trajectory

to fame was cemented with *The Grace Helbig Project*, a comedy talk show that premiered on E! this April.

As YouTube celebrates its 10th anniversary this month, Helbig and a rising class of celebrities on the site are grasping more fame than ever before. Like other famous YouTubers, Helbig found a niche and used her charisma and authenticity to attract legions of fans. And though YouTube celebrities are better known among internet natives than among their forebears, they now boast a surprising measure of real-world star power, as well

as astronomical earnings and leverage with marketers looking to access elusive youth demographics. In other words, with our media landscape fractured across more and more screens,

they're becoming the surest bets mature media brands have of discovering the next Chelsea Handler or Brad Pitt. But can YouTubers ever become truly famous, or will they be forever relegated to B-list status?

BY
NOAH
DAVIS

"We kind of created Justin Bieber, so we can, absolutely," says Kevin Allocca, YouTube's head of culture and trends, with a laugh. Allocca and Helbig emphasize that much of the appeal of celebrities weaned on social media lies in the promise of personal interaction. "YouTube isn't an art gallery where we put paintings up for people to look at," Helbig says. "We're there alongside you, having a conversation." As Allocca puts it, "The immediacy provided on platforms like YouTube means that authenticity is incredibly important, more important than other types of talent we traditionally associate with stars. To be authentic is a real talent"—one that successful YouTubers such as Helbig have in spades.

Both Helbig and Ryan Higa, another famous YouTuber, say

"YouTube isn't an art gallery where we put paintings up for people to look at. We're there alongside you."

fans in the street stop them constantly. Yet Higa, for his part, denies celebrity status. "I don't consider myself a big star," he says. "My fans know my videos, but I'm sure their parents have never heard of me." The very nature of YouTube makes achieving cross-generational fame difficult. Higa boasts 13 million subscribers, a remarkable number but one that pales in comparison with the number of people who will see ads for a Brad Pitt movie. Moving from YouTube's depth of fan interaction to the breadth of exposure demanded in mainstream media is difficult. Whether successful YouTubers should want or need to do so is another question; a creator with just 1 million subscribers earns a very comfortable living.

What isn't in question is YouTube's unprecedented growth: Venture capitalist Fred Wilson called 2014 the year the platform "became a monster." Online video consumption is up ninefold since 2010, Americans age 12 to 24 watched 15 percent fewer films in theaters last year than they did in 2013, and a *Variety* survey found that six of the 10 most popular celebrities among Americans age 13 to 18 were YouTubers, beating out such stalwarts as Seth Rogen and

Traditional celebrity is aspirational: People want to be George Clooney. On YouTube, they want to be friends with Grace Helbig.

Katy Perry. In response, Hollywood has made huge bets on multichannel networks. Disney paid \$500 million to purchase Maker Studios and DreamWorks spent \$33 million for AwesomenessTV, while Warner Bros. invested \$18 million in Machinima. Even traditional talent agencies such as CAA, UTA and WME have begun directly signing YouTube's biggest names to weighty management contracts.

► Amazing Grace: Helbig is bubbly, unfiltered and newly famous.



Wealth, however, cannot guarantee staying power. "In a world where over two days of video get uploaded every minute, only that which is truly unique and unexpected can stand out," Allocca said all the way back in 2011. Things have only become more frenzied since, and YouTube's stars must remain constantly, consistently remarkable. "Given the YouTube dynamic," says Kenneth Krushel, an assistant professor of media studies at the New School, "where transient oddities are delivered daily with little barrier to entry, and the factor between success and obscurity is alchemy where a presence is noticed as suddenly as it's forgotten, no, it doesn't seem that the YouTube stars of today are the enduring stars of tomorrow."

The greatest barrier between YouTube celebrity and mainstream fame may turn out to be structural. Traditional celebrity is aspirational: People want to be George Clooney. On YouTube, they want to be friends with Grace Helbig. While a talk show works for Helbig because it's an extension of her YouTube personality, the appeal doesn't translate to a movie in which she'd play an entirely different character.

Perhaps the largest question looming over the rise of the YouTube generation is whether celebrity itself is changing with them. Jennifer Lawrence rose to stardom in large part because we want to be her best friend; the same argument could be made about Channing Tatum, who is nothing if not the kind of guy who'd be fun at a bar. To borrow a YouTube colloquialism, Lawrence is her "authentic" self. We feel as if we're her friend, even though we're not. For Helbig, at least, that authenticity is the engine behind her growing empire. Is authenticity alone enough to make her, or any other YouTuber, the next Lawrence? Only the next 10 years of digital upheaval will tell. ■



TOLERATING THE INTOLERANT

Religious fanatics ask state legislatures to legalize their bigotry



Many of us have had landlords from hell, but Ken Phillips and Gail Randall had a landlord from heaven. In 1987, they found their dream apartment in Chico, California, but there was one problem: Landlord Evelyn Smith was a

devout Christian, and Phillips and Randall were unmarried. Smith turned them down. Co-habitation translated into extramarital sex, she reasoned, and facilitating such sinful behavior would hinder her chances of seeing the pearly gates. A nine-year court battle followed. Smith cited the 1993 federal Religious Freedom Restoration Act, saying it would "substantially burden" her free exercise of religion to aid and abet premarital sex, but the California Supreme Court disagreed. Landlords can check your credit rating, it ruled, but not your marital status, and the

BRIAN STAUFFER

A JUGGERNAUT RISES

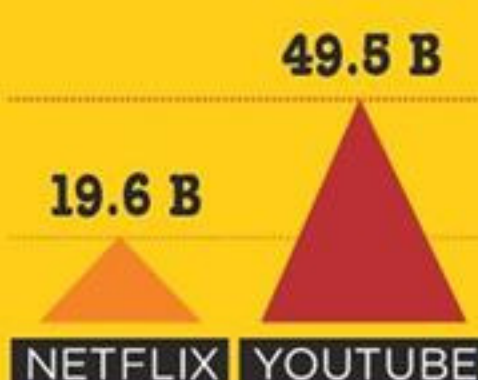
YOUTUBE HAS MORE USERS

More people are subscribing and subscribe more often—meaning they're in it for the long haul.



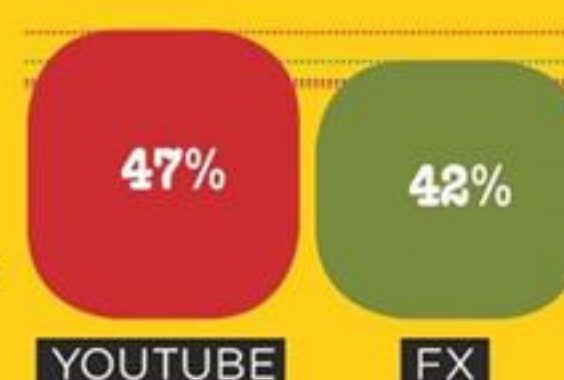
MORE VIEW TIME

YouTube outperforms the rest of the web, from Facebook to AOL, on minutes viewed.



MORE REACH THAN CABLE

Nielsen measures reveal YouTube reaches more 18- to 34-year-olds than any cable channel.



court told Smith she could find a new job.

The Supreme Court says that worship isn't a license to break whatever law you'd like. But law and logic are no match for zealotry. This year, nine states are set to hear Religious Freedom Restoration Acts, many of which mimic or go beyond the language of the federal statute Smith cited. Emboldened by the Supreme Court's Hobby Lobby ruling, allowing a company to refuse insurance coverage for birth control, the bills aim to open new loopholes for discrimination by giving businesses the right to refuse service on the basis of religious beliefs. Nineteen states have similar measures in place, but these new bills push the envelope: Texas aims to

change its existing statute's language from prohibiting a "substantial burden" on the free exercise of religion to prohibiting "any burden" and make it a state constitutional amendment, while Utah's HB322 would go so far as to give worshippers grounds to sue others for impeding their beliefs.

What's new about this old, bad idea is how it's being sold. That some groups of people don't deserve to walk into certain stores or restaurants isn't a hill anyone is eager to die on, but proponents of new RFRA's are trumpeting their cause with the very language of civil rights, by arguing for—of all things—tolerance.

"I filed SJR 10 to promote religious tolerance and protect the cherished and long-established right to religious freedom," Texas state senator Donna Campbell wrote in support of her bill. Campbell's words echo Mississippi state senator Phillip Gandy's: "We are asked to be tolerant of many things," he said of his state's RFRA, "and all we're asking for is some understanding and tolerance

of our beliefs as well."

Yes, these senators are actually asking us to be tolerant of intolerance. It's a classic philosophical paradox: Must we tolerate intolerant beliefs in a tolerant society?

Tolerance is less a position based on beliefs and more a tug-of-war between acceptance and rejection—after all, we don't tolerate what we accept; we simply accept it. We tolerate only what we disapprove of. We don't "tolerate" the Make-A-Wish Foundation, for instance, but we tolerate the Westboro Baptist Church, because we can accept the principles of free speech while rejecting a particularly nasty group. When Phil Robertson, the biblically bearded star of A&E's *Duck Dynasty*, trotted out

cherry-picked lines from the Old Testament in 2013 to say gay people are destined for hell, he was well within his rights to do so.

The trouble, however, starts at

the moment beliefs become actions. In 1879, when Mormons challenged anti-polygamy laws, the Supreme Court quoted Thomas Jefferson on the difference between the two. Congress can't legislate what you believe, the founding father said, but it must be able to legislate how you act and *especially* how you treat others. If not, true believers, such as those of Ponchatoula, Louisiana's Hosanna Church—the satanic inspiration for HBO's *True Detective*—could use God to justify child abuse and sacrifice. "We cannot engage in any conduct just because it has a religious reason," explains Jenny Pizer, senior counsel for Lambda Legal.

Intolerant action is where the line must be drawn. The political philosopher John Rawls believed we must tolerate the intolerant, that we shouldn't suppress anyone's speech—especially not when



"We defend religious believers, but we have never agreed with the principle that religion can be used to harm somebody else."

—Eunice Hyon Min Rho,
Advocacy and Policy
Counsel, ACLU

bound by our Constitution—with one exception: when tolerating the intolerant hangs our safety in the balance. "Justice," Rawls wrote, "does not require that men stand idly by while others destroy the basis of their existence."

RFRA's blur the line between belief and action—after all, a pastor preaching the evils not just of abortion but of the doctors who perform them flirts with incitement to violence. When must we oppose religious intolerance? For Rawls the answer is obvious: There must be "immediate danger to the equal liberties of others." And that's the problem with this new rash of RFRA's. These laws give business owners license to refuse service in places of public accommodation. Two courts recently ruled against this type of discrimination: In August 2013 the New Mexico Supreme Court ruled that a photography studio violated antidiscrimination laws by refusing to photograph the commitment ceremony of two women; then, in December, Colorado judge Robert Spencer ruled that a baker discriminated against two

men by refusing to sell them a wedding cake.

The First Amendment guarantees our right to refuse to engage in expression that conflicts with our religion, and the Supreme Court has ruled that we cannot force such unwanted expression, saying in the case of *West Virginia State Board of Education v. Barnette* (1943) that schools cannot force children to salute the flag. The baker and the photographer are a different problem, because if a student refuses to say the pledge on religious grounds, the kid's personal rights do not collide with anyone else's. "In a constitutional form of government," New Mexico justice Richard Bosson wrote in his ruling, "personal, religious and moral beliefs, when acted upon to the detriment of someone else's rights, have constitutional limits."

While we may disagree with those who refuse to salute the flag, tolerating them brings no harm. But this isn't the case with the baker or the photographer—or a restaurant owner who refuses black patrons, a landlord who turns away unmarried couples or politicians who propose bills that aim not to "restore religion" but to restore a way of life that we, as a nation, decided was reprehensible in the civil rights era.

"We defend religious believers," says Eunice Hyon Min

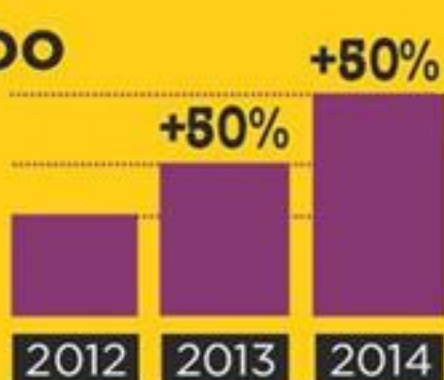


► Luckily, the infamous Hosanna Church can't act on its beliefs.

Rho, advocacy and policy counsel for the ACLU, "but we have never agreed with the principle that religion can be used to harm somebody else." Religious-freedom bills ask us to tolerate some so they can be legally intolerant of others. We can tolerate all sorts of disagreeable beliefs, but we don't have to tolerate any type of bad behavior, even in the name of religion. And that's what the fight over these new RFRA's is really about.

AND PAYS MORE TOO

YouTube's 15 million partners—who earn ad revenue from their accounts—are making 50 percent more, year over year, since 2012.



39%

38%

COMEDY CENTRAL MTV



2014 WAS A MIGHTY FINE YEAR, DON'T YOU THINK?



REZA ASLAN DEFENDS ISLAM IN THE FACE OF ISIS.

NEXT MONTH



HARRY DEVERT'S JOYRIDE ENDED IN TRAGEDY.



HOW DEEP CAN YOU GO?

THE BIG REVEAL—TWELVE STUNNING LADIES VIED FOR YOUR ATTENTION, ASKING YOU (AND HEF) TO CONSIDER THEM FOR THE TITLE OF **2015 PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR**. THE VOTES HAVE BEEN COUNTED, AND HERE'S THE GOOD NEWS: THERE'S A 12-IN-12 CHANCE YOU'LL BE HAPPY WITH THE OUTCOME.

TWIST OF FAITHS—IN THE *PLAYBOY* INTERVIEW, **DAVID SHEFF** TALKS POLITICS AND RELIGION WITH PROFESSOR **REZA ASLAN**, BEST-SELLING AUTHOR AND STAUNCH DEFENDER OF ISLAM. BORN IN IRAN, ASLAN CALLS AMERICA'S TOLERANCE FOR RELIGIOUS FREEDOM "SCHIZOPHRENIC" AND SAYS FUNDAMENTALIST CHRISTIANS AND MUSLIMS HAVE MORE IN COMMON THAN THEY REALIZE. IT'S A CONVERSATION THAT WILL LEAVE YOU FEELING EITHER ENLIGHTENED OR ENRAGED.

THE ROAD TO NOWHERE—IN 2013, HARRY DEVERT DUMPED HIS JOB ON WALL STREET AND TOOK OFF ON AN UNHURRIED MOTORCYCLE RIDE TO THE WORLD CUP. SOON AFTER, HIS DISMEMBERED BODY WAS FOUND ON A BEACH IN MEXICO. **JASON MCGAHAN** INVESTIGATES DEVERT'S DEATH IN AN UNSETTLING STORY THAT INVOLVES THE MEXICAN MILITARY, DRUG CARTELS AND AN ANONYMOUS TIPSTER ON FACEBOOK.

TAKING STOCK—**CHARLIE GASPARINO**, FINANCIAL CORRESPONDENT FOR FOX BUSINESS NETWORK, ISN'T WELL LIKED.

BANKERS HATE HIM. FELLOW NEWSMAN RON INSANA HATES HIM. EVEN HIS FRIENDS CALL HIM AN ASSHOLE. IN 20Q WITH **ROB TANNENBAUM**, THE WALL STREET WHISTLE-BLOWER EXPLAINS HIMSELF WHILE COMPARING MONEYLENDERS TO SATAN, REHASHING HIS BEEF WITH A FORMER EMPLOYER AND RAILING AGAINST BULLIES.

INTO THE BLUE—AROUND THE WORLD, EXTREME ATHLETES RISK LIFE AND LIMB AND LUNG IN THE COMPETITIVE SPORT OF FREE DIVING. ARMED WITH A FIERCE KICK AND ONLY A FEW BREATHS OF OXYGEN, FREE DIVERS PROPEL THEMSELVES HUNDREDS OF FEET INTO THE SEA. HYPOXIA IS A REAL RISK, BUT SPONSORSHIP DEALS AND WORLD CHAMPIONSHIPS PUSH THESE SWIMMERS TO GO DEEPER AND DEEPER. **ADAM SKOLNICK** DIVES IN AND MEETS THE MEN TESTING THE LIMITS OF THE HUMAN BODY IN THE ULTIMATE WATER SPORT.

SEXUAL DEVOLUTION—COULD SEXUAL INTERCOURSE SOON BECOME EXTINCT? **NEAL GABLER** REPORTS ON A NEW PHENOMENON IN JAPAN, WHERE PEOPLE ARE FORGOING SEX FOR ONLINE FANTASY RELATIONSHIPS. YEAH, WE'RE CONFUSED TOO.

PLUS—A GUIDE TO MINIMALIST MIXOLOGY, NEW FICTION BY SITCOM GENIUS **TED COHEN**, **MISS JUNE** SHOWS OFF HER SUNNY DISPOSITION AND MUCH MORE.



PLAYBOY.COM.
PLAYBOY.
WHENEVER.
WHEREVER.
FOLLOW THE RABBIT.

BIKER'S BLESSING

STAINLESS STEEL & BLACK ONYX
MEN'S RING



Hand-crafted in biker-tough
solid stainless steel



Featuring dramatically
sculpted cross and custom bike



Genuine black onyx
center stone



Engraved with the motto:
Ride Hard Live Free



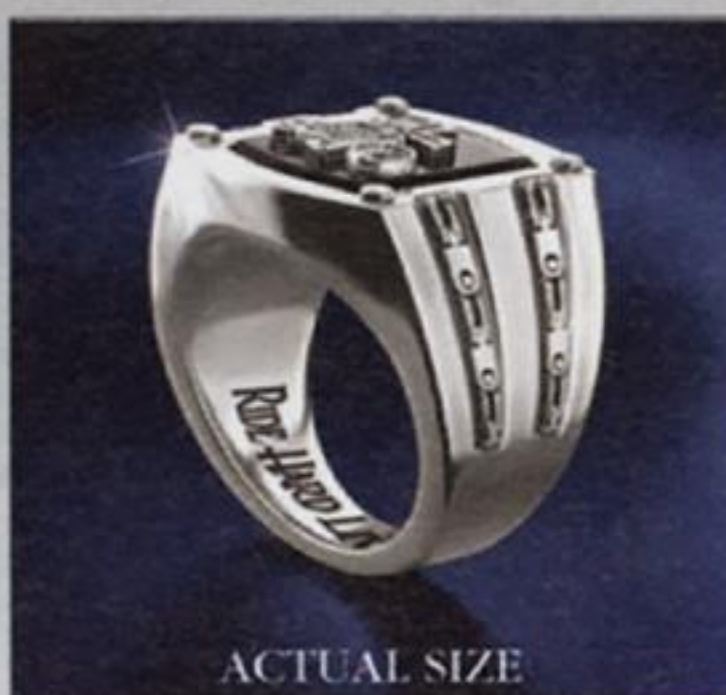
A CUSTOM CRAFTED EXCLUSIVE ONLY
FROM THE BRADFORD EXCHANGE



www.bradfordexchange.com/160362

Over, please...

LIMITED-TIME OFFER



*Biker chain details wrap
around the side*

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED
To assure a proper fit, a ring sizer
will be sent to you after your
reservation has been accepted.

*Plus \$9.98 shipping and service.
Please allow 4-6 weeks after initial
payment for shipment of your jewelry.
Sales subject to product availability and
order acceptance.

RESERVATION APPLICATION

SEND NO MONEY NOW



P.O. Box 806, Morton Grove, IL 60053-0806

YES. Please reserve the "Biker's Blessing" Men's Ring for
me as described in this announcement.

Ring Size _____ (If known)

Signature _____

Mrs. Mr. Ms. _____

Name (Please Print Clearly)

Address _____

City _____

State _____

Zip _____

E-Mail (Optional) _____

01-16036-002-E30201

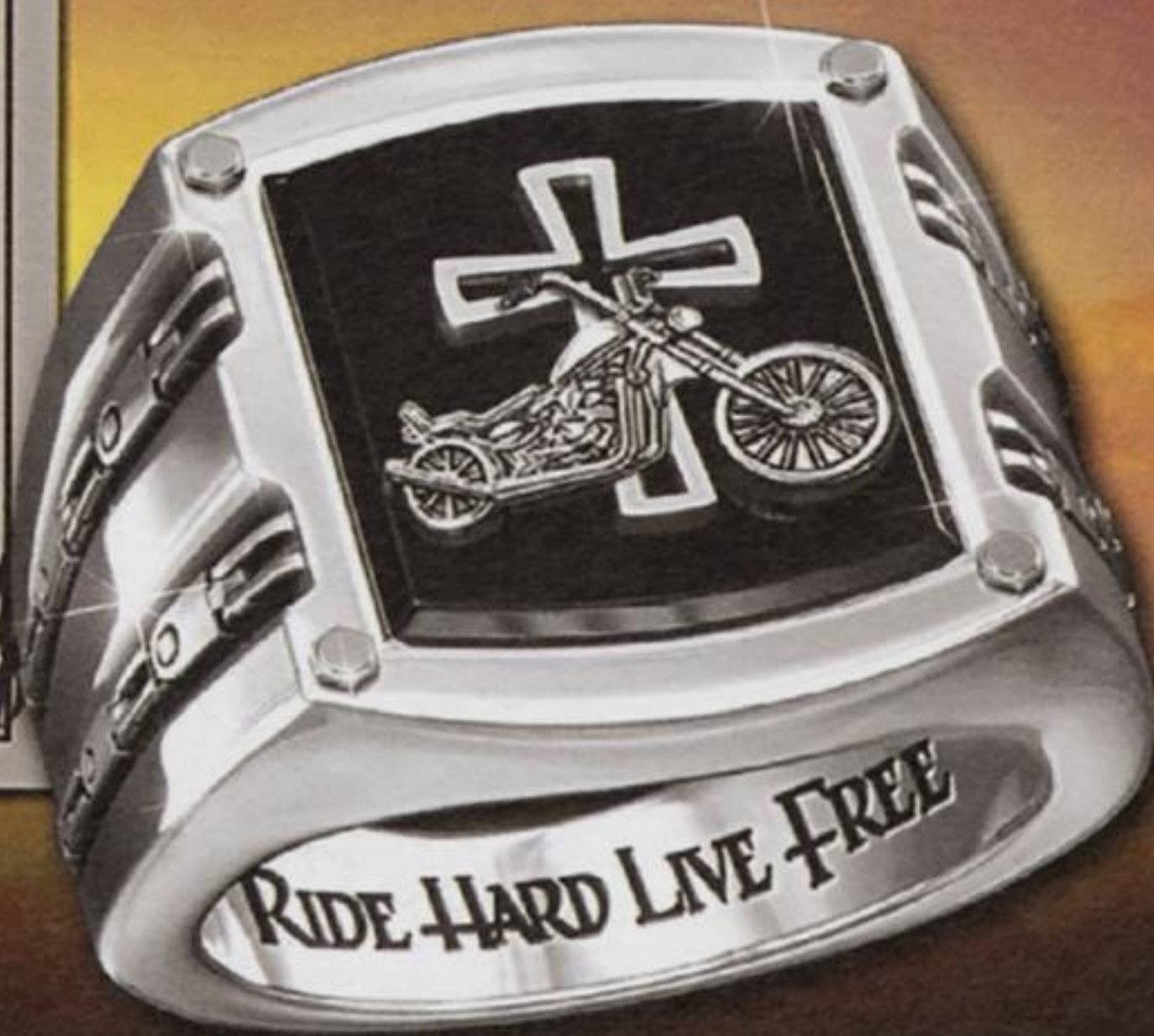
Ride with Pride... and with Angels by Your Side

May the sun rise in front of me,
May the rain fall behind me,
And the wind follow beside me,
May the angels guard my travels,
For they know the road ahead of me.

Keep me safe through
Swirling turns and rolling hills,
Let the eagle guide me
To the mountaintops.

Let the moonlight guide me
Through the night.
Let the air of spring
Breathe life into my soul,
To journey to another adventure
Out on the open road.

Each ring comes in a custom
presentation box, with a
special "Biker's Blessing" card



Those who can't wait to hit the open road on two wheels no matter what the travel conditions are a special breed. But the road is not always forgiving. Now, there is a distinctive ring designed for those with that ride hard, live free spirit—the "Biker's Blessing" Men's Ring. Wear it proudly and wear it always, it will help guide you through the curves and bumps ahead.

Custom Crafted in an Exclusive Design

Crafted of biker-tough stainless steel and polished to piston-pounding perfection, our men's ring features a sculpted custom bike and cross icon against a background of custom-cut genuine black onyx. The pendant is etched inside the band with the biker's motto RIDE HARD LIVE FREE.

Special custom details include raised corner "rivets" around the center stone, and unique "bike chain" details that partially

wrap around the band. As a final touch, this exclusive ring arrives in a custom presentation box, along with a specially prepared card with the "Biker's Blessing."

An Exceptional Value... Order Today!

Act now to acquire this bold biker ring at the remarkable price of just \$99*, which you can pay for in 4 easy installments of \$24.75. This exclusive ring is made to order in men's whole and half sizes 8-15, and is backed by our unconditional 120-day guarantee. To reserve your ring, send no money now; just fill out and mail the Reservation Application. But hurry... this ring is available only from The Bradford Exchange and only for a limited time!

www.bradfordexchange.com/160362

©2015 BGE 01-16036-002-JX1



BUSINESS REPLY MAIL

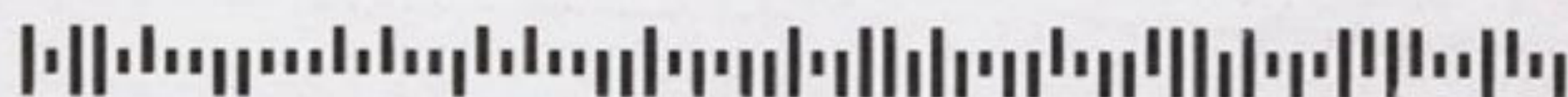
FIRST-CLASS MAIL PERMIT NO. 7 MORTON GROVE IL

POSTAGE WILL BE PAID BY ADDRESSEE

THE BRADFORD EXCHANGE
PO BOX 806
MORTON GROVE IL 60053-9956

NO POSTAGE
NECESSARY
IF MAILED
IN THE
UNITED STATES

**Not
Available
in Stores!**





CHOOSE YOUR TEAM

A custom-designed cuckoo clock officially licensed by Major League Baseball Properties

Limited Edition
ONLY 10,000

Earliest orders receive the coveted low edition numbers!

Over
1½ Feet High!

A cuckoo sporting a team baseball cap pops out of the doors to chirp his support along with the cheering crowd!



Shown much smaller than actual size of 23½ in. high (including hanging pendulum and weights).

Requires two "C" batteries and one "AA" battery, not included.

- ◆ Hand-crafted clock hand-painted with team color accents
- ◆ Proudly displays a full-color image of the field on game day
- ◆ Features an accurate battery-operated quartz movement which powers the swinging pendulum bearing the official team logo
- ◆ Each edition is hand-numbered and arrives with a Certificate of Authenticity

Visit us online to see all teams!
www.bradfordexchange.com/mlbcuckoos

RESERVATION APPLICATION

SEND NO MONEY NOW

THE
BRADFORD EXCHANGE
—HOME DECOR—

9345 Milwaukee Avenue · Niles, IL 60714-1393

YES. Please reserve my MLB® Team Cuckoo Clock for me as described in this announcement.

Indicate your choice of team

Please Respond Promptly

- | | | |
|--|---|--|
| ☐ Atlanta Braves™ | ☐ Baltimore Orioles™ | ☐ Kansas City Royals™ |
| ☐ St. Louis Cardinals™ | ☐ Philadelphia Phillies™ | ☐ Detroit Tigers™ |
| ☐ Chicago Cubs™ | ☐ Pittsburgh Pirates™ | ☐ Chicago White Sox™ |
| ☐ San Francisco Giants™ | ☐ Boston Red Sox™ | ☐ New York Yankees™ |

Mrs. Mr. Ms.

Name (Please Print Clearly)

Address

City

State

Zip

Email (optional)

01-22334-001-E30291

*Plus a total of \$23.99 shipping and service per clock. Each team clock is a limited edition restricted to only 10,000 clocks. Please allow 4-8 weeks after initial payment for shipment. Sales subject to product availability and order acceptance.

A Striking and Distinctive Way to Show Off Your Team Pride!

Loyal fans like you have come to expect great things from your beloved home team. You're ALL IN! And now you can demonstrate your team pride any time of day with your choice of an *MLB® Team Cuckoo Clock*, a Bradford Exchange design exclusive.

Hand-crafted, officially-licensed cuckoo clocks

Our tribute clocks feature a hand-crafted body richly accented with hand-painted team color detailing. Vibrant, full-color imagery of your team's home playing field adds game-day drama to each bold timepiece.

Each clock features a precise quartz movement, decorative baseball bat-shaped weights and a swinging pendulum adorned with the official team logo. At the top of every hour, a traditional cuckoo bird sporting a team cap pops out of the miniature doors at the top, to chirp his support along with the cheering crowd. What a perfect way to celebrate your ballclub's glory—forever the legends of the hour!

Only 10,000 of each will be made—order now!

Strong demand is expected for these editions, each of which is strictly limited to only 10,000 worldwide. Act now to acquire your *MLB® Team Cuckoo Clock* at the issue price payable in five convenient installments of \$39.99, for a total of \$199.95*. Your purchase is risk-free, backed by our 365-day money-back guarantee. Send no money now. Just complete and mail the Reservation Application today so you don't miss out!

Visit us online!

www.bradfordexchange.com/mlbcuckoos

CUT ALONG DOTTED LINE



BUSINESS REPLY MAIL

FIRST-CLASS MAIL PERMIT NO. 73554 CHICAGO IL

POSTAGE WILL BE PAID BY ADDRESSEE

THE BRADFORD EXCHANGE
9345 N MILWAUKEE AVE
NILES IL 60714-9891

NO POSTAGE
NECESSARY
IF MAILED
IN THE
UNITED STATES



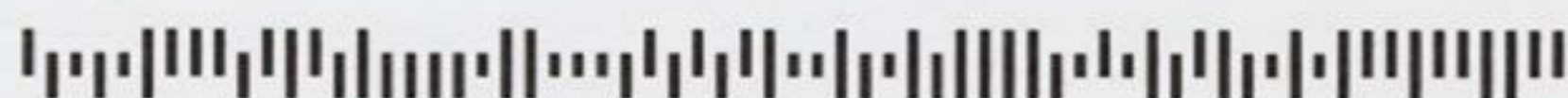
CHOOSE YOUR TEAM!



Major League Baseball trademarks and copyrights are used with permission of Major League Baseball Properties, Inc. Visit MLB.com. Bradford/MLBP 2015

©2015 BGE 01-18086-001-JIS

Over, please ...



SUPPLEMENT TO PLAYBOY MAGAZINE



DIRECTV®

LIMITED
TIME OFFER!

\$19⁹⁹
MO.[^]

~~**\$29⁹⁹**~~
MO.
For 12 Months
Plus add'l fees

SELECT™ Package. With
24-mo. agreement.** Auto Bill Pay
req'd in select ZIP codes.

Why Every Guy Wants To Hook Up With DIRECTV

FREE

Playboy TV
FOR 3 MONTHS[‡]



Your hot spot for the best in
adult entertainment

With activation of SELECT™ Package or above.

FREE

Genie® upgrade^{^^} in up to 4 rooms

One HD DVR powers your
whole home!

With activation of SELECT™ Package or above. Add'l & Advanced Receiver fees apply.
Additional equipment req'd. Minimum 2-room set up required for free Genie upgrade offer.

FREE

Premium Channels
FOR 3 MONTHS

With activation of SELECT™ through ULTIMATE Packages.

HBO

starz

SHOWTIME

CINEMAX

ALL DIRECTV OFFERS REQUIRE 24-MONTH AGREEMENT.**

NO EQUIPMENT TO BUY, NO START-UP COSTS



Upgrade to DIRECTV!

Call **1-877-407-9607**

Offer valid through 5/27/15. Credit card required (except in MA & PA). New approved customers only (lease required). \$19.95 Handling & Delivery fee may apply. Applicable use tax adjustment may apply on the retail value of the installation. Programming, pricing and offers are subject to change and may vary in certain markets. Some offers may not be available through all channels and in select areas. See details on back.



Get a **FREE** Genie® Whole-Home HD DVR upgrade,[^]
plus **FREE** Playboy TV for 3 months!

\$29.99 ONLY \$19.99^{MO.} SELECT™ Package BEST VALUE. - OVER 130 channels - Local channels included¹ in over 99% of the U.S. FREE Playboy TV For 3 Months Ask how.	\$39.99 ONLY \$29.99^{MO.} CHOICE™ Package MORE SPORTS. - OVER 150 channels - Local channels included¹ in over 99% of the U.S. 2015 SEASON INCLUDED at no extra charge[*] Every Game. Every Sunday. Out-of-market games only. FREE Playboy TV For 3 Months Ask how. Regional Sports Fee applies in certain markets.	\$49.99 ONLY \$39.99^{MO.} ULTIMATE Package MORE SPORTS & MOVIES. - OVER 225 channels including 11 movie channels - Local channels included¹ in over 99% of the U.S. 2015 SEASON INCLUDED at no extra charge[*] Every Game. Every Sunday. Out-of-market games only. FREE Playboy TV For 3 Months Ask how. Regional Sports Fee applies in certain markets.
--	---	---

ALL DIRECTV OFFERS REQUIRE 24-MONTH AGREEMENT.^{**} AUTO BILL PAY REQ'D IN SELECT ZIP CODES.



#1 in Customer Satisfaction over all other cable and satellite providers As compared to the largest national cable & satellite TV providers. 2014 American Customer Satisfaction Index.

99%

Worry-Free Signal Reliability Based on a Nationwide Study of representative cities.

FREE Genie® upgrade^{^^}

for up to 4 rooms

One HD DVR powers your whole home!



\$299 value

With activation of SELECT™ Package or above. Additional & Advanced Receiver fees apply. Additional equipment required. Minimum 2-room set up required for free Genie upgrade offer.

FREE Pro Install

in up to 4 rooms



Custom installation extra. \$19.95 Handling & Delivery fee may apply. Applicable use tax adjustment may apply on the retail value of the installation.

Bundle with DIRECTV.
Don't settle for cable!



Eligibility based on service address. DIRECTV television & qualifying Internet &/or telephone services required. Additional Telco Equipment & Service Fees Apply.²

ALL DIRECTV OFFERS REQUIRE 24-MONTH AGREEMENT.^{**} Offer valid through 5/27/15. Credit card required (except in MA & PA). New approved customers only (lease required). Programming, pricing and offers are subject to change and may vary in certain markets. Some offers may not be available through all channels and in select areas.

Upgrade to DIRECTV!
Call 1-877-407-9607

All programming and pricing subject to change at any time. [^]**BILL CREDIT/PROGRAMMING OFFER:** IF BY THE END OF PROMOTIONAL PRICE PERIOD(S) CUSTOMER DOES NOT CONTACT DIRECTV TO CHANGE SERVICE THEN ALL SERVICES WILL AUTOMATICALLY CONTINUE AT THE THEN-PREVAILING RATES. Three free months of HBO, STARZ, SHOWTIME and Cinemax with SELECT, ENTERTAINMENT, CHOICE, XTRA and ULTIMATE Packages, a \$152.97 value. LIMIT ONE PROGRAMMING OFFER PER ACCOUNT. Featured package/service names and current prices: SELECT \$49.99/mo.; ENTERTAINMENT \$59.99/mo.; CHOICE \$70.99/mo.; XTRA \$77.99/mo.; ULTIMATE \$86.99/mo. Advanced Receiver fee \$15/mo. In certain markets, a Regional Sports fee of up to \$5.64/mo. will be assessed with CHOICE Package or above and MAS ULTRA Package or above. Prices include the following instant bill credits for first 12 months \$30 for SELECT Package, \$35 for ENTERTAINMENT Package, \$41 for CHOICE Package and \$47 for ULTIMATE Package. In select ZIP codes, customer may be required at point of sale to activate and maintain a qualifying programming package and Auto Bill Pay. [°]**2015 NFL SUNDAY TICKET OFFER:** Package consists of all out-of-market NFL games (based on customer's service address) broadcast on FOX and CBS. Games available via remote viewing based on device location. Local broadcasts are subject to blackout rules. Other conditions apply. 2015 NFL SUNDAY TICKET regular full-season retail price is \$251.94. 2015 NFL SUNDAY TICKET MAX regular full season retail price is \$353.94. Customers activating CHOICE Package or above or MAS ULTRA Package or above will be automatically enrolled in the 2015 season of NFL SUNDAY TICKET at no additional cost and will receive a free upgrade to NFL SUNDAY TICKET MAX for the 2015 season. NFL SUNDAY TICKET subscription will automatically continue each season at special renewal rate unless customer calls to cancel prior to start of season. To renew NFL SUNDAY TICKET MAX, customer must call to upgrade after the 2015 season. Subscription cannot be canceled (in part or in whole) after the start of the season and subscription fee cannot be refunded. Account must be in "good standing" as determined by DIRECTV in its sole discretion to remain eligible for all offers. ^{**}**24 MONTH AGREEMENT: EARLY CANCELLATION WILL RESULT IN A FEE OF \$20/MONTH FOR EACH REMAINING MONTH.** Must maintain 24 consecutive months of any DIRECTV base programming package (\$29.99/mo. or above) or any qualifying international service bundle. Advanced Receiver fee (\$15/mo.) required for all HD DVRs. TiVo service fee (\$5/mo.) required for TiVo HD DVR from DIRECTV lease. There is a fee of \$6.50/mo. for each receiver and/or Genie Mini/DIRECTV Ready TV/Device on your account. **NON-ACTIVATION CHARGE OF \$150 PER RECEIVER MAY APPLY. ALL EQUIPMENT (EXCLUDING GENIEGO DEVICE) IS LEASED AND MUST BE RETURNED TO DIRECTV UPON CANCELLATION, OR UNRETURNED EQUIPMENT FEES APPLY. VISIT directv.com/legal OR CALL 1 800-DIRECTV FOR DETAILS.** ^{^^}**GENIE HD DVR UPGRADE OFFER:** Includes instant rebates on one Genie HD DVR and up to three Genie Minis with activation of the SELECT Package or above; OPTIMO MAS Package or above; or any qualifying international service bundle, which shall include the PREFERRED CHOICE programming package. A \$99 fee applies for Wireless Genie Mini (model C41W) upgrade. Free upgrade offer requires a Genie HD DVR and at least one Genie Mini. \$99 fee applies for single-room setup. Whole Home HD DVR functionality requires a Genie HD DVR connected to one television and a Genie Mini, H25 HD Receiver(s) or a DIRECTV Ready TV/Device in each additional room. Limit of three remote viewings per Genie HD DVR at a time. Visit directv.com/genie for complete details. **INSTALLATION:** Standard professional installation in up to four rooms only. Custom installation extra. [†]**PLAYBOY TV PROGRAMMING OFFER:** Upon request customer will receive Free Playboy TV for three months. In the fourth month service continues automatically at \$15.99/month unless customer calls to cancel. **ADULT PROGRAMMING:** Billing is discreet. Charges will not include channels or titles on your bill. Adult programming contains explicit sexual content, complete nudity and graphic adult situations. Viewer discretion is advised. Must be 18 years or older to purchase. DIRECTV System has a feature that restricts access to channels. [†]HD equipment required to view programming in HD. 1. Eligibility for local channels based on service address. Not all networks available in all markets. 2. Bundled services requires qualifying TV, Internet and/or telephone services. Internet and/or phone service subject to availability. Service not available in all areas. Eligibility based on service address and phone line. Internet service provided by a preferred DIRECTV provider and billed separately. Programming, pricing, terms and conditions subject to change at any time. Pricing residential. Taxes not included. Receipt of DIRECTV programming subject to DIRECTV Customer Agreement; copy provided at directv.com/legal and in order confirmation. **PHOTO CREDIT:** Playboy images ©2011 PLAYBOY. PLAYBOY, Playboy TV, Rabbit Head Design, and PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR are trademarks of Playboy Enterprises International, Inc. **PHOTOGRAPHY:** Josh Ryan. NFL, the NFL Shield design and the NFL SUNDAY TICKET name and logo are registered trademarks of the NFL and its affiliates. ©2015 DIRECTV. DIRECTV and the Cyclone Design logo, SELECT, CHOICE and GENIE are trademarks of DIRECTV, LLC. All other trademarks and service marks are the property of their respective owners.



VICTORY HAS NEVER TASTED SO SMOOTH.

SAY HELLO TO 2014'S MOST HIGHLY AWARDED TEQUILA.

Based on collective awards won in the 13 major spirits competitions
Find out more information at www.hornitostequila.com